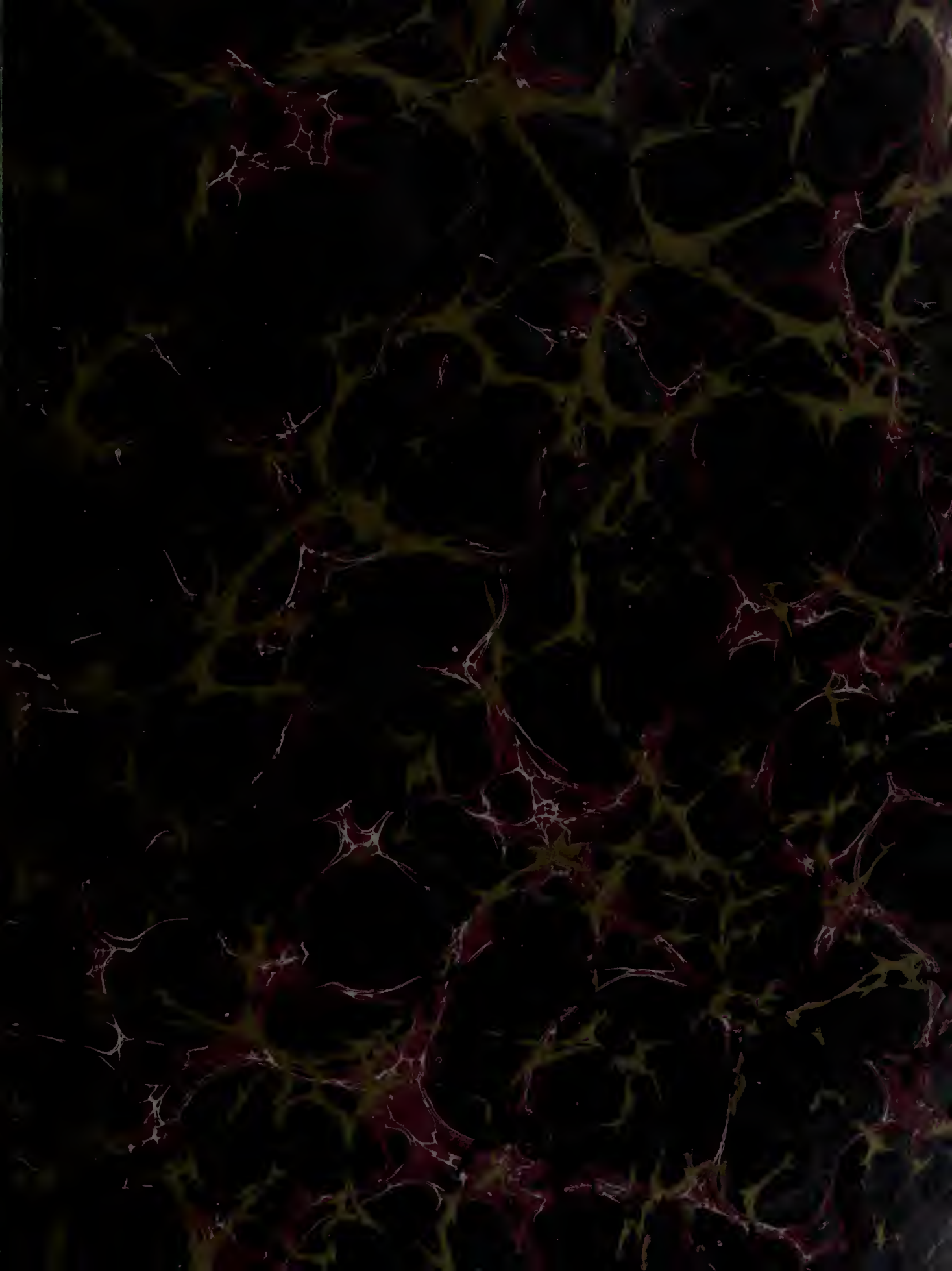


*The Bancroft Library*

University of California • Berkeley

A Gift of the Hearst Corporation



849

V 757  
B3

11V2 U-5D

#6847



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

*To my friend Page to his Friend Sir  
Chief of the British Factory in China - with best regards*

# GREENWICH HOSPITAL,

A SERIES OF

## NAVAL SKETCHES,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE

### LIFE OF A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN:

BY AN OLD SAILOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



London:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES ROBINS AND CO. IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
AND JOSEPH ROBINS, JUN. AND CO. LOWER ORMOND QUAY, DUBLIN.

MDCCCXXVI.

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL  
STATE OF TEXAS

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the State of Texas, at Austin, this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 19\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Attorney General



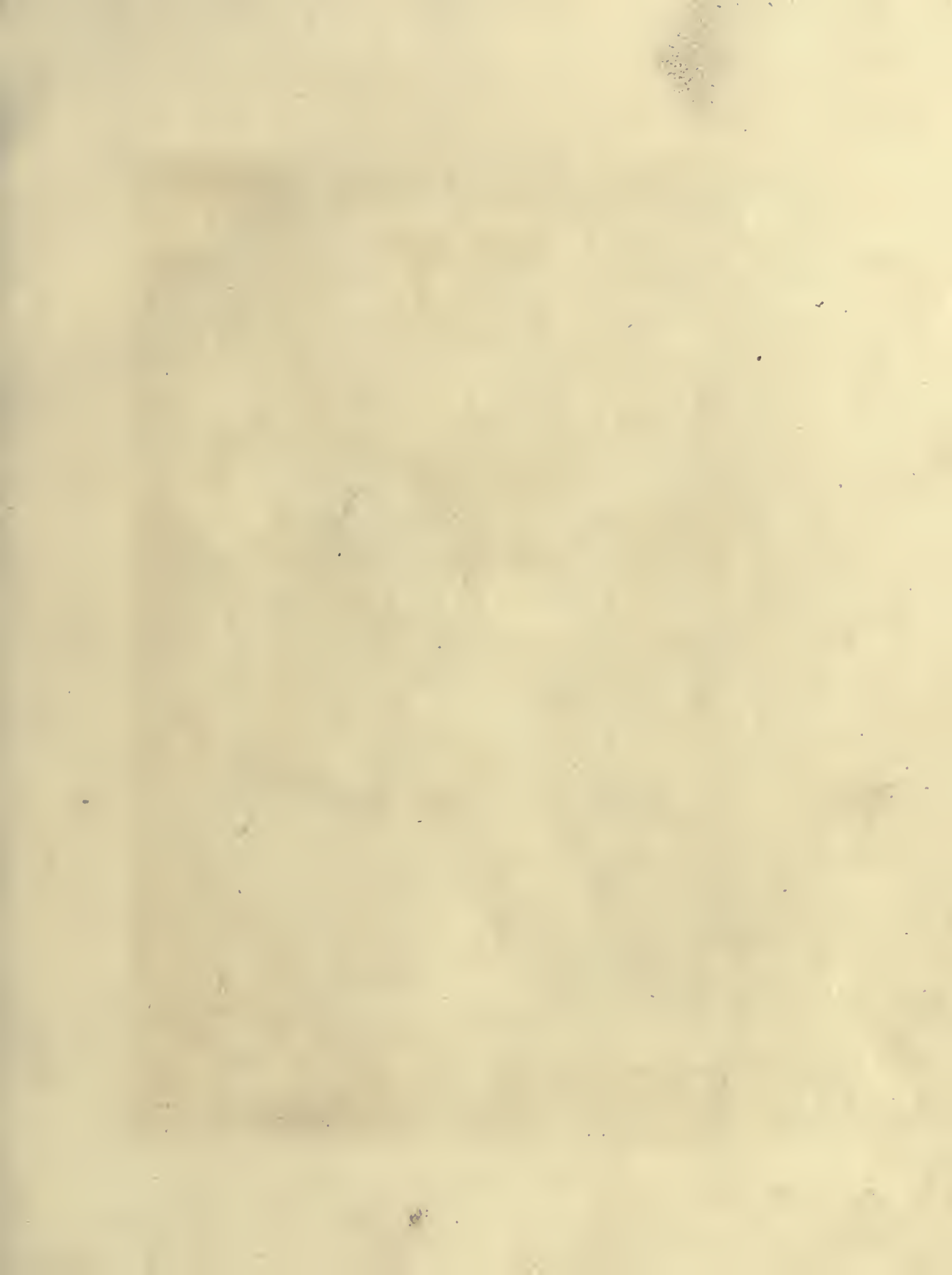
## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	1
BILLY CULMER AND THE GOOSE . . . . .	7
WILL BLOCK . . . . .	11
LORD KEITH . . . . .	18
RIO JANEIRO . . . . .	21
OLD JOHNSON . . . . .	27
THE STORM . . . . .	31
TOUGH YAEN . . . . .	36
THE SLAVE SHIP . . . . .	40
FLYING ARTILLERY ; OR A HORSE-MARINE . . . . .	45
CORNWALLIS'S RETREAT . . . . .	49
THE ENGAGEMENT . . . . .	55
SIR ISAAC COFFIN . . . . .	61
I HAVE DONE MY DUTY . . . . .	67
THE POINT OF HONOUR . . . . .	73
WILLIAM AND NANCY . . . . .	76
THE PRESS-GANG . . . . .	80
QUIDAM ASSOCIATION . . . . .	87
JOE THOMPSON . . . . .	92
NAVAL POETRAITS . . . . .	97
THE JEW . . . . .	102
ANNA . . . . .	108
THE ARETHUSA . . . . .	115
SAM SPRITSAIL . . . . .	120
THE MIDDY'S INTRODUCTION . . . . .	127
THE BARGE'S CREW—CHAPTER I. . . . .	132
———— CHAPTER II. . . . .	137
———— CHAPTER III. . . . .	142
———— CHAPTER IV. . . . .	147
———— CHAPTER V. . . . .	153
HORSE-MAN-SHIP . . . . .	158
CAPTAIN ROUGHTREE . . . . .	163
MICHAEL O'BUCKLEY . . . . .	169
CROSSING THE LINE . . . . .	175
TRINITY-MONDAY . . . . .	181
SCUD HILL . . . . .	185
ARDENT SPIRITS . . . . .	190
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE . . . . .	196

## ILLUSTRATIONS,

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BILLY CULMER AND THE GOOSE . . . . .	<i>To face the Title.</i>
JACK'S TRUMP OF DEFIANCE . . . . .	21
FLYING ARTILLERY; OR A HORSE MARINE . . . . .	45
SAILORS CAROUSING; OR A PEEP IN THE LONG-ROOM . . . . .	61
THE POINT OF HONOUR . . . . .	73
THE BATTLE OF THE NILE . . . . .	87
DAVY JENKINS . . . . .	97
PAYING OFF . . . . .	102
SAILORS ON A CRUISE . . . . .	115
A WITNESS . . . . .	158
CROSSING THE LINE . . . . .	176
SCUD HILL . . . . .	185





Ed: by J Robins & Co - Sydney F N Rowe

Billy Culmer & The Goose

G Crickbank fecit

## INTRODUCTION.

' Then, just as it comes, take the bad with the good ;  
One man's spoon's of silver, another's of wood ;  
What's poison for one man's another man's balm ;  
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm ;  
Some are rolling in riches, some are not worth a sous ;  
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobscouse.  
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,  
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.'

' WELL THEN, I'll do it, said I, jumping up in an ecstasy, and clapping my hands so loud that it awoke old Dick Towline, who, for the last two hours (that is, during my cogitation), had been fast asleep, with his head resting upon the table, and winding his nasal bugle with no ordinary degree of vigour. ' I'll do it,' said I. ' Ay so do,' says Dick, raising his head, and rubbing his eyes, ' so do, and I'll lend you a hand.' ' You lend me a hand!' returned I, contemptuously, and with a scornful look, unmerited by the worthy soul, ' You lend me a hand!' ' Why ay,' replied he, ' I thought you was going to broach t'other bottle of Aunt Tabitha's eye-water, and wanted me to fetch the corkscrew.' ' No Dick, no my boy ; I am for broaching no bottles now,' erecting myself into perpendicular altitude; ' No, no, I am going to write—yes I'll write a—what the dickens shall I write? Why, my hearty, I'll write a book.' ' Wheweewee ew, &c.' whistled Dick, ' the fellow's mad—stark-staring mad; write a book indeed, and who do you think will read the productions of a man that scarcely anybody knows, and nobody cares for; come, come, clap a stopper on your nonsense, and leave the pen to the A. M.'s, D. D.'s, and A-double-s-es, and them sort of gentry ; why, they'll write you more in an hour than you'll be able to understand in a year ; stick to your marlin-spike and heaver, and in the mean time let's freshen the nip with another glass of grog ; for depend on it you'll find book-writing a dry sort of work enough—I never knew any good come on't.' ' No matter,' said I, ' I'll do it—yes, I'll astonish you, and leave a name to posterity as long as my

arm—but what shall I write about?’ ‘Ah, what indeed; for Historicals and Criticals, Poeticals and Filliperics, are quite common now; well, I see you’re wilful, so e’en take the consequences; but don’t say I arn’t given you warning. Why, I remembers once when I was in the — frigate, laying at anchor in the Swin, abreast of the gunfleet beacon (for we were bound up to Sheerness), a whole fleet of light colliers came running down before the wind; and our captain, thinking he might pick up a few smart hands, sent the boats away to overhaul ’em and to press. Well, d’ye see I belonged to the pinnace, and we boarded and examined several; but somehow the officer was too easy and good-natured a soul to take anybody; he didn’t like the duty, so there warn’t much search made. At last we got alongside of a bark, and the master knocked his hands out for muster. ‘Are these all the people you have in your vessel?’ says our officer. ‘Yes, sir,’ replied Jock, looking round at them, ‘there’s nae more aboard that I ken; but stop, there’s a passenger-body somewhere about the decks, though he wont do for Andrew Millar, for he’s mair like unto a cuckoo clock-maker than a Jack tar.’ All hands now turned to and searched for the passenger, but for a long time without effect. Well, I goes forward afore the windlass, and there stood a large earthenware crate filled with straw and capsized bottom up. ‘Yo-hoy,’ says I, ‘give us a lift here with this hurricane house;’ and, as we heeled it over, out bundled the most deplorable object that imagination can conceive—a thing of shreds and patches. He looked like a half-fledged rook crawling out of a crow’s nest. ‘I’ve got him,’ says I: ‘come along, ship-mate! our officer wants to whisper a word in your ear; come along!’ and so we handed him aft on the quarter-deck; but never was there such a miserable figure. His truck had once been an *hovel*-shaped beaver, but now resembled an old salt-box with the bottom out: Mambrino’s helmet was a coronet to it. He wore a black coat, or rather part of a black coat; for a lappet was gone in front, and half the tail from behind, as if he’d been moulting. One foot was graced with a shoe like a Hindoo slipper; the other was as naked as the hour he was born, for there was only the remnant of a stocking descending down the leg, leaving all below the ancle bare. Underneath his coat (for he’d no waistcoat) was a frilled shirt, which once had been white, but now had as many different colours in it as an ornamented map of the world. Round his neck was a handkerchief of similar texture, and it looked

as if originally worked with fancy patterns; but, on a closer inspection, they proved to be grease and ink. His *small* clothes were small indeed; though they were large enough in all conscience, as far as it respected the *breaches*, being, as a body may say, fundamentally rent from stem to stern. But how shall I describe his countenance? 'Twas hardly human. He had high bony cheeks, like the hip-joints of a starved donkey, over which the skin of the face mantled in ample folds; an odd pair of crojack eyes; and a nose like a corn-meter's shovel. His forehead was bald; and, over all, was a little wig, scarcely covering two-thirds of his perry-crane-em:—in short, he was a complete picture of misery and wretchedness. 'Halloo!' says the officer, 'where have you sprung from?' 'From London, sir.' 'What! one of my lord-mayor's men, I suppose. And how came you in this condition?' 'Distress and sickness, sir: I have endured every degree of privation, till, worn down with disease, destitute of food, and without a bed to lie on, I should have sunk at once into the grave, had it not been for the humanity of this generous captain, who kindly complied with my entreaties, and has given me a passage to Newcastle, where I have some friends yet living, and who, I trust, will administer to my wants, soften my anguish, and by whose sympathetic kindness my life may be prolonged a few more months, till my spirit shall pass away into everlasting rest.' 'But don't you know, by stowing yourself away, you have forfeited every protection? and now I've no alternative left but must take you with me on board the frigate.' 'Oh! sir,' exclaimed the poor creature, falling on his knees—'oh! sir, do not add to my misery: I shall be of no service to you, for I was never at sea before in my life, and it will be death to me in my present almost hopeless state.' We all looked on in silence; but, right earnestly, I never felt a heartier desire to pipe my eye since I was a snivelling powder-monkey in the Spitfire, when the boatswain thrashed me for dropping his quid overboard. The lieutenant, too, made a dozen wry faces, to try and make a laugh of it; but 'twouldn't do. 'Come, come,' said he, 'you must go to the frigate: I cannot swerve from my duty. Had you not stowed away, the case would be different: what induced you to hide yourself in that rattle-trap concern?' 'I was persuaded, sir, by some of the apprentices; but, if I have acted wrong, I am grieved, very grieved, for it.' 'Why, the consequence is, that you must get into the boat: surely you are able to do something, and his

Majesty's beef and biscuit is none of the worst. What trade are you?' 'None, sir.' 'What have you been brought up to? You appear to have seen better days.' 'Yes, sir; in younger life I was gay and happy.' 'What profession are you, then?' 'I am an author, sir.' 'An author, hey!' exclaimed the lieutenant, shuddering as if something had stung him, for he was a bit of a scribe himself. 'An author, hey! Poor fellow, that accounts for it! Pray what works have you been engaged on?' 'Fragments, I presume,' says a weekly-accout̄nt gentleman, taking hold of the remnant of the tattered garment behind; 'morsels miscellaneous, if I guess right.' 'No, sir; I was employed, with several others, by Mr. Charles Dibdin, to cast Shakspeare's plays into verse, for the Surrey Theatre; but, as we were paid by measure, and I was desirous of giving animation to my characters, I did not make so rapid a pr̄gress as my companions: yet I have often had the gratification of listening to the plaudits of the audience when the parts which I myself had rendered into rhyme were performed upon the stage.' Here he drew himself up as stiff as a midshipman, while he grinned self-approbation and squinted satisfaction most horribly; 'But, sir,' he continued, 'I starved upon my pittance till I became reduced to my present state.' 'Well,' says the lieutenant, 'I'm sorry for it, but you must get into the boat.' In vain he entreated and implored; nothing could save him, and away we pulled against wind and tide for the frigate, then about three miles off. On getting alongside, the officer jumped on the deck first as usual, and the captain hailed him from abaft with, 'What success? what success, Mister? I hope you have procured a few stout lads.' 'Not many, sir, I've picked up one *prime* hand,' replied the lieutenant. 'Hand him up,' said the captain, advancing toward the gangway, 'Hand him up;' but, when the wretched object came over the side and appeared full in view, back recoiled the skipper in amazement and alarm, 'A *prime* hand! Who's this—what have you got there? A travelling scarecrow—a churchyard deserter—a non-d̄script from Bartlemy fair—What are you, my man?' 'An author, sir.' 'A what—an author! There, jump into the boat again; and d'ye hear, Mister? bear a hand, take him from whence you had him. An author! ey! Why I should have all hands troubled with proclamations like Philadelphy lawyers, and my ship converted into Westminster Hall in less than a week. Jump into the boat, jump into the boat directly;' and away we were compelled to pull after the collier, which was



now about seven miles distant ; while, to add to our misfortunes, just after showing off, we had the mortification to hear the boatswain's mate piping to grog. Howsomever, after a hard pull, we put him safe on board again, and our boat's crew made a kind of a club-up, to which the lieutenant liberally contributed ; but he swore he'd never press another author as long as he lived. So you see the effects of authorship ; but there, I can tell by your looks that 'tis of no manner of use for me to arguefy the matter ; so I must e'en let you gang your ain gait, as the Scotchmen say ; only remember, I've warned you, and if you should crack your brains against a hard word, or get choked with a poll-silly-bull, don't blame Dick Towline, that's all.' Here the veteran closed his harangue ; and so earnest was he in the delivery, that at the close he could scarcely draw his breath for several seconds, but perhaps that might be occasioned by the long and strong pull he took at a mug of grog I had just finished mixing. I must acknowledge Dick's oration rather staggered me ; but the pleasing visions which I had previously conjured up, and the desire of seeing my name in print, easily overcame Dick's logic ; and I positively told him it was my intention to persevere. ' Well, well,' said he, ' I pity you from my heart, but I must give up your company—unless, indeed, a thought strikes me—no, no, I cannot desert an old shipmate. What do you say to get some of the worthy blues, my mess-mates (Dick is a pensioner), to spin us a yarn or two about the shattered old hulks in Greenwich moorings.' ' Say no more, say no more,' exclaimed I, ' it shall be done directly.' ' And get 'em printed in one o' your periodicals,' continued Dick. ' The very thing, my friend, the very thing ; I'll set to work this instant. Yes, yes, I'll do it at once.' Accordingly I sallied forth into the college, and, falling in with old Clark, the regulating boatswain, and a few others, I very soon got introduced amongst them, and was afterward known by the titles of ' The man with the wig'—' the absent man,' ' the litter-hater gemmen,' ' the walking yarnwinch,' &c. &c. &c. After collecting a few tough stories, they were forwarded, through the medium of a friend, to the editor of *The Literary Gazette*, who kindly honored them with a place in his columns ; and thus, in spite of Dick's remonstrances, I commenced author. Thinking, however, that if the sketches (nearly the whole of which are founded in fact) were collected and improved, some originals united with them, and the whole illustrated by George Cruikshank, they might afford entertainment to my brother

tars, to while away an hour at sea, and prove not wholly unacceptable to the landsman, who is fond of the characteristic humour of the sailor ; I boldly launch my little bark upon the ocean of public opinion, merely saying that 'tis neither a man of war, nor a merchantman, but a small pleasure yacht, gaily swimming upon the surface of amusement, and I hope will float down the tide of favour with flying colours. One word to the gentlemen critics, and that is—be it remembered that I have no fighting commission, and therefore if any of you throw a shell, or fire a shot to try to sink me, all I say is—you're a pack of cowards.

So no more at present from

Yours, as you behave yourselves,

A PLAIN BLUNT OLD SAILOR.



## BILLY CULMER AND THE GOOSE.

‘ Then Bill was, moreover, a comical dog,  
And, if rightly I stick to my story,  
He would now and then get so aboard of the grog,  
That, d’ye see, he was all in his glory.’

AND a glorious fellow he was too: I wish I could give you all his sayings and doings; it would make a better volume than Theodore Hook’s. But I remember when we were messmates in the cockpit of the flag-ship under Lord H——. Many’s the rum rig we used to play, and carry on the war together like Trojans. Billy was upwards of fifty; and, though he had several commissions, threw them all up, preferring rather to be honoured as the oldest midshipman in the service, than be pointed at as the youngest lieutenant. He was a great favourite with the admiral, to whom he was distantly related. Just after we had refitted at Plymouth, orders came down for the fleet to sail. Up went Blue Petre, and all hands prepared to pay their tailor’s bills with the fag-end of the fore-top-sail sheet; for they knew, by going to sea in his debt, he’d never cease praying for a fair wind to bring ’em home again. Well, d’ye see, Billy was ashore, and no one could discover where he was stowed; but the admiral, unwilling to leave him behind, requested the lieutenant on duty to ferret him out and get him aboard. This was no easy task; and Mr. E——, after overhauling about fifty houses, was returning to make his report, when, passing a door in ——Street, he heard the well-known voice singing, with great glee—

‘ Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys,  
At the mercy of Fortune we go.’

Passing through the outer room and entering the kitchen, there sat Billy very comfortable by the fire, with one hand turning the spit to his own music, and with the other basting a fine fat goose that was roasting. His gold-laced cock’d hat ornamented the handle of a saucepan, his side-arms hung pendant from the leg

of a gridiron, and his uniform coat and waistcoat dangled from the same peg with an old warming-pan—

‘ We’re in for it now, ’tis a folly, boys,  
To be down-hearted, yo-ho!’ —

But, observing the lieutenant enter, his song ceased. ‘ What cheer—what cheer?—Glad to see you. What, are you come to dine with me?’—‘ No, sir,’ replied E——, scarcely able to refrain from a roar of laughter, ‘ No, sir: I come with the admiral’s orders for you to go on board.’—‘ What, and leave the goose!’—‘ Come, come, Mr. C——, be serious; there’s the signal for sailing at the mast-head, and the fleet are ordered to sea directly.’—‘ Well, tell them to wait till the goose is done.’—‘ Nonsense! would you skulk ashore when, perhaps, we may fall in with the enemy, and bring a few of them home with us?’—‘ Why not altogether that; but the goose will be spoil’d, for there’s not a soul in the house beside myself.’—‘ Oh never mind the goose, *you’ll take that with you*. But come, bear a hand; you have already incurr’d the admiral’s displeasure, and surely you wouldn’t act ungratefully to him who has always behaved so generously to you.’—‘ Touch my honour, touch my life. No, I’ll only get a fresh scrape and a paint, clap my rigging over the mast-head, and then we’ll make sail together; but the goose will be burned.’—‘ Confound the goose!’ said E——, stripping off his coat—‘ Look smart, and I’ll turn the spit till somebody comes;’ and down he sat. Away went Billy, having mounted his uniform, to call the mistress of the house, and get shaved: but scarce had he turned the corner of the street when he ran full butt against the admiral.

‘ Halloo, Mr. C——!’ said his lordship, ‘ I understand your leave of absence is expired: what are you doing ashore?’ ‘ I don’t know, my lord; I’ve been very unwell these two days—confined by room-a-tism.’ ‘ Those are idle excuses, sir. Pray have you seen Mr. E——? Ah, now, if I could see you copy that young man, what satisfaction and pleasure it would afford me!’ Billy shrugg’d his shoulders and laughed. ‘ What insolence is this, sir!’ said his lordship, ‘ I cannot express my indignation. Tell me directly—Have you seen that gentleman?’ laying a particular stress on the last word. ‘ Yes, my lord,’ replied Billy, ‘ and so may you if you go to No. — there,’ pointing down the street. ‘ What do you mean, sir?—your insinuations are base. But come, sir, I’ll be satisfied—

show me the way ;' and Billy conducted his lordship to the door. But what was the admiral's surprise and chagrin to see the person he had just been commending busily engaged in attending the sputtering bird, now almost burnt to a cinder! His back was towards them ; but hearing some one behind, and concluding it was the proprietor of the rookery—' Come along, old Bet, a pretty kettle of fish I've made of it!—there's the fleet getting under weigh, and old Shiver-the-wind will give me a sermon as long as the main-top bow-line. Here's the goose as brown as a berry, and I've burnt my fingers with the ladle.' This was too much for Billy—he roared till his sides shook. But who can paint the astonishment and embarrassment of the young lieutenant, on turning round and seeing who was present! ' Old Shiver-the-wind is greatly obliged to you, Mr. E——,' said his lordship, bowing and walking off; ' and now I shall know in whom to place confidence again. Make haste down to the barge, and wait till I come ;' and away he went. ' What's the matter, what's the matter, Mr. E——?' said Billy, almost convulsed with laughter on seeing the young officer throw himself into the chair in an agony—' What's the matter? Why, the admiral knows that Spit-head's a naval station, and you are always fond of imitating the philosophers of grease.' ' I'll have satisfaction, Mr. C——; this is your doings.' ' So you shall, so you shall, (spreading a large sheet of brown paper, and packing the goose up in it.) You put the goose upon me, you know—I clapp'd it upon you—and now we'll go and saddle it upon the admiral ;' and off they set for the boat. His lordship soon joined them, and the boat shoved off. ' What is this smell, coxswain?' inquired the admiral. ' Tis Mr. E——'s goose, my lord,' said Billy. ' How is this that you dare to presume upon my indulgence?' ' Indeed, my lord, I—I—the goose—I—I,' replied the stammering lieutenant. ' The goose—I—I!' reiterated his lordship; ' what do you mean, sir?' But Billy, seeing he had run his cable out to the clinch, and that the old gentleman began to get serious, made a thousand apologies, and explained the whole business, taking the blame to himself, and respectfully entreating pardon where he had so often obtained it before. But 'twas not till the general action fought soon after that the admiral was any way reconciled. ' How these balls *hiss*,' said E—— to Billy, both stationed on the quarter-deck. ' Aye, aye,' retorted Billy—' Aye, aye, it puts one in mind of the goose.' ' So,' exclaimed his lordship, who had overheard it, and turned short round—' So you can't forget the goose,

Mr. C——! Well, well, baste the French as well as you did the goose, and I shall be satisfied.' A few minutes afterward, and the enemy dropt alongside. The boarders came rushing from their quarters, when Billy snatched up a cutlass, and, springing from the nettings on to the Frenchman's deck, roared out, waving his sword, 'Here's my spit; ev'ry mon his bird, and I'll tak gibbie;' and cutting down all before him, though severely wounded, fought his way to the taffaril. E—— was close at his side, and together they dowsed the colours, amid three cheers from all who witnessed the exploit. The cheers were returned by the boarding party, for the finest ship in the enemy's squadron was now their own; and many an old goose \* at Greenwich lives to tell the tale.

\* *Goose*, a nickname given to the pensioners.



## WILL BLOCK.

### A TRUE TALE.

‘ But the creed of a sailor still farther extends :  
He believes ’tis his duty likewise  
To comfort his poor distress’d messmates and friends,  
And the girl that is faithful to prize.’

IT was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter, and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his ‘ What cheer, what cheer ?’ could not refrain from turning round and stopping to take another look. Indeed that sparkling eye of good-humoured pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trowsers, a straw hat bound with black riband thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silvered grey that flowed beneath, and a black silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt : a short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reached the inn by the way-side where he purposed heaving to, to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. ‘ Never throw hot water and ashes to windward,’ says the old tar, shortening sail ; ‘ I’d sooner engage a squadron of fire-ships than one woman in a rage. They’re sure to have the last broadside, even while sinking.’ He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. ’Twas in reply to the vociferations of the termagant, and he remained backing and filling in the passage. ‘ What,

money—clothes—all lost, did you say?’ exclaimed a rough-strained throat, something resembling the combined noise of a blacksmith’s bellows and a flint-mill: ‘All gone, eh?’ ‘Yes, ma’am, all—all is lost to me,’ replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claimed the smallest acquaintance with humanity. ‘So you think that story will do, eh?’ continued the first; ‘’twon’t though, missus, so you must tramp. I don’t keep a house for vagrums, and sich like.’ ‘Indeed, indeed ’tis true; the villains robbed me of all, and I’ve walked many, many weary miles. Oh but for a piece of bread—a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed I’ve not been used to beg.’ ‘Why that’s the way with all you canting creatures—all ladies, forsooth! Where do you come from?’ ‘Oh, ma’am, I’m a wretched girl, yet I was once happy; sorrow has indeed reached me—lost, lost Lucy!’ ‘Ha, I see how it is! What, you’ve been with the fellows, have you? Why, you good-for-nothing!—there, get out of my house—get out, I say!’ ‘Can you have the cruelty to let me perish? Where—where shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuse it! Oh remember, that mercy—that pity is the attribute of angels!’ ‘Don’t talk to me of angels, hussy! and as for tributes, there’s sesses, and taxes, and poors’ rates enough—Out, I say! What you won’t, eh? Here, John! Bet! where are you all? you pack of idle vagabonds! Here, take this miss, and turn her out.’ ‘Oh let me implore your pity—here humbly let me beg——’ This was too much for our honest tar. Entering the kitchen, he beheld a young girl, plainly but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid-servant together, were attempting to force her out. ‘Yo-hoy, what’s the matter here?’ said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other: ‘Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what, grapple a vessel in distress? And you (turning to the landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a Christian country? For shame, old woman!’ ‘Old woman, forsooth!’ exclaimed the now doubly-exasperated landlady, ‘Old woman, forsooth! What, you takes the part of the young-un, eh? But she shall budge directly.’ ‘I say she shan’t, then. Come here, pretty one, and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather-gage.’ ‘Well, this is fine treatment, too, in my own house! And you, ye rascallions, who eat my victuals



and take my wages, to see it tamely! Lay hold of her, I say.' 'Touch her if you dare,' says old Will, flourishing his stick, 'and I'll—I'll—Aye, that's right, keep off, for if you come athwart my hawse, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!' Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but, fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she entreated him to desist. 'I am not worthy your notice, sir;—only a drop of water, for I am very faint.' 'Shall have the best the house affords, while I've a shot in the locker. Go along, old Mother Squeeze-lemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?' 'What, give my property to vagrums and wenches!—not I indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?' 'Avast, old Grumpus! think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then? This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go, get her a glass of wine.' 'And who's to pay? Wine, indeed!—get her some water, Jack,' said the now alarmed landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. 'Heave to, you porpoise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house, too, d'ye hear? Why, what's the lubber grinning at? Will this satisfy you, ye old she-shark?' thrusting his hand into his jacket-pocket, and drawing it out again filled with gold—'Will this satisfy you?' The landlady's countenance brightened up: 'Why if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing. Well, well, I dare says you're a gentleman, after all. Come, child, (to Lucy,) I'm sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes—Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear.' 'Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart!' cried Will; 'how readily it expands at the voice of distress!' shaking his pockets. 'Here's the key will unlock the flood-gates of her benevolence at any time, (holding up a guinea.) But come, pretty one,' drawing a chair, 'sit down and rest.' 'Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?' said Lucy. 'Wait till I ax you,' replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. 'Here, miss,' said the landlady, entering, 'take this nice cake and wine, 'twill do you good. God bless your sweet face! why, do you think that I would go for to hurt a hair of your head?' 'There, there, there's enough of it—no more palaver; I arn't agreed for that, you know, though I suppose you'll consider it in the bill.' Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the

bell rung violently in another room, and she disappeared. 'Come, come, don't be backward; never mind an old sailor,' said Will: 'refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you; speak as if I was your father.' 'Oh, sir, don't talk of my father—I have fixed a wound in his heart'— 'There, there; don't cry: I can't bear to see a woman's tears—it makes a fool of me: but tell me honestly all about it, for I've got to be at old Admiral M——'s by night.' 'Of —— Grove?' inquired Lucy, much agitated. 'Why ay; do you know him?' 'No, sir; but—but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew;' and again she burst into tears as if her heart would break. 'Why ay, I see how it is; knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is: this is some of Master Tommy's doings, eh? Zounds!' clinching his fist;—'but no matter. And where are you come from?' 'From my father's, sir.' 'And who is your father?' 'Oh do not ask me! my name is Lucy B——.' 'What, the daughter of old B——, that was in the Venerable as first lieutenant?' 'Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter.' 'Zounds! why,' starting up in a passion—'why, and has Tom dared?— But don't be frightened, don't be frightened. And so you have deserted your home and my poor old friend?' 'Spare me, sir! spare me! If my father was indeed your friend, oh succour his erring child!' 'Well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence, and then abandon his victim—zounds!—But come, come along.' 'I thought of going to the admiral's, sir.' 'To be sure, to be sure! we'll be under weigh in a minute.' 'Yet, sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and oh I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart.' 'A what? a feeling heart! Why are you here then? But come along, sweetheart!' and, discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old Admiral M—— was the most eccentric. He had risen solely by merit from the station of cabin-boy to vice-admiral of the white; and 'twas ever his boast that he had never skulk'd in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar-bucket. 'I came in at the hawse-holes,' he would say, 'and didn't creep in at the cabin windows.' He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together; and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discovered the track he had taken. He would

frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell, and order refreshments, as if he had never quitted it. Not an old sailor that ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer; and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform (if of good character, but not so successful as himself) always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accustomed to say was drawn from the Spanish *stocks*—yet without children, for he was a bachelor—he had adopted his nephew, determined to leave him the bulk of his property. The young man, who really was naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favour, associated with some of the dashing characters of the day, and became tinctured with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B—— by a brother officer; and that acquaintance, which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy, was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but, fearing the condemnation of the admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from Exeter without even bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immure himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospects in view before him, and equally convinced that to thwart his inclinations would but annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavour to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life, according to his own account, had sailed with the admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plundered by some villains of all she possessed at day-break, but still continued her journey, till, worn with hunger and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn, and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will, having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr. M—— and his convoy, left her at a short distance, and proceeded onward. Almost overpowered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she leaned against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom, next Heaven, she loved most tenderly.

'Twas now too dark to distinguish objects, but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovery she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old housekeeper, with other females, sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly round for another object, while the old lady strove to sooth her mind, informing her that 'twas herself who had discovered her in the avenue, at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr. M—— was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her kind conductor.

'Pray, sir,' said the admiral, entering the room abruptly when his nephew was sitting alone, and ruminating upon his own hapless condition, but more upon the object of his sincere attachment, little imagining that she who occupied his thoughts was at that moment under the same roof—'pray, sir, what does that man deserve who robs a friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl under the flag of affection, turns pirate, and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty?' The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely accordant to his own feelings previous to the entrance of his uncle. 'Answer me!' exclaimed the admiral, raising his voice—'answer me directly!' 'I cannot, sir; I am too deeply sensible of error.' 'Or what does he merit,' continued the admiral, 'who, contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her!' 'Infamy! infamy and disgrace!' exclaimed the agonized M——. 'I feel it all—all, and shudder!' 'You have judged right, sir: your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of Lieutenant B—— I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemned you.' 'Not so much as my heart, sir,' replied M——. 'Pass what sentence you please; but, oh! suffer me to expiate my fault! do not drive me to desperation!' 'Tis well, sir, you are convinced of your error;' and, ringing the bell violently, a servant appeared. 'Order Mr. M——'s horse to the door:' then, turning to the young man, 'This is no longer a home for you: however, you shall first have the satisfaction of facing your accuser;' and, again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger. No culprit ever stood more agitated than M—— while these orders were given. He fixed his eyes upon the door

in anxious expectation ; but what were his feelings—what his agony—when Lucy herself appeared! He would have rushed towards her; but his uncle caught his arm, and, in a voice that made the poor girl tremble, ‘ No, sir! would you again coil like a snake about your victim? would you once more sting a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, sir! you have forfeited all pretensions to my favour—you have degraded my name—you have disgraced yourself. Go, and let me never see your face again!’ This was too much for poor Lucy : she had expected a private interview with her lover, and imagined, when she quitted the housekeeper’s apartment, ’twas for that purpose the folding-doors of the drawing-room were thrown open. How great then was her surprise and distress when she found herself in the presence of the admiral! He was habited in an immense cloak, that covered his whole person, and his laced cocked hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced than Lucy knelt before him imploring mercy. M——, at the same moment, threw himself by her side, caught her upraised hand, joined it in his own, and offered his petitions with hers. The old admiral dashed the tears from his eyes, and, overcome by the scene, grasped their united hands, and blessed them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude, of Lucy, when, throwing off his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her generous benefactor, protector, and guide—even old WILL BLOCK!



## LORD KEITH.

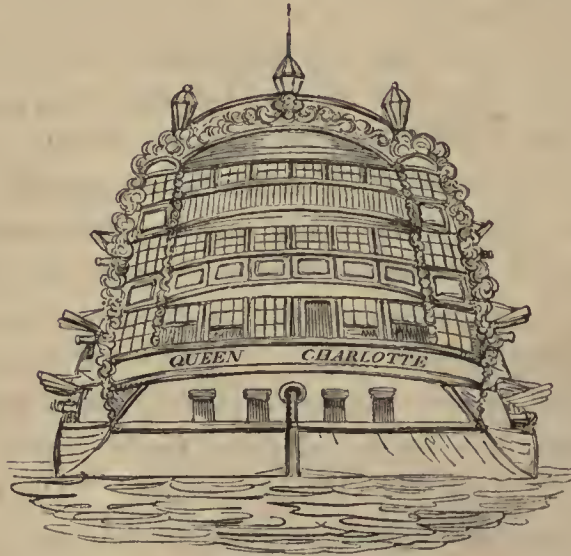
‘ Only just do your duty, you’ll find, should death call,  
The same gracious Providence watches for all.’

WELL, messmates, exclaimed an old pensioner, entering the ward with a newspaper in his hand—well, messmates, so Lord Keith is gone, full of years and honour! Death has grappled him at last! He was a worthy commander—a mild unassuming man: but all our old friends are dropping off one by one, and by-and-by poor Jack won’t have a protector left. Howsomever, I hope, before that time, messmates, all hands will be standing on the same tack, till we moor ship in the port of Heaven at last. Ah! well do I remember the admiral—at Toulon, at Egypt, and afterward in command of the Channel fleet. He was a father to his people—brave and humane. I think I see him at this moment, a tall thin figure, standing in his admiral’s uniform on the deck of the Queen Charlotte. We were lying in Basque Roads. The white flag was flying at Rochelle, but the French fleet had not yet hoisted it. A large party, in their bag wigs and swords, (if I recollect right, a deputation from the town,) came alongside on the larboard side. His lordship, very plainly dressed, placed himself near the gangway. On the starboard side of the quarter-deck stood Sir Pulteney Malcolm, firm and erect, one hand thrust into his waistcoat, the other arm a-kimbo, the right foot advanced. There he stood in all the conscious pride of a bold intrepid British tar. By-the-by, I saw his portrait, some seasons ago, in the Exhibition: I knew it in a moment, and my heart kindled with pleasure. Sailors have their feelings, and fine ones too, though they cannot always express them. Well, there he stood; and the Monsieurs came on board, passed his lordship, giving and receiving a slight salutation, and advanced, full of compliment, scraping and bowing, to Sir Pulteney, who received them with that dignity and politeness so peculiarly his

own. His lordship continued his station, unnoticed by the party, till the rear-admiral introduced them to him as the commander-in-chief. The last time I saw him was in the theatre at Bordeaux : oh it was a glorious sight ! In the starboard stage-box was his lordship, Lord James O'Brien, and I think Sir Pulteney Malcolm and Sir Harry Neele, but won't be positive : however, there were several of the captains and officers of the fleet in their full naval dress, blue and gold. On the larboard hand, Lord Wellington, Lord Hill, with other distinguished noblemen and generals, in their scarlet uniforms ; while every part of the house displayed the British costume intermingled with the white of the ladies' dresses. It is true that many a regimental coat looked the worse for wear ; but it heightened the interest of the scene—they had known hard service. The play was 'Richard Cœur de Lion ;' and between the acts 'Vive Henri Quatre' was played and sung with the whole strength of the house. The pit of a French theatre, messmates, has no seats like ours, but resembles the riding-ring at Astley's. Well, nearly in the centre of this area stood a brother tar about half-sprung, turning his quid, looking wonderfully knowing, but perfectly quiet, lest a suspicion should arise that he was ignorant of the language. Several shipmates were dispersed around, affording considerable amusement to the assembled group of all nations. The song ended, and, after a few demi-semiquavers, our national anthem 'God save the King' commenced. 'Twas like an electric shock to poor Jack. 'What ! "God save the King" in France?' He roared, he bellowed, accompanying the music, seeming insensible to the presence of a single individual beside himself. It ceased for a moment, and then struck up 'The White Cockade.' 'Clear the decks ! clear the decks !' cried Jack ; and indeed all were glad to get out of his way. A space was cleared, and he went through the hornpipe in handsome style, to the great delight of all present. Bumper after bumper was proffered, and as readily swallowed. What sailor would shrink from splicing the main brace when his king was the toast ? 'God save the King' was again played ; but this did not satisfy our jolly tar, now completely groggy. 'Rule, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !'—he would have 'Rule, Britannia !' or he'd board the stage and thresh the fiddlers. 'Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves ! Play up ; none of your gammon ! Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule—What ! you won't, eh ? Then here goes !' advancing to the orchestra, to commence his

attack. This was too much even for French politeness; and, another act just commencing, a scuffle ensued, in which poor Jack was hoisted on the shoulders of his messmates, who bore him off in triumph, roaring

‘Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!  
For Britons never, never, never, never, shall be slaves.’









London: Bull & April 1845 by Robinson & Co. St. John's EN Row -

Jack's Trump of Defiance ~

9- Guttershank fec:

## RIO JANEIRO.

‘ Would you know, pretty Nan! how we sailors pass our time,  
As joyously we roam o’er the sea,  
Why, believe me, dear girl, in each region and clime,  
True hearted and merry we be.’

‘ AND so,’ exclaimed a fine Commodore-Trunnion-looking old gentleman, with his silver locks flowing gracefully over his shoulders, and little sparkling black eyes, beaming with animation and good humour as he sat on one of the benches which are so pleasantly situated on the terrace of Greenwich Hospital, facing the Thames—‘ and so the present Queen of Spain is that interesting girl that we’ve so often seen at Rio Janeiro! I remember her very well, and recollect the scuffle there used to be among the young navy blades, in the billiard-room, whenever the royal cavalcade passed by on its way to the palace, to try who should be in time to get a kiss of her pretty little white hand; for you know ’tis the custom among the royal family of Portugal, when they pass to and from their carriages or barge, to extend their hands to the spectators on either side, and those who saluted them went down upon one knee. Well, just under the Piazzas might be seen a whole raft of youngsters bending the knee, and watching for the sweet smile that excited a lively interest in the heart, and sometimes a graceful inclination of the head, to acknowledge the gentle pressure of the hand. Hah!’ continued the veteran, turning to a gentleman whose countenance bore the stamp of sailor—‘ hah, Mr. Wallis, you may well grin; many’s the time you’ve been amongst ’em.’ ‘ Ay, old boy,’ rejoined the officer, ‘ and those were some of the happiest days of my life. I would give the world to enjoy the same feelings now that I did then; but the cares and anxieties that creep on us damp the enthusiastic ardour of the mind; and, when I look back upon the sunshine of youth, the dark clouds that have gathered since come rolling between, and shade it with a gloomy

aspect. I think of my old friends and messmates; but where are they now? Either scattered upon the wide world, or numbered with the dead. There was poor Tom Miller: you must remember him?' 'Remember him! to be sure I do; he was master's mate in the London when I was gunner: a finer young fellow never stepp'd 'twixt stem and starn.' 'Well, Tom used to say, ay, and swear to it too, that the Princess should be Mrs. Miller. He was always at the Piazzas as regularly as the captain of the guard, and the dear lady bestowed upon him a more gracious look than on any one else. He was, as you observed, no despicable figure; nay, I believe he was the best-looking fellow in the fleet; and, when well rigged, there were but few who could surpass him. One evening we had all assembled in the billiard-room, (it was on the very day Tom had received an acting order as lieutenant of the Elizabeth,) when the signal was given that the royal carriage was approaching, and away sprang the whole covey at once. Tom took the lead, but had scarcely got ten paces when he made a slip-bend, and came down sprawling at full length. This was abominably provoking, for he had sported a new uniform suit in honour of his promotion, and his toilette (*id est*, his sea-chest) had been most assiduously attended to. However, up he started again, his white pantaloons suffering no loss by coming in contact with mother Earth; and, what was more unfortunate, a patch of mud nearly as large as a half-crown most unceremoniously attached itself to his left cheek. Nothing daunted, and unconscious of this embellishment, he arrived at the foot of the great stairs just previous to the passing of the princess. An officer of the Portuguese navy, observing this meteor dart through the court, followed close upon his heels, and, just as Tom's lips were anticipating the coming hand, soft as the down upon the cygnet's breast, a rougher hand grasped his shoulder, and he felt a down of another description, by being extended flat upon his back. The sweet girl looked distressed and confused, but passed quickly up the stairs; yet, before she disappeared, her eyes were cast below. Tom, stung to madness, had sprung instantly upon his feet, and the Portuguese in his turn measured his length upon the pavement. The bayonets of the guards were brought to the charge, but not before we had rallied round our companion, and formed a barrier to protect him: swords and dirks were unsheathed, and either party gazed upon the other. Our number amounted to fifteen: the guards were treble that, and

many others came in to increase their force. The commandant advanced towards us, and demanded our friend in a haughty and insulting manner; but we plainly told him, as Tom was not the aggressor, we were determined to part with our lives first, though the generous fellow made repeated struggles to break through and deliver himself up as a surety for the rest. Again the officer taunted us as puny striplings, declared his resolution to seize him, and ordered his troops to advance. Our weapons were prepared, and we stood firm, when, at this very instant, a wild shout, so exhilarating to the heart of a tar, told us that succour was at hand, and about fifty British seamen, belonging to the watering parties, headed by the gallant Lieutenant R——, of the E——, seventy-four, rushed in like an overwhelming wave, and bore down all before them. Their intrusion was so very sudden that they were close aboard the soldiers before the latter could face about; and Jack stuck to them so close that their firelocks were rendered useless, and black eyes was the order of the day. “Put up your side-arms, gentlemen,” cried R——, “and lather away till all’s bluc.” This species of *so-fist-try* didn’t agree with the enemy; the weighty arguments knocked many of them down, and the remainder retreated in confusion and haste to the guard-room. Thither we were about to follow, and the word was passed for the boarders to prepare, when the brave and worthy Commodore Campbell (in the Portuguese service) appeared in the midst of us, and with mild language, yet dignified expression, represented the necessity and propriety of immediately repairing on board of our respective ships, adding “Commit no outrage, my friends; do not let me have to blush for my countrymen: brother tars, let me advise you to go directly to your boats.” As the soft zephyr smooths the raging billow after a storm, so did our passion subside under the gentle remonstrances of the gallant Campbell, and we quitted the Piazzas: but, scarce had we crossed over toward the fountain, when a troop of royal cadets advanced at full charge in our rear; but, seeing our force beyond their expectation, they reined in at about twenty paces from us: indeed our numbers were by this time considerably augmented, for many of the English residents, and the sailors belonging to the merchantmen, had joined our party, so that we mustered upwards of a hundred. The scene at this moment was highly interesting and ludicrous; the moon shone beautifully clear from a cloudless sky, and rendered every object and counte-

nance conspicuous. In the advance, near the palace, were the royal cadets, mounted on their prancing steeds, as if collecting all their physical powers for a grand attack. We had long been indebted to these young gentlemen for their treatment of a British officer, (whom they had met upon the road,) while escorting the old Queen—compelling him to dismount from his horse, and laying the flat part of their sabres across his shoulders. The skip-jacks seemed aware of this, for their courage began to evaporate, and many were looking over their shoulders. Near and about the fountain, in a solid mass, were collected a motley group of officers, man-of-war's men and merchants, armed (excepting the few swords and dirks among the former) with broken oars and boat-hooks, stretchers, loose 'thwarts, tillers, bung-starters, and copper pumps; and one Jack Tar excited an universal roar of laughter by advancing several paces in our front towards the cadets; and, applying the small end of a large tin funnel (used for filling the casks) to his mouth, he gave them a flourish of defiance in all the graceful attitudes of a theatrical trumpeter. "Stand to your colours, my men," (for they had hoisted the boats' ensigns on poles,) said Lieutenant R——; "and do you, officers, separate yourselves among the people, that, should these *rush-light* warriors charge upon us, they may open to the right and left, and let 'em in amongst us." Tom again begged them to deliver him up, that the rest might not be involved in trouble on his account: but not a man would listen to it; they swore to protect him to the last. By this time the guard had rallied, and were approaching in the rear of the horse, who, seeing a reinforcement at their backs, and unwilling to let slip an opportunity of displaying their tyrannic insolence, as well as making certain of defeating a handful of rattle-brained seamen, clapped spurs, and flourished their sabres. Our manœuvre was admirably executed, and not a few of them went, horse and all, clean over the quay, where the boat-keepers mauled them unmercifully: numbers were dismounted, and Jack vaulted on to their saddles, cutting the drollest figure imaginable. After a skirmish of about ten minutes these royal cadets gave way, and retreated at full speed through the palace square: we crowded all sail in chase, but were again stopped by the commodore. Indeed, this worthy man, foreseeing, by the advance of the cadets, that some mischief would ensue, had collected the guards, to endeavour, if it were possible, to prevent it; and this was the cause of

their marching toward us, and not mingling in the affray. The commodore, finding his object defeated, ordered them back to their station in the guard-room. He once more represented to us the imprudence of remaining on shore, and we consented to return to our boats; but, previous to quitting the field of action, the gallant commodore was hoisted on the shoulders of a couple of seamen. Lieutenant R—— enjoyed the same elevation; and two of Tom's old messmates in the London raised him aloft. A procession was formed, and paraded through the palace square, while several members of the royal family witnessed from their balconies this truly novel spectacle. When the boats were all manned, and had pulled a short distance from the shore, the crews lay upon their oars; and the sailors' note of triumph, three hearty cheers, roused up the slumbering air, awoke the dormant winds, and echoed o'er the vast expanse of snoring waves. Echo prolonged the sound for a few seconds, and then it sunk from a confused murmur into stillness and peace, broken only by the measured dash of the oars, and the ripple of the boat as it cut through the yielding wave. Happily no lives were lost, though there were some broken limbs, and many severe wounds and bruises. Poor Tom! he died soon afterward, bravely fighting the battles of his country; but he has left a memorial in the hearts of all who knew him which time can never destroy.—'Well, and how was the business settled?' inquired a listener; 'what did the admiral say?'—'Say! why he told them they were rightly served. The prince regent, or rather Mrs. Prince Regent, the lady that has kicked up such a dust lately in Lisbon, laid a formal complaint against us; and the admiral instituted an inquiry, which terminated in our favour. Sir Sydney was'nt exactly the man to yield and compromise the character of his men. He returned for answer, "that, if they sported with British seamen, they must expect rough play." 'Hah! Sir Sydney was the boy,' said the old veteran. 'Do you remember how he served them when they fired from Santa Cruz battery at the little Steady gun-brig, then commanded by Lieutenant (late Captain) Stow? D'ye see, she was bound to sea upon a cruise; and, when dropping down with a light breeze, just sufficient to blow out her ensign and pendant, the officer commanding at the fort hailed him to send his boat ashore. Now this was customary for merchant-ships, but never for men-of-war. Stow re-

plied through his trumpet that the vessel was his Britannic Majesty's brig *Steady*, and ordered one of the topmen to clear the coach-whip; but this did not satisfy the Portuguese, who instantly fired a shot (though he might have almost jumped aboard), which passed close to the commander, and carried away the main-boom. Lieutenant Stow felt highly indignant at this insult, and immediately up helm and stood in again for the harbour. He made his report to the commander-in-chief, and the admiral demanded an audience of the prince regent. A formal statement was drawn up against the officer, with a request that a public apology might be made for the unwarrantable insult. The prince regent, however, treated it rather lightly, and that roused up the pride of the gallant Sydney. On taking his leave he remarked, that "the *London* (she was a ninety-eight, you know) would be going out on the morrow, and he would recommend the officer to fire at her: if he did, it was not improbable but she would growl a little." Accordingly the next day we got under weigh, with our guns run out and double shotted; but they knew better than to meddle with the bull-dog. In fact, they did'nt like the look of our teeth; for, though they were all hollow, there warnt a decayed one amongst them; and I'd taken good care that they should be charged with the best cartridges. However, we sailed out and in without the least notice being taken; and from that hour no more shots were fired from Santa Cruz at British cruisers. I'll tell you another long yarn some day about our surgeon and one of the *maids* of honour to the queen: but it's growing late now, and I must get under hatches; so good night, my children! good night!' and the old tar walked off at the age of ninety-seven (with a step as firm and faculties as sound as a youth of twenty) to take his glass and smoke his pipe with an honest heart and a clear conscience.



## OLD JOHNSON.

‘ But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters  
He went, though his fortune was kind without end :  
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of matters  
What’s the good on’t, d’ye see, but to succour a friend ?’

- - - FOL-de-rol-de-rol-lol, fol-de-rol-de-ray. Ha! how are you, gemmen? how are you?—Here I am again, as stanch an old blade as ever knock’d a cock-maggot out of a king’s biscuit, or shook a mosquito by the ears. Ay, ay, you may talk of your Penny-rammers and your Mar-maids in Chancery, your Mix-i-can scenes and Cracker-acts of the Ganges; but what are they to the sights I’ve seed in my life? This is a comical out-o’the-way world I must needs own, for a man no sooner dowses his coat than somebody else is ready to put it on, and swear point-blank they have had it ever since it was a jacket. Howsomever that says nothing;—here I am again, and if you wants a few more tough yarns from the same winch, I’m your boy. What! did you think I was going to desert? Lord love you, old Jack never was the lad to flinch from his gun or forsake his colours. Let but Humanity beat to quarters and Benevolence take command, I’m on deck in a minute, and clear for action. So you see here I am again—none of your Tom-Coxes-traverse gentry, up one hatchway, down t’other—in every body’s mess and nobody’s watch. No, no, all fair and square by the lifts and braces, that’s poor Jack’s plan. None of your tea-for-two and toast-for-six without a friend to share it. Give me the feeling heart and the helping hand adorned with the richest of all earthly gems, the sparkling tear of gratitude; and this puts me in mind of a circumstance that happened the other day—There, don’t be in a hurry; you gemmen of the press are so impatient. ‘ Let me gang ma ain gait,’ as old Hameish says; that

is, hobble along as well as I can. You forget I've got one leg in the grave, and the other is longing to be with his mate; but wait a wee, wait a wee, Mr. What's-your-name, and you shall have it as clear as ink can make it. Why, d'ye see, an old messmate of mine got married some years ago; and what then?—why, he'd a whole troop of children before he could look round him, and that's poor work upon three farthings a year, and receive it quarterly—it made him calculate his vulgar fractions. Howsomever he struggled with his difficulties, kiss'd his wife, nursed the bairns, and turned a penny when he could get it. Well, d'ye see, about six weeks ago he was sitting on the bench a-top of One-tree-hill in the Park, in a lack-a-day-sigh-cal manner, swinging one leg for pastime, and beating a tattoo upon the other, occasionally picking his teeth, to clear them of the remains of a chestnut dinner. (By-the-by they're good for nothing this year, and so our dessert's spoiled.) His last shilling was confounded restless, and had been driven from pocket to pocket, undergoing fifty examinations to ascertain whether it was a good-un. He was giving it another twirl in the air, when a poor ragged tar ranged up alongside, and, dowsing his truck, supplicated charity. He had not been accustomed to beg, for his head hung down with shame, without raising his eyes to the person he implored; and he was actually wearing round to sheer off without having his petition answered, when my messmate sprung up, grasp'd his hand—'What, Johnson, my worthy old soul, come to this!'—'Ay, ay, Mr. T——, (said the veteran,) needs must when the old-un drives; and I'm sure, of all the foul fiends, hunger's the worst. But what's the use of distressing you with my complaints? I know you've a generous heart, and 'twill only make you more unhappy, 'cause you can't relieve them. Heaven knows half-pay's little enough for a wife and family, for I hears you're married.'—'Why ay, Johnson, I have a family, and they are so dear to my heart that I wouldn't part with one of them to be made lord high admiral, though I confess I'm often obliged to sail close-haul'd to get 'em a meal. However, they will dine hearty to-day, God bless 'em! and so, my old boy, you shall share all I have in the world; and for to-morrow—why aye—to-morrow—no matter, Providence will never see that man wreck'd upon a lee shore that takes in tow an old shipmate in distress: so come along, Johnson—remember "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up

aloft." Come along, my old worthy,—a crust of bread and cheese, and a glass of grog to the king, will bowse all taut, and get us in good sailing trim.' And away they started for the town.—For several weeks after this poor T—— got lower and lower, and his half-pay was spent. Reduced to the greatest straits, in hourly expectation of being ejected from his lodgings for rent, his heart was fill'd with bitterness. A few days ago, having failed in an effort to procure a supply, he returned home half distracted. His wife sat, in calm dejection, with an infant cradled in her arms that vainly sought for nourishment; but not a tear, not a sigh, not a look, escaped to wound the susceptible mind of her husband: the arrow rankled within, whilst the little innocents around were crying for food. Oh what a scene was this for a parent! 'Almighty Ruler! (exclaimed T——,) what have I done to merit thy wrath? why pour out the phials of indignation on my helpless offspring?' But a look from his partner calm'd the intemperance of the moment, and, folding his hands upon his breast, he bowed his head with pious resignation—'Father, forgive!—not my will, but thine be done!'—'Sir, you're wanted, (said the landlady of the house, tapping at the door,) there's the postman with a letter for you.'—'I have no money, my love, to pay for it (said T—— to his wife); what's to be done?'—'The postage is paid (said the listening landlady); I suppose they knew you was down in the mouth.' His heart was wrung too bitterly to heed this sore hit, and, hastening to the door, 'Be you Mister Squire T——, of the Royal Navy?' (titter'd the man)—be you the gemman?'—'I suppose that letter is designed for me (taking it); yes, 'tis right.' He returned to his room. 'Who is it from?' inquired his wife. 'I know not (said he); 'tis very carefully seal'd at both ends; but the writing and direction lead me to imagine 'tis from some poor fellow that needs assistance like myself. Oh that the time should ever arrive that I'm debarr'd the satisfaction of succouring a friend in distress! (He pass'd his hand across his face)—However, I will open it and see.' He unfolded the sheet, when the first thing that was presented to his sight was a five-pound note. Only those who have felt the pinching fangs of poverty, and witness'd the wants of those so dear to their hearts, without a shot in the locker, grasping at the last gleam of expiring hope—only those can tell what the sensations are when unexpected, unlook'd-for, succour comes. He fell upon

his knees—his wife clung round his neck—the children gather'd round, while he pour'd forth his heart in gratitude to Heaven. The letter ran thus:—

'**DR SUR URE ONNER**—This kums hopping to find u well, nd to let u sea the gud tun u did ould Johnson will niver skip from his art—fust i kud get—bownd to Ingee—dont hundestan letter righting—God bless u—

'**OULD JOHNSON.**'

Need I tell you what follow'd? Oh no, you can picture it yourself. Worthy soul! may he never want a friend in this world, and have his name enter'd on the Book of Life in another and a better!



## THE STORM.

'The vessel while the dread event draws nigh  
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly—  
Fate spurs her on.'

FALCONER'S *Shipwreck*.

WHY, sir, sailors that know the construction of a ship, how the timbers and knees are jointed together, and where every treenail is drove, are far more timorous in a gale of wind than those who are ignorant of her frame-work. By the same rule, I have known some surgeons, who were skilled in anatomy, apt to be narvous upon occasions. But, howsomever, a gale of wind is no plaything, sir. You have never witness'd one at sea ; but mayhap you'd like a rough description from an old weather-beaten tar, who, ever since he was the height of a quart pot, has been working against wind and tide, and braved every billow from the Bay of Biscay to the Bay of Bengal ; but, bless you, what's the use on it ? I went to windward like smoke. Well, sir, I was in a transport about six hundred tons ; a pretty ship, sail'd like a mermaid, and sat on the water like a duck ; but no matter. Well, we sailed from St. Andero with sick and wounded troops, and women : there were some officers too, with their families, and we were bound to our own dear native land ; but before I proceed I'll just give you a sketch of our passengers : and, first, was Captain R——, of —— regiment, a fine Dalgetty-looking old veteran, with flowing locks as white as a snow-ball : he had sought the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth ; but he'd no interest, sir, and, having buried his wife in a foreign land, was now returning home with his two daughters, lovely girls, the prop and stay of his declining age : they were sweet flowers, and, when they used to sit on the deck each side of their father, administering the balm of consolation to his wounded spirit, 'twas like the picture of Mercy and Benevolence soothing the sorrows of Time. Then there was Lieutenant N—— and his

wife, a very interesting couple, and yet they were but one in mind. He had been severely wounded, and she had quitted her country to attend the partner of her heart, but now, through grief and too close attention to his wants, droop'd like a lily withering in the storm, and seem'd fast hastening to that bourne whence no travellers return : they had one little boy, about eight years old, the mother's darling and the father's pride. Next there was Doctor Mac I——, a native of auld Reekie : he was a stanch kirk o' Scotland man, as kind a soul as ever broke the bread of life, and treated the poor fellows under his care with the tenderness of a parent : he had national prejudices, to be sure —call'd Doctor Johnson an ' ig-no-ram-ass,' and used to boast of his acquaintance with Rab Burns, who was an old croney of his father's : ' I ken'd him fu' well,' said he, ' when he biggit near the Brig of Ayr ; he would come to the hoose, and sit with my gude feyther for the hoor thegither o'er the brandy-stoup, and crack of auld lang syne ; but they are gan the way of aw flesh, and we must prepare to follow.' But I mustn't forget Lieutenant B—— : he was what you call an in-fid-hell : I don't know what it means, but some of the sodgers told me he'd no more religion than a pope : he had committed a fox-paw by profaning one of the Spanish churches ; but he got over that, for his uncle was a nobleman : however, one day his regiment was order'd on some dangerous and honourable service, and so he throws himself into the sick list with a gum-boil in his throat ; but it wouldn't do, and he was near getting an emetic which would have made him throw up his commission ; so the general, to save him, sent him home to take charge of the troops ; but he was much despised, particularly by the ladies. He would often fall foul of the doctor ; and one fine clear night, when the stars were all glowing, I was at the helm, and the good old Scot was pointing 'em out by name to one of the lassies, and, says he, ' The heavens declare the glory of God ! Wha but a gowk wad suppose that yon bright orbs were produced by blind chance, and that they have continued preecesely in the same place for nearly sax thousand years, without a superintending power ?' Up comes the young spark, and overhaul'd a great deal of lingo ; but I couldn't understand it : I recollect the doctor saying ' Hoot, hoot ! wait a wee, mon—wait a wee—If there is a God I'm right, and if there's nae God I'm right still.' Well, sir, these were our principal cabin passengers : there were others, but I shall tire you to describe 'em all. The

sodgers, poor souls, were most of 'em in a very low state, and the incessant quarrelling of the women deprived them of rest. To be sure there were some exceptions, where the wife attended to the wants of her wounded, but brave, husband, and sooth'd his harsh complainings with a voice of soften'd tenderness, and these were generally the youngest and prettiest amongst 'em. But to proceed: We had been out about ten days with tolerable fair weather, when just at the end of the dog-watch (that's about eight o'clock in the evening, sir) a sudden squall hove the ship on her beam ends, and away went the main-top-sail clean out of the bolt-ropes—what a scene of confusion! The shrill howl of the wind—the shrieks of the women—the flapping of the fragments of the sail—the groans of the sufferers below, the dashing of the waters, and the yo-hoy of the sailors, with the bellowing of the captain—formed a concert which I dare say you have no desire to hear. We clued up till the squall was a little abated, and then all hands were employed in bending a new topsail: this occupied us till near midnight, and the gale continuing we furled the fore and mizen topsails, and set the reef'd foresail and trysail. By the reckoning, we were at no great distance from Ushant, and, the wind being fair, we entertain'd hopes of soon getting into Plymouth: indeed, by the time we had got all snug, the storm abated considerably; so, instead of turning in, we were obliged to remain on deck and set the topsails again; but scarce had we loosed the sails when the wind took us right a-head, and blew harder than ever. Of all places in the world, the Bay of Biscay is the worst for a cross sea; you never know where it will take you. 'Hold on aloft!' roared the captain, who saw it coming, and clung to the weather-shrouds; 'Hold on fore and aft; mind your helm; ease her, boy, ease her.' The sea struck us amidships, and a whole body of waters burst upon the deck: away went bulwarks, boats, hen-coops, and every thing moveable. 'A man overboard, a man overboard!' was echoed from all sides, and as soon as our eyes were clear of salt spray we saw three poor fellows buffeting with the waves; one was the helmsman, the others were invalids, who had crawl'd on deck for air. Oh, sir, 'twas a distressing sight. At first we could hear them hallooing for assistance, and then their voices were lost in the howling of the gale; but we saw them, sir, a long while. The helmsman had got hold of a spar, and one of the others on the boat's keel; the third had sunk! We kept sight of the first nearly all day, but could'nt save him, for another sea had carried away the bowsprit and foremast; the second,

after remaining some time on the boat's bottom, let go his hold ; the boat still floated on the wave, but he was gone for ever ! Oh what must have been my poor messmate's feelings—his ship in view, though leaving him—himself devoted to destruction—the dark waters yawning on all sides to receive their prey—every billow a threatening grave—no hope ! Thought he then of home ? his wife, his little ones ? Oh, sir, what must have been his feelings ! As night approach'd, so darker grew each scene of horror, and its deep'ning shades fell heavy on the seaman's soul. We had but little command of the ship, and were fast drifting to leeward. Night came, and sky and ocean seem'd blended together in the distance, while the sea around was one white foam. Wave after wave washed over us ; the well was sounded, alarm was pictured on every countenance—she had sprung a leak. All hands muster'd at the pumps, but the water gained so fast—death stared us in the face ! From the commencement of the gale, all the hatchies were batten'd down, so that the poor creatures below were in total darkness, and nearly without food or air : some had fallen out of their hammocks, and, unable to rise, had been dash'd from side to side with the motion of the ship till they expired. The good doctor exerted himself to the utmost, but to little purpose. About four in the morning the water had gained so much that every hope had fled, and the ship was sinking fast. The passengers after many struggles crowded on the deck, but scarcely were they secured when a dreadful shock told us another fatal truth. The ship had struck ! Men, women, and children, rush'd from below, and every breaker carried off its victims. Oh what a scene of horror ! We saw our companions washed from our side—witness'd their struggles as a prelude to our own—heard the loud yell when the last death-pang parted soul and body—and saw the children clinging round the parents as they sunk together ! Every wave threw us higher on the rocks, and hope dawned with the day ; but vain were our efforts to discover land, all was one raging foam. I had assisted to secure Captain R—— and his daughters to the taffaril ; the captain and mate had done the same by Lieut. N—— and his wife ; the doctor had shifted for himself, supporting Lieut. B——, who clung round him in trembling alarm, till a sailor, observing his situation, gave him a lashing to the ring-bolt, and there he sat pale and quivering, wishing the bitterness of death had pass'd, yet dreading its approach, trying to pray, yet mingling curses with his pray'rs—shrieking as



the roaring billows dash'd over us, and then laughing in all the convulsive agony of bitter despair. What a contrast to the worthy doctor! there was no fear in his look; 'twas calm resignation, and an eye of tender compassion bent upon his fellow-sufferers: I heard him repeating to himself 'I know in whom I have believed, I know that my Redeemer liveth.' But oh the anguish of the grey-haired father, as each arm was thrown around those lovely plants, whose growth he'd watch'd from earliest infancy! And first he turned to the youngest—'Emma,' said he—and then to the other, 'Eliza,' as if it was a dreadful dream whose certainty he fear'd; "Emma, Eliza, both my children—both doomed to perish! Is there no hope? Great God, on me—on me inflict your wrath, but spare, oh spare my children!" Mr. N—— had suffered severely from his wounds, and since the gale they had burst out afresh: his wife hung round his neck, and feebly he grasp'd his boy between his knees—his hold relax'd—grew weaker—and the poor child was wash'd away! Shrieking, the mother shook her husband in all the anguish of maddening torture—no notice was returned—his spirit had fled! And now a tremendous breaker came rolling tow'rd's us, as if mustering all its force to close the dreadful scene: it struck the ship—the rending timbers separated, carrying away that part of the stern where the sufferers were lash'd!—I saw no more, and recollect but little, except the horrid crash and the gurgling of waters in my ears, mingled with groans and shrieks. When I recovered, I found myself lying on an old sail in a fishing vessel. They had observed me clinging to part of the floating wreck, and at imminent risk to themselves had pick'd me up. Three others were likewise saved, a soldier and two sailors—all, all the rest had perished! We had struck upon those dangerous sunken rocks on the coast of France, called the Saints, several miles from land, and where many a gallant ship and hardy tar have mingled their timbers together—and those sweet girls, too—but they are happy, sir; they are happy in another and a better world, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

## TOUGH YARN.

‘Travellers see strange things.’

To be sure they do, or else what's the use of crossing the ocean? and though at the same time many hardships must be encountered, yet what of that? If it warn't for a stiff breeze now and then we should have all the old women going upon voyages of discovery, and peeping into every corner of the world with the same ease that they overhaul their neighbours' consarns. Besides, arn't travellers amply repaid by the wonderments they come athwart? Only read Mr. Brookes's 'Journey to the North Cape,' about the lemmings and the manner of catching puffins. Many persons would be led to doubt the truth of this account, and consider the narrator as cousin-german to Baron Munchausen, or the more amiable Tom Pepper, particularly about the foxes. In such matters I am little skilled; but the following plain statement of facts was given by old Ben Marlin to some young sprigs of fashion, who listened with wonder and astonishment:—‘Why ay, young gentlemen, you may well say sailors see strange things. They are a sort of hum-fib-ius animals, that often stand in the imminent deadly breach, as Shakespur has it; for d'ye see, the breech of a gun is its stern, as a body may say; and I've often elevated and depress'd my breech when the shots were flying about so thick, that you couldn't stick a marlin-spike atwixt 'em. Well, I often wonder I did'nt get knock'd down in the many blow-ups I've been in, but suppose I was bomb-proof. I remember when I was boatswain's mate of the Firefly frigate, Captain Tommyhawk, we were cruising off the coast of Norway to look for the flying Dutchman, 'cause, d'ye see, the Nabob of Arcot—him as lives at Pondicherry, in the north of Scotland—had sent an express to the lords of the admiralty in a fire-balloon, to inform 'em she was cruising about there, to the great annoyance of our *merrytime* subjects; so we were commissioned to

send the ghost aloft in a shower of Congreve's rockets. Well, d'ye see, we'd got as far northward as sixty-six, when one afternoon, about three o'clock, it being then pitch dark, we cotch'd sight of her. Up comes Captain Tommyhawk; he was a *rum* subject, always full of *spirits*, and so was the first lieutenant for matter o'that. Up he comes; and, clapping his speaking-trumpet to his eye, and the glass to his mouth—No, no; I mean he put his eye to the speaking-trumpet, and his mouth to the glass—Avast! I don't mean that either. Howsomever, you knows what I mean. Well, we made all sail in chase, and the officers swore it was she; for, whichever way we put the ship's head, still she was on the starboard bow, and none but a fan-tom could do that. The rockets were prepared, the matches were lighted; and, just as we were going to fire, the officer of the watch discovered we had been chasing the anchor-stock that stuck up above the cat-head, and loom'd large in the dark; but that warn't the best of it, for it came on to blow great guns. The wind was at south-sou-north, and we lay a north-east and by west course. The night was as black as the Emperor of Morocco; however, we got her under close-reef'd pudding-bags, balanced the cook's apron for a trysail, and stow'd the masts down in the hold. Away she went—sky-pole and bobbing-pole, scupper-hole and hawse-hole, spanker-boom and jib-boom, all under water. It took five men to hold the captain's hat on, and we were obliged to shove our heads down the hatchways to draw breath. The first lieutenant had all his hair blown off, and has worn a wig ever since. The boatswain's call was jamm'd so fast in his jaws, that it took a dozen men to bowse it out with a watch-tackle. The master was bellowing through his speaking-trumpet, when a squall took every tooth out of his head as clean as a whistle. His gums were as bare as the hour he was born, but that didn't matter; he lived on suction, grog, and bacca, though he's chew'd upon it ever since. Oh what a sight to see the whales and dolphins jumping over us just like flying fish! and a shark swallowed the jolly-boat at one gulp! We drove all night; and about eleven o'clock next forenoon, just as day began to break, we heard a most tremendous roaring; it was like—but I carn't tell you what it was like. The charts were examined, and every body pull'd long faces, for it was discovered to be the Moll-strum, that swallows every thing up. My eyes, there was a pretty perdickeyment!

When it was broad day-light we were close to it, and nothing could save us. You've seen soap-suds run round in a ring down a gully-hole? Well, what do you think of a whirlwind—a whirlpool I mean, whose horror-face was as wide as it is from here to Jerusalem? Ah, you may stare! but it was a complete earthquake. Up comes the chaplain, and he soon began his dive-ocean, for a lump of a sea lifted him up above the heads of the people, and overboard he went; but we saw him afterwards on the back of a grampus, making the best of his way to the North Pole. Well, we were suck'd in, and run round and round, just as people do when they run down from the top of the Monument; but still we kept on an even keel, though I'm certain we went at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and floated on the surface of the whirlpool. They said this was occasioned by gravitation. I know we were all grave enough upon the occasion, expecting to be buried alive. Well, we kept at this for some hours, and then the captain swore we should come out on the opposite side of the globe, if we could only keep clear of the planet Pluto; and he supposed the Frenchman who found out that the variation of the compass proceeded from an internal motion had gone that way before us. For my part, I couldn't tell what to make of it. Well, we kept at this, as I told you before, for some hours, when it began to get plagny hot, and the water steam'd again. "Boiling springs!" says the captain; "we're under Lapland, and the witches are all at work under this huge caldron!" We had only to dip our beef overboard, and it was cook'd in two minutes! Well, young gentlemen, we soon found out where we were; for though 'twas as dark—aye, as black as my hat one minute, yet in an instant, in an amagraphy, I may say, we burst from the water into the middle of a roaring fire, and was shot out of the top of Mount Hecla like a pellet from a pop-gun. How would you like that now? How high we went I can't say, but the sparks got hold of the rockets and set them off; and I understand the astronomer royal, at the house up there, was looking out that night, and took it for a whole fleet of comets. We had a fine bird's-eye view of the world—saw Captain Parry jamm'd up in the ice, Captain Franklin chasing the wolves, and Mr. Brookes killing the lemmings. Well, I can't say how high we went. Says the master, says he, "A little higher, my lads, and we shall be able to

catch hold of the tail of the Great Bear, pass a hawser round it, and make fast to repair damages; but mind your helm, boy, or you'll spur us on to Bootes, knock Kiss-you-peeper out of her chair, or run away with the Northern Crown—though the Emperor of Russia takes pretty good care of that." However, we didn't go quite so high, but came rattling down in a tremendous hurry, pass'd close to Riggle-us in Li-o, and nearly poked the eye out of Medusa's head. Well, we fell at last upon a mountain of snow, keel downwards; it broke our fall, and happily we sustained but little injury—made a fine dock for ourselves—shored the frigate up—got all ataunt in a few days—and waited for the melting of the snow; when one morning the stocks fell, and we were left upon the wide ocean. The fact was, we had tumbled on to the back of a kraken that had been asleep for a century; the snow had gathered upon him in mountains; our thump woke him, though I suppose it took a fortnight to do it thoroughly; down he went, and we returned in safety to Old England! So

Here I am you see,  
 God bless His Majesty!  
 All dangers past,  
 Safe moor'd at last,  
 In Greenwich Hospital.

I've nothing to complain of but one thing; and I think, if I was to write to the commander-in-chief at the parliament-house, he'd take it under his pious consideration; and that's this here: We ought to get our bacca duty free, as we used to do in actual service. My old captain,<sup>x</sup> Sir Joseph, might *jaw a bit* about it, and come *York* over 'em; and Sir Isaac Coffin, however *grave* on other subjects, ought not to be *mute* in this, but commence *undertaker* in the cause, and re-*hearse* our grievances, that we mayn't get *pall'd* at last, and have it *shrouded* in obscurity, or *buried* in oblivion; for, d'ye see, right Virginia is a *baccanian* treat to such a dry *quid* nunx as

AN OLD SAILOR.

<sup>x</sup> In London York, over 'em.

## THE SLAVE SHIP.

‘ I paint from life, though with a tar-brush.’

- - - ‘ COAST of Africa, sir? Why, ay, I’ve been there too, and once knew a little about it—but ’tis many years since. Poverty is no disgrace, sir, and so I’ll tell you what took me there. My father was a dissenting minister—a worthy pious man—had his peculiarities, to be sure; but there’s few warm hearts that have cool heads. He taught me bits of Greek and Latin, and them there sort of things, and he used to praise me for my progress; but, bless you, I knows nothing about it now. I’ve been nearly all over the world, so I mingles Dutch, Italian, German, Spanish, Hindostanee, French, Portugese, all together, and makes a confusion of tongues. ’Tis true I can remember Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, and something about Tupto, but there I sticks fast. Then there was hic, hæc, hoc, and Amo Amas, but I knows nothing about ’em now. I was left an orphan at eleven years of age, and mother’s brother—that’s my uncle—was captain of a Guinea-man, and so he offered to take me with him to sea; though, says he, ‘ I suppose his larning has spoiled him. However he’ll have plenty of opportunity to practise his humanities in a slave-ship; and as for his grammar, he’ll meet with some rum articles, and no doubt often decline his duty, take up a preposition in the cook’s caboose, make an interjection in his hammock, form a conjunction between his mouth and a dough-boy; and for pronouns, ay, ay, he’ll soon get hold of them, for our service is the worst in the world for swearing;’ and so I found it. I parted with my mother, and never saw her afterward—but we shall meet again. I shall forbear telling about my first entry on board—the many privations and cruelties I suffered, as often getting thrash’d for not doing wrong as for committing a fault; but there’s little compassion in a slave-ship. I should have sunk under it but for the conviction that there was a Power aloft that kept

watch for poor Jack; and my good father used often to tell me, 'Boy, bear this always in mind: he who eyes a providence will never want a providence to eye.' Well, sir, we arrived on the coast, and all my troubles were awhile forgot. Oh what a scene for a young enthusiastic mind! It was all enchantment to me. Well, we brought up at ——, near Congo, and alongside comes several canoes full of natives; the decks were soon cover'd with 'em. 'Haugh, captain, how he do, eh? Look dere, you see my king—King Tom—he tan upon de beash. Haugh, captain, fire one salute for my king.' The salute was fired, and fresh demands made. 'Haugh, captain, what he got for my king?'—'I've got some fine chintz,' replied the skipper. 'Ha, chintz, eh!'—'Some cotton and other articles.'—'Ha, good dat! What hab got a brandy?'—'No.'—'Rum?'—'No.'—'Rack?'—'No.'—'What for dat, eh? Haugh! hear him—captain bring chintz, bring cotton—no bring brandy, no bring rum. What for bring tuff for de back and no bring tuff for de belly?' Well, sir, we began to trade, and the poor creatures were brought aboard in droves. Oh it would have melted a heart of stone to have seen them stowed away below—many of them in irons! and then I thought of their father's curse, and pitied the poor descendants of Ham. And so I crept out on the bowsprit into the fore-stay-sail netting, and pretended to be asleep, that I might ease the anguish of my heart in secret; but when I came in again they found me out, and so I got a rope's-ending for being a lubberly sniveller—but indeed I couldn't help it. In about three weeks our cargo was complete—two hundred and forty, and we left the coast in a hurry. I fancy my uncle had cheated some of the traders, and was glad to be off. A limited number of slaves were permitted to be on deck at a time; and there was one, a youth of interesting countenance, rather sickly. Ah! I shall never forget his looks, as his native land receded from his view! At first it was calm dejection, mingled with a melancholy idea that he should always keep it in sight; but still it sunk lower and lower. He could not account for it, though his sudden starts express'd his anger and astonishment; but when it lessened to a dim speck just darkening in the horizon, he burst out in all the agony of bitter despair, raised his clenched hands above his head, shook them at his oppressors, and utter'd a yell that fill'd me with horror. He was answered by the lash across his bare back, to keep him quiet. I see you shudder, sir, and well you may—'tis all as true as gospel.

There was a young mother, too, with her infant at the breast: she look'd at the shore, and then at her babe, and then at the shore again, but she shed no tear. Her forehead was wrinkled up, and her eyes red and swol'n, and every now and then she press'd her hand to her head as if it was scorch'd, and the burning anguish had dried up the source of tears; but she sigh'd—no, 'twas not a sigh, but a groan, as if her heart was bursting. What she was, or where she came from, I couldn't learn; but on the passage her baby died. Well, she conceal'd it for some time; but it was discover'd at last, taken from her, a shot tied round its middle, and thrown overboard before her face. I got another taste of the tarr'd gingerbread for snivelling; but I'm sure, sir, you couldn't have help'd it yourself if you had seen the poor unfriended mother. After she lost her child she refus'd her allowance, and would sit huddled together in one spot, nor could any persuasion move her; so the lash was applied, and in a day or two she grew more calm, and would look over the side, for the hour together, on the dark waters that entomb'd her babe. One morning, on mustering, she was missing, and couldn't be found. There was no doubt but she had gone overboard in the dark, though no one could give any account of the matter. I didn't cry this time, for I began to get insensible, and now can readily account for the hardness and depravity of heart evinced by the crew,—they had been brought up to it from childhood. But this was not all: both officers and men were so rejoiced on nearing Barbadoes, that they indulged too freely in soaking their biscuits, and got completely groggy, excepting the second mate, the carpenter, the two apprentices, and myself. The negroes discover'd it by some means, seiz'd and kill'd the sentry over the hatchway without noise, and got possession of the arm-chest. They rush'd on the deck, some descending to the cabin; my poor uncle fell first, but not till he had laid two at his feet to rise no more. The chief mate, after a hard struggle, was thrown overboard: he was a good swimmer, and, though severely wounded, got hold of the mizen channels; here he clung some time, but was seen at last, when a black made a blow at him with a cutlass, which separated his hand from his wrist, and he dropp'd again, shriek'd, and sunk! A sudden shock will sometimes rouse a man from drunkenness; this was the case now: several of the crew conceal'd themselves, and were saved; the others were easily destroyed. On the first alarm the second mate and myself got into the main-top, and the



carpenter and two apprentices into the fore-top. Here we remained for some time undiscovered, while the negroes, who had broken open the steward's room and got at the liquor, were tearing about the decks with all the fury of wild beasts seeking their prey. At last they caught sight of us, and several mounted the shrouds. The mate kept encouraging me to persevere to the last struggle. There was an old case of empty bottles stowed away in the top, and, armed with one in each hand, we waited their attack. The first whose head appear'd above the top-brim was instantly knock'd overboard by the mate; the second grappled him, but as quickly follow'd his companion, on a blow from a quart bottle which I gave him on his head with all my might. God forgive me, sir! but life's precious. In the same manner five, one after the other, follow'd their leader; and the two apprentices joining us by the top-mast-stay, they gave over the attack. The lads knew nothing of the carpenter, and so we concluded he was massacred. The slaves now ransack'd every place for powder and ball; and, though there were several cases of cartridges in the arm-chest which they must have handled, yet providentially their contents were passed over. All at once we heard the most dismal yells, and saw the carpenter and two of the men, each with a bayonet in one hand and a cutlass in the other, driving the howling slaves along the deck, and cutting all down before 'em. We joined as quick as possible, and had the satisfaction of seeing our numbers increase, so that we soon retook the ship. The carpenter had watch'd an opportunity—got down the fore-stay on to the bowsprit. Here he found the two men stowed away under the stay-sail; they descended the bob-stay, and got along outside of the ship to the gangway, without being noticed. Cutlasses and bayonets were lying on all parts of the deck; so they were arm'd in an instant. But what most contributed to our success was a box of—of—I forget now what they call 'em, but they resemble a bullet, only, instead of being smooth, are cover'd all over with spikes like a hedgehog, or like the ball one of the giants holds in Guildhall.\* On such occasions as these they are strew'd over the decks; and the poor wretches, with their bare feet, unable to step without treading on them, are easily overcome. A box-full was in the stern sheets of the long-boat; the carpenter knew it, got 'em out, and spread them

\* Star-shot.

around; and oh how the slaves shriek'd as they pierced their feet! After securing them all below, we found the captain, chief mate, seven whites, and about twenty blacks, killed, and a great many wounded. Among the latter was the youth, who died shortly after; indeed few of the hurt survived. We were now reduced to the second mate, who took command, and fourteen hands; and after a toilsome passage, in which we were obliged to be on deck night and day, armed, and burying upwards of sixty slaves, we arrived at the West Indies. Here, sir, I could give you such a horrid picture of misery as would harrow up your soul; but I forbear, sir, I forbear—I can see your heart is suffering severely already at the recital. But to witness it! God bless Mr. Will-be-force! he made a noble stand in the cause of Humanity, and deserves her thanks, ay, and the thanks of every lover of freedom. But why can't the trade be abolished altogether? only because in other countries, as Corporal Trim says, 'they have nobody to stand up for them.' But oh, sir, could the nobles of the land see the poor African as I have seen him—pinioned on his back without sufficient room to turn—little food to eat—brought on deck, and, though weak and exhausted, compell'd by the whip to run, and dance, and submit to the caprice of his cruel masters—could they see this, every nerve would be strain'd to prevent the inhuman traffic. Arn't they flesh and blood, sir? and sha'n't we all have to appear together at the last great day before the same unerring tribunal?—God is no respecter of persons; and, so the heart be right, no matter if the skin be black, white, or copper colour. I have been telling you a long story, sir; but, bless you, it isn't half what I could tell you; and some other time, if you pleases, I'll give you another about it. I am sure you'll not value it the less for coming from

AN OLD SAILOR.





Geo. Cruikshank fecit

Pub. by J. Roberts & Co. Sydney, P.R. Row

Flying Artillery. or A Horse Marine. —

## FLYING ARTILLERY; OR, A HORSE-MARINE.

‘ Here we go up, up, up——’

‘ GOOD-BYE, Dick!’ said an elderly lady—one foot on the step of her carriage, her left hand hold of the body, and turning half round, her right extended to a bold handsome-looking gentleman in a Radical hat. I am no physiognomist; but I love to trace the goodness of the heart when ’tis pictured in the countenance. I know a man may ‘smile, and smile, and be a villain;’ but I’d rather have a feeling of benevolence and harmony for all human nature than one grain of splenetic animosity. However, here there could be no deception; ’twas plain matter-of-fact—an index, and no errata. There was something, too, so very expressive in the lady’s countenance—it was a look that cannot be described; like the sun bursting through a shower—mingling pleasure and grief. The remains of beauty were visible in her face; or rather it was beauty still, though differing from her youthful day of frolic mirth, resembling a calm evening after a lovely noon. ‘Good-bye, Dick!’ said she; ‘I shall take an airing this way again before long. Good-bye!’ The hands were disjoined, she entered the carriage, and the parties disappeared. ‘Who is that gentleman?’ said I to one of the old dolphin-strikers that stood *century* at the door. ‘That gemman, sir,’ replied the veteran, ‘is Sir R—— K——, our commander-in-chief, and a worthier fellow never stepp’d ’twixt stem and stern. This is his cabin—his house, I mean. He is a sailor, sir, and that’s saying every thing. But I’m on duty, and musn’t stand speeclifying; yet, if you wants to know any thing about him, I often sees you here—Ax for Tim Bobstay, and I’ll—yes, I’ll give you a spell.’—‘Thank ye, Tim; thank ye, my worthy soul; I’ll take you at your word.’ So he shoulder’d his thing-hum-lic, (all-but I think they call it,) and stood as erect as a fathom of smoke.

A group of old blades were assembled on the terrace, cutting their jokes, and gabbling like wild geese on a common. I stole among them, sat down, and, pulling out a book, appeared to be reading with profound attention. 'Then you know nothing about it,' roared an old rough knot in a laced coat and cocked-up hat. 'He had left his left arm in the Mediterranean when he lent a fist to thrash the French out of Acre, under Sir Sydney Smith. But that was nothing; he never could be persuaded that it was placed upon the right shoulder, and this did away with the argument. One of his legs too had danced itself off while leading up the middle at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads; moreover his starboard eye had sunk into his head, as he used to say, to search for his brains, but it threw no light upon the subject.—' Then you know nothing about it; Sir Sydney had both a head and a heart, and, when alongside of the enemy, would hammer away like a coppersmith. Bless his honest face and his curly wig!—he was none of your fantizzymagoria sort of fellows; and, now you've put me up, I'll e'en sit down and give you a curious antidote about him. D'ye see he had his flag flying in the Foudroyant, at the time the Portygeese court nutmeggrated to the Brazils—homo-grated I mean—and took French leave of their country. We brought up in Port Praya at St. Jago's, one of the Cape Verds, and after the usual salutes and *bon bons* the admiral went ashore to dine with the governor. Well, he was ushered into the saloon, and introduced to a stranger dress'd in deep black, who had been landed some days before from a Yankee schooner, to collect plants for bottom-me, I think they calls it. After introduction, Sir Sydney whispered his Head-to-come, and the officer immediately withdrew. So, d'ye see, they sat down to dinner. Well, just as the disheart was set upon the table, in comes the officer again, bringing with him the captain of marines. The admiral rose from his seat, turned round, and, pointing to the gemman in black, said, "Captain H——, you'll consider this person under your charge." Then, changing his position, he slued round:—"General," said he, "see lay fortune dig here; I was your prisoner once, now you are mine." It was an officer of the French army, who had guarded Sir Sydney when in prison in France, and was now acting as a spy. Well, d'ye see, the admiral brought him aboard, and they mess'd together like good friends till we arrived at Rio Janeiro, when he was delivered up to the

Portygeese government, and then—it makes my ould heart thump against my rickety timbers to think of it. He was a fine fellow; and, though our brave admiral tried every means to save him, yet he was condemn'd to labour in the mines for life. I'd rather be flogg'd at any time than have my grog stopt; and I think death must have been preferable to that constant sickness of héart arising from hope deferred, as our poet the loblolly-boy used to say. The whole ship's company pitied him; he was our enemy, to be sure, but then he was in our power. Howsomever I arn't much skill'd in the knowledgé of that ere idol that so many people worships, called Polly-ticks. My old girl Bet can wash a shirt or sew on a button with any she-goddess in the world, and so can I for matter o' that; and I'll make a sea-pie or cut out a pair of trowsers with the Queen of She-bear any day in the week—and Solomon says she was no fool either. Once more, and then I'll belay. The boats were all ashore at Port Praya watering. Some on you have seen the militia of the island—them as parades the beach with a bag-a-knit stuck on a mopstick, and a cutlash without a scabbard lung by a strip of green hide; and then there's a whole troop of light dragoons mounted on Jerusalem ponies. Well, d'ye see, one of these fellows drew his sword and made a cut at the cockson of the launch;—it fell on his head; but, Lord bless you, he might just as well have tried to cut into this stone! Flint and steel always strike fire, and he was a precious hot-headed joker; so what does he do but claps the soldier, Rustynante, accoutrements and all, into the boat, and takes him alongside with the casks. The hands were turned up, clear boats—'twas just dusk—the tackles were overhaul'd down, and the falls manned. “Mind how you clap on the slings, that the butts don't slip out,” said the first lieutenant. “Ay, ay, sir.”—“Hook on, and not so much noise alongside. You've been foul of the hoggy-dent\* again.” But he was mistaken, for it was ass-a-fetter'd-ha. “Silence, I say again! Haul taut!—hoist away!” Away danced the men, the fifers playing “Drops of Brandy.” “Well behaved, my men!” cried the lieutenant; but, observing them run off with the fall hand-over-hand, he advanced toward the gangway, exclaiming, “This butt's not full—it comes up very light!” when, looking over the side, he roared out with astonishment,

\* Aquædente; a powerful liquor.

“What the deuce have we got here? St. David and his goat? High enough!—high enough!”—and indeed it was a high rig, for what should it be but the royal horse-guard, regularly mounted on his donkey, swinging aloft by the main-yard tackle 'twixt heaven and ocean, in an awful state of suspense. *Hwngwggh—Hwgwgwggh*—(there's no vowel in the bray of an ass)—roar'd Jack, to the music of the boatswain's-mate's pipe, while the trooper joined chorus most milodiously till he was safely landed on the deck. The cockson laid his complaint; and the officer, thinking the fellow had been sufficiently punished, sent him ashore again, advising him for the future to have nothing to do with sharps, for it was a comical thing to fall into the hands of

‘AN OLD SAILOR.’





## CORNWALLIS'S RETREAT.

‘And little of this great world can speak  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.’

‘WELL!’ said I to myself, having just finished the naval work of a professional gentleman, and walked forth for a ramble through the college, ‘well! our brave tars are rubbing up their intellects a bit, and showing that they can do something more than “handle a rope’s-end.” But what are the reviewers to do? Where will they find critics capable of understanding the merits or detecting the errors of the author? Ay, there’s the rub: they may chafe and slue to all points of the compass—nay, they may stand griffen-faced to a northerly gale for a month—but that will not make them seamen! No, no; they may eye a splice, but that won’t teach them to splice an eye—they may compass a boxing, without boxing a compass.’ Full of these reflections, I had insensibly approached the ‘Jennings’ ward; and, remembering a worthy old blade who had first taught me to rig a broomstick, when scarcely higher than the windlass-end, and who had in fact been my nautical father, I laid my hand upon the latch, and opened the door. The fire was blazing brightly, as if to work up steam; and upon one end of the coal-box sat old Harry Bartlett, with a book open before him, while in an irregular semicircle round stood a group of veterans with their spectacles crossed, their countenances inflamed with argument, and their wooden legs in violent agitation. I drew near them as silent and secret as possible, unwilling to disturb the controversy, and desirous of ascertaining the subject in dispute. But my caution was needless, for so engrossed was their whole attention that I much question whether any thing except the broadside of a seventy-four, or the boatswain’s-mate piping to grog, would have attracted their notice. Peeping over the shoulder of a dry old codger, I discovered the volume they were perusing to be ‘Ekins’s Naval Battles;’ and soon found that they were the best critics in the world, for they spoke from experience. After discussing

several of the general actions with energy and spirit, 'I'll maintain,' exclaimed old Harry, pointing to one of the plates representing Cornwallis's Retreat, 'I'll maintain that this here——Ah! you may grin, Jack Bumbleby, you may grin——That head of your's is a disgrace to your shoulders! Why don't you get rid of it? Zounds, if it was mine, I'd stick it upon a post and throw stones at it!'——'Och! by my conscience,' roared Paddy O'Swillagain, a rough red-headed Emeralder—a sort of penny-trateing gineous with a purly drop in his eye, 'Och, by my conscience, is it stuck upon a post that you mane? Faith, that would be posthumous work, and his posting would be post mortuum. But Harry, my jewel, you're right. The——' 'Avast! avast, messmate!' said Harry, interrupting him; 'let me have my own say, and I'll maintain that this plate——why they calls it a plate I don't know, unless like the chain-plates to the mast it is the principal support to the thing, for d'ye see its no more like a platter than a bisket's like a checker-board. But mayhap it is some ticknekeal lingo that hearties use in their puff-essians for navel-belly-gerunds, and so belike when they describe the heavy-lutions of an army it is called 'a trench-er.'——' Hoot toot!' cried Dougal Mac Whackington, 'ye're a set of gowks aw thegither. They are caaed plates, d'ye mind, seeing that the information they contain is served up for the public taste. But the gude folk aften get dished, as witness this spicey-men before us, whilk they sometimes caa——that is, when it represents a sea-fecht or a general action, they caa it a die-a-grim from the nature of the sarvice. I'm just saying they caa it a die-a-grim; but——' 'Arrah be aisey, Dougal; hould your blarney, and don't be coming Dick-shinnery over us. Och! botheration, be quiet, and take your leg off my toe then——it is bootless to back-strap us with your derry-ventions, and stretch out our understandings by the foot rule——' 'Silence, gemmen, silence!' cried several voices at once, 'and let's hear what Harry has got to say. But first and foremost, Jem, give the fire a *raking* broadside——here's the rammer,' handing over a superannuated leg; 'and then, my old cinder, throw on a few coals, and strike a light upon it, d'ye hear?'——'If so be,' said old Harry, rising up, with the book nicely poised, and stretching forth his right arm, 'if so be you want to know what I think, this is my *o-pinion*, and I plume myself on it, seeing that it does not wander on the wings of imagination, nor will my *de-tail* be spread in the flights of fancy. Well, then, all that I've got to say is this here——that there plate's wrong. There arn't a single

ship in her station, and as for calling it a wedge—mallet me if it warn't a screwing day's work after all; for we hammered the French till we drove them astern. I can remember it as if it was but yesterday, for I was in the old *Triumph*, d'ye see; and Sir Erasmus Gower warn't the man to flinch.'—'You may say dat, Harry, my jewel; the *Triumph's* behaved like game-cocks: och! they were prime bits of mettle, and so were the *Sovereign's*. Faith and I'll engage they were, by the same token that Dougal there and meself were part of her crew. And didn't we man the stern-chasers till the French fleet made their best *bow-shot*, and dacently walked off with themselves? Beside, warn't I with ould Billy Blue in the *Kennedy*?'—'The *Kennedy*! why what ship was that?' inquired several. 'Hoot awa!' said Dougal, 'he means the *Canada*; forbye he's nae owr daft at names, puir bodie. But we were baith in the *Canada* thegither, and though he's sadly apt to miscaa things, yet I ken his ootlandish dialect parfaitement weel. Ech! lads, I can remember, too, the first time the warthy commander came aboard, and a fearfu' day it was. There was a laing arrear of wages oweing the ship's company, who were maist o' them as ragged as cowts, and ithers looked mair like unto Rag Fair in motion, or a moving mass o' patch-work, than ony thing else. There's auld Pat, there, strongly resembled a half-worn tippenny mop; and all hands were in breekless anxiety, like lawyers, for new suits, as the auld ones had done their best service. In gude sadness they were sair put to it to make even a *bare* appearance o' decency—cladding their neutrals in canvas pettycoats, like a parcel of auld wives or Highland mountaineers:—it's the naked truth I'm telling you. So, as I was a saying, they expected their wages; and, as there was nae mention made o' a settling day, the ship's company, ane and aw, signed a roond robin to the skipper, containing a remonstrance, and telling him, with aw due submeession and respect, that we were determined not to fire a gun till accoonts were brought to a balance. But 'twas nae mair use to threaten the auld boy than it would be for the Paddy creature there to thrust his head into the grate to make it mair red-hot than it is. 'Twas nae use in the world. Every mon was ordered aft on the quarter-deck, and there we stood several minutes, whiles the captain strode fore and aft, looking as good-humoured and pleasant as if naething had happened. Weel, lads, just before this the petty officers had mixed a tub of grog in the waist, and noo the mate came to report it ready. But there the captain strode, wi'

all the faashery and pleasantry possible. At last he stopped short, and, mounting the back o' the gun, "My lads!" says he, "My lads, I'm just understanding by your siffication that ye wull na fire a shot if ye shuld faa in wi' the enemy, unless your money is paid beforehand." Upon this we aw gave a single cheer, that naebody might be fixed on as spokesman. 'Weel, weel, my lads," continued he, "I can only tell you the cash is no' forthcoming till ye return into port. It's nae ma fawt, men; but you ken as weel as I do mysel that every officer maun obey his orders; and therefore we must to sea the necht. As to your fechtng, leave that to me, lads—leave that to me; for, shuld Providence alloo us to faa in wi' the French fleet, I'll just clap you alongside o' the biggest ship I can find; and then ye'll not only fire a single shot, but Auld Hornie himsel won't stap ye from firing whole broadsides. So gang to your duty, men, and I'll pledge my honour that when we come back ye shall hae the siller. Boatswain's mate, pipe to grog; and, d'ye hear, my lads, drink your captain's health and success to our cruise, that our prizes may arrive safe into port." Weel, what could we do? for he spake so cannily, and had sic a bonny smile upon his mou', that we couldna answer him. Then there was that temptation of Auld Sootie's ain invention—the grog, mon. Sae we e'en fetchèd the mutchkin stoup, and aw hands got a wee bit fu'. There wasna ane that hadna a drap in his ee; for, though we had lightsome pouches, we had gladsome hearts, and kenned that the captain would keep his word, whilk in good truth he did; for soon afterward we fell in wi' the enemy's fleet, and sae the men gat speering questions ane to the ither, and casting a lainging look through the portholes as they coonted their number; and yet there was a speerit of disaffection that gar them sad. Weel, just before beating to quarters the hands were turned up; and the people, with downcast looks, congregated thegither along the gangway, and on the quarter-deck, aw in awfu' expectation of some langsome proclamation or discourse aboot duty and bravery, and aw sic like consarns. Weel, there we stood as silent as a kirk-yard; and the skipper, wi' the glass to his ee, observationing the French, was exalted on the self-same gun where he had orationed us before. He was resting on the hammocks, gazing wi' aw the arnestness in the warld, as if he wur picking oot an opponent of bonnie dimensions for his farst attack, when suddenly the glass was pointed at a direct object near the centre, and we heard him repeat to himsel

“That’s she! that’s she!” and then, turning his countenance toward us, it seemed to display a vivacious delight, but with an arch expression of malevolent pleasure, as much as to say ‘I’ve got you noo’—“So, my lads,” said he, “ye wull na fecht, eh?” Not a tongue wagged the decimal fraction of the fiftieth part of an inch. “Weel, weel, we shall see, we shall see:” and then, turning to one of our leading hands, “Come hither, my mon!” ’Twas Sam Binnacle, one of the quarter-maisters; and putting the telescope into his hand—“Look yonder, my chield, and tell me what ship is that recht in the centre?” Sam obeyed; and, taking the glass, brought it fairly to its bearings, and then instantly replied, “It’s just an enemy’s three-decker, your honour.”—“You are recht, my mon,” said the skipper, “vera recht; and I am glad to find you’re a lad of nice discernment. Noo, my men, I’m just gaeing to run that three-decker alongside, and then they may blow the little black ship out o’ the water, an’ you wish it. Sae if there are ony amainst ye that are afraid of a few shot, why e’en gang doon in the pump-well, or some ither place, to hide your cowardly heads.—Port! my lad, port! and keep her away. There, studdy so! studdy!—So ye see, my boys, we shall soon be recht in the thick on’t. Those that wish to skulk may gang ower on the larboard side—Studdy, boy, studdy!—that I may ken you weel:—Starboard a little, and bring her to a sma’ helm, you lubber, do!—and those that will bide by their captain rin doon to your quarters, and stand by your guns.” Ech, sirs! in twa minutes—awmaist in the twinkling of an ee—not a soul was in secht but the quarter-deck stationers and the officers. They lowped off the gangways upon the main deck, and doon the hatchways on till the lower deck; the guns were cast loose, and run oot; the word was passed, “All ready;” when the captain came round, and every gun gave him three cheers as he passed. Warm work we had of it, sure enough; but what o’ that?—we gained the victory, and a main glorious one it was too. Weel, we returned safe into port wi’ great glee; and, as he had honourably kept his troth in ane thing, so he did in the ither, for we were aw paid directly: and mony’s the joke we cracked about the skipper’s promise.—‘Ey, ey,’ said Harry, ‘he was a gallant fellow, that Cornwallis: we haven’t many such now-a-days. How nobly he bore up to support the Mars, when the enemy closed round him! There was one captain, though, for running away from the rest: up he came upon the Triumph’s quarter.—“Sir Erasmus,” says he, “I see no chance of

escape unless by carrying all sail, and leaving the rest to their fate." This hail was distinctly heard by every soul fore and aft, for just then the firing had ceased; and, before our captain could answer—my eyes! what a bobbery was kicked up on the main and lower decks! "Do you hear that, sir?" said Tom Crampton, catching up his musket, and turning to the lieutenant of the division: "do you hear that, sir? Zounds, what a pretty shot!" presenting at his —. "Pray say the word, your honour, and I'll knock him off his perch like a gull: only one click of the lock, and he'll drop like a ripe pear. Run away is it?"—"Silence, fore and aft!" bellowed the commanding officer; "the captain speaks!" and we heard his voice not altogether so placid as usual.—"My <sup>Lord</sup> —," says he, "you are captain of your own ship, and I of mine: for my part, I shall stick by the admiral." As soon as this was uttered three hearty cheers resounded from all hands. The *Billy-ruff-uns* heard it, and they answered with right good will. Well! what was the upshot? Why, when the daring little French frigate and four of their line-of-battle ships had nearly grappled the Mars, up went our helm, away we ran down to leeward to her protection, and the Frenchmen hauled off. It was the finest thing done throughout the war. Five British ships of the line and two frigates, against twelve sail of the line and fifteen frigates, was great odds, messmates; but we lathered 'em, for all that; and every now and then we ran up the rigging to cheer, for it was idle work, seeing that we could'nt always get our broadsides to bear at 'em; but at the starn-chasers alone we expended upwards of five thousand pounds of powder; and the galleries and gingerbread work were knocked to shivers, but we never lost a man. Well, when we joined the fleet, 'Halloo!' cried one of the captains, as he passed under our starn: 'Why, Gower, what old Jezebel has been breaking your windows in that fashion? You look like a Gosport rookery: we shall have to send a ship for putty and glass; you have had your — kicked finely. But never mind, my brave fellow! we'll plaster it up for you, never fear.'

'As for these diggerums, as Dougal calls them, why there arnt one of them right. The two last are the best. I wish the admiral had axed me: I'd have told him all about it, and chalked 'em out correct. There's a good many others wrong, and so——' Here the old boy caught sight of me, and, starting up, the spell was dissolved, the book safely packed in the chest, and the veterans separated to spin their yarns in some other place.

## THE ENGAGEMENT.

‘ Now in his white hammock shrouded  
By the kind and pensive crew,  
As he dropp’d into the ocean,  
All burst out, Poor Tom, adieu !’

POOR TOM! He is gone, and the tongue that could once set the cockpit in a roar is silent now for ever! He died bravely in the service of his country, and has left a memorial in the hearts of all who knew him which time can never efface. The wailings of distress had only to reach his ear, when his hand, his purse, were at the disposal of the supplicant. Poor Tom! I have shed many a tear to thy memory; nor do I consider it a weakness that my eyes are at this moment moistened by the overflowings of affectionate remembrance. We had embark’d in the navy on the same day, and in the same ship,—had endured together the many tricks to which all greenhorns are exposed at their first introduction to the midshipman’s berth. We were watch-mates, and shared the secrets of each other’s heart. Oh, how often, at the midnight hour, have we gazed at the full round moon pictured on the bosom of the azure wave, and whiled away the midwatch in painting scenes of future glory; or looking towards our own home-shore, thinking on those we’d left behind! Fancy, delusive most where warmest wishes are, would lead us on in a romantic dream of sweet delight, known only to the young mariner. There are some feelings of the human mind so exquisitely delicate in their nature, and yet so powerful in their operations, that as soon would the pulse of existence cease to beat as those feelings cease to actuate the heart of man. The cherish’d remembrance of ‘Auld lang syne’ dwells in the breast, and is as dear when only illuminated by the last rays of a declining sun, as when it bask’d in its meridian beam, and exulted in the glorious splendour.—‘Hallo! (you will say,) where is our Old Sailor bound to now?—surely he is getting out of his latitude.’ May-

hap I may be. May be? no—I'm a child to this hour; but one word's as good as twenty, let me go on and spin my yarn upon my own winch.

Our ship was paid off, and all hands were drafted into other men of war; consequently a separation took place, and we lost sight of each other for some years. One day I was walking the deck, when the quarter-master of the watch informed me there was a boat coming alongside with a lieutenant in her; and, as our third had applied to be superseded, I made no doubt that this was the new luff-tackle coming to join us. But what was my pleasure on beholding between the white lapelles the smiling face of my old friend! A glow of inexpressible animation warm'd my heart; but perhaps, thought I, promotion has alter'd him. I drew back,—however, he had caught sight of me, and the pressure of friendship told me in an instant Tom was the same honest, generous, open-hearted being I had ever found him. In a few days we sailed with the fleet for the Mediterranean, and were present at the glorious battle of the Nile. Poor Tom and I were stationed on the same deck, and never did mortal display more heroic bravery, more cool intrepidity;—yet there was an indefinable expression at times in his look, as if some thought lay struggling in his breast, and could not gain an utterance. Oh, what a day was that for England!—The name of Nelson now has lost its charm; yet are there some who can remember its magic influence on the seaman's mind—'twas emblazon'd on the standard of Fame, which waved the bright banner of Victory. I look sometimes at his funeral car, and call to remembrance the time when a grateful country paid a just tribute to his memory. Well do I recollect the countenances of the honest tars who pass'd in succession his last remains when lying in state,—part of the crew of the Victory: they had fought—they had conquer'd together,—and what can bind the tie of kindred stronger?—All around us now was blood and flame,—the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying came mingled with the deafening roar of guns and hissing balls that struck us through and through. 'This is glorious,' said a little youngster, who had joined us for his first trip previous to sailing,—'This will be glorious news for home.' He had got a twenty-four pound shot in his left arm, and was chalking on it. 'What are you about?' said I.—'I'm only writing a moving billet-doux to one of the enemy's midshipmen, sir. There, 'tis done, and now let's put it in the post.' And so he claps it into the muzzle of the gun. 'By my



faith,' said a Paddy, bowing at the tackle, 'but that's a lawyer's letter, with a double charge,—shoot aisey, and don't be after doing mischief.'—'Hoot, hoot,' replied an old Scotchman, 'it's canonical law, then, and whoever stops its execution will have death without benefit of clairy; but I rather dement 'tis an epistol deadicatory to some body. Weel, weel, these French are a ceevil sort o' bodies, and nae doubt you will have une rap-artie by prime-ier op-portunity.' Just at this moment a fresh ship of the enemy's laid us athwart the bows, and opened a most tremendous fire that raked us fore and aft, and made our groaning timbers shiver—the midship guns came in heavily—most of their hands lay stretch'd upon the deck. Poor Will Ransom fell close to my feet,—he had raised himself up by one arm; and with the other supported the little midshipman, who had been struck by a grape-shot. 'Oh, my mother—my poor mother!' said the lad,—struggled for a moment—and expired. Will gazed upon the youth: 'He's gone (said he), his cable's parted, and my anchor's a-trip,'—laid himself down and instantly died. I don't know how it was, but I felt as if something was choking me—my heart was almost bursting; but 'twas momentary—the angel Pity shuns the horrid scene of carnage—and revenge, revenge steels the heart against every feeling of humanity. The dead bodies were launched out at the port to clear the decks; and many a burst of unrestrained grief attended their departure. The blue wave closed over them, and they were seen no more. Another heavy broadside shook us, and poor Tom fell into my arms,—a musket-ball had pierced his breast. I order'd some men to convey him to the cockpit, for I dared not quit my station, and from that moment I lost every softer sensation of the mind. We were victorious; and as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to my friend. The surgeon's assistant was just quitting his cabin: 'Another hour,' said he in a whisper, 'and all will be over; or it may be earlier.' He was sitting up in his cot, with his desk before him, attempting to write. A languid smile beam'd on his death-stricken countenance as I entered. 'See, (said he,) I am performing the last duty to my parents, and to one'—here a convulsive spasm made him pause—'to one whom I had fondly hoped to call my own;—'tis past—'tis over, and this heart will soon cease to beat, even with that feeling it will lose the latest.' I grasp'd his hand, but could not speak. He continued writing, finished his letters, and directed them, with the calmness

and resignation of a Christian. ‘And now (said he), my friend, to your charge I commit these papers and my little property; soften the anguish of a parent’s heart, and sooth the sorrows of the tender female. Tell them I have done my duty; and though I die in the hour of victory, yet, ’tis in the service of my country, and I die with resignation. This miniature was designed for—Oh!—Father of mercies! spare—spare—’ The surgeon entered. I supported his head upon my arm while a cordial was administering;—he revived for a moment,—placed the locket in my hand,—uttered the name of ‘Matilda,’—breathed short, and in broken whispers, ‘Father, into—into thy hands I—I commit my spirit,’—bowed his head upon my breast, and—he was no more. - - - -

- - - The tide was setting very strong out of Portsmouth Harbour, and, having received urgent orders to use expedition, I directed the cockswain to land me on South Sea beach. The day was unusually fine, the garrison troops were manœuvring on the common, and large parties of ladies and gentlemen, attracted by the beautiful scene which ever presents itself to the view, were strolling on the shore. The boat grounded, and instantly, with my dispatches under my arm, my feet pressed the dear land of my nativity. Only those who have been long absent from their native country can tell the thousand delightful sensations, mingled with anxiety, which pervade the mind at once again treading upon British soil. Joy swelled my heart, while tears started from my eyes. There is a degree of selfishness in our richest pleasures—an epicurean delight which seldom admits of participation; but when this feeling has in some degree subsided, we share our gratification with our friends. At this moment I thought only of myself,—the next, parents, brothers, sisters, all rushed upon my memory. I should see them—hear their voices—grasp their hands—oh there was rapture in the idea! Pride, too, whispered, The dispatches you carry contain certain recommendations to the higher powers for conduct in battle. ‘I have forgot it,’ said I, feeling my pockets; ‘what shall I do!’ For by this time I had walked some distance from the boat. ‘’Twas his last dying request, poor fellow, and to neglect it is neither kind nor honorable—I’ll run back.’ Accordingly I hastened my return, and was much surprised to find a crowd of people assembled near the spot. The cockswain ran to me: ‘Oh, sir, she’s dead, she’s dead! I would willingly have given all my prize-money to

have saved her.' 'Who's dead? (said I,) what do you mean? Jump into the boat, and bring the parcels and letters I have left there.'—'That's it, sir,' replied the poor fellow: 'she took it up, and, before I could prevent it, burst it open.' A gentleman now approached. 'I believe, sir, I am speaking to the officer of the ——?' 'You are, sir; I hope no accident has happened; but I really cannot wait. Cockswain, fetch the parcels, and follow me to the admiral's office directly.' Then turning to the stranger: 'Will you do me the favour to walk up with me, and explain?'—'Most willingly.' We proceeded onwards, and he began. 'Previous to your landing, a party of ladies and gentlemen were strolling on the beach, and admiring the many beauties of the surrounding prospect. When you quitted the boat, curiosity drew us towards it, 'Tis the ——', exclaimed Miss ——, springing forward; My brother, my brother!—Another young lady rush'd towards the boat at the moment the cockswain was jumping ashore with several small packages under his arm, and dropt a letter close to her feet.'—'What is the lady's name?' said I. 'E——,' he replied. Had a thunderbolt struck me at that moment, I could not have been more paralyzed. The truth rushed upon my mind with tenfold horror, from the unknown extent of mischief my negligence had occasioned; and I should have fallen to the ground but for the timely support of my companion. I looked in his face with agony and shame. 'Do not tell me, (said I,) do not tell me, but run back, if you have pity, gain what information you can, and bring me intelligence at the admiral's office.' He shook me by the hand, and instantly returned to the beach. With a spirit almost wrung to madness, I rushed forward, but was spared the agony of a formal introduction, as fortunately the commander-in-chief was absent. I delivered my dispatches, and was ordered to wait. Oh what torture, what anguish did I undergo for upwards of an hour! and when released flew to the spot;—but all were gone, and solemn stillness reigned around. I now remembered the orders given to the boat's crew to come for me at the sally-port. Thither I hastened, and, grasping the cockswain's arms, 'Where, where are they? (said I;) how came this accident to happen? be quick and do not trifle with me.'—'Oh, sir! (replied the man,) she snatch'd up the letter, and was going to hand it over, when her eyes caught the direction: "It is for me, (said she,) it is for me!" Avast there, young woman, says I; but before I could get it away, she

made sail, and then broke open the hatches. I gave chase directly ; but before I could come alongside, she uttered a piercing shriek, and dropt down dead.'— 'Dead!' exclaimed I, my blood curdling with horror. 'Dead,' repeated the man, with an involuntary shudder. At that moment I felt some one touch my arm: 'twas the person who had promised to bring me intelligence at the office. He drew me with him, and I followed almost unconscious of what I did. 'Does she yet live?' said I. A convulsive sob was the only answer. We entered a neat but elegant house in — Street. Anguish was pictured on every countenance. An elderly gentleman approached, with his hand extended, but speech was denied him;—'twas my poor messmate's father. My companion motioned me to be seated, but I continued standing; when an opposite door was thrown open—a female rush'd in, and threw her arms around my neck. 'She lives! she lives!' said I; and, pulling Tom's picture instinctively from my pocket, held it to her view. She raised her head; I saw her features—'twas his sister. 'Yes, (replied she,) Matilda, still lives; come, come, you shall see her,' taking me by the arm; and before my companion could prevent it we were in the adjoining room. Oh what a scene was here! Upon a couch lay the beautiful, the accomplished, the amiable Matilda a living corpse! There is a certain stupefaction of the intellect, occasioned by a sudden depression from the height of joy to the abyss of sorrow, which can only be compared to death; and such was her case now. My conductress, whose senses were much disordered, pushed me towards the couch. I stood—I gazed—alive to feeling, but as it were alive in marble, so fettered was every faculty of the body. She had shown no signs of returning animation, except her breath; her eyes were open, glazed, and fixed. They were towards me, and unconsciously I raised my hand which held the portrait to my face. A momentary flash of recollection seemed to return; she suddenly sprung up, grasped my arm, snatched the fatal picture, gazed wistfully upon it—'Hark!' said she; then, reclining her head upon her bosom, murmured her lover's name, and breathed her last!





S. Goodrich del. 1885

Pub. Oct. 17, 1885 by J. Robins & Co. N.Y. & London

Sailors Carousing, or a peck in the long room

## SIR ISAAC COFFIN.

‘ At sea, or on shore, or when harbour’d,  
The mariner’s compass is grog.’

‘ THERE he goes!’ exclaimed a rough old hard-a-weather, pointing to a *gladiator*-looking sort of a gentleman, whom he had just before saluted in his best style while standing at the main guard in the College—‘ there he goes, any how! Do you know him, Murphy?’—‘ I do well, bad luck to his picture!’ (replied Murphy.) ‘ Didn’t he pick me up at Lisbon for an ould shipmate when I was following a peaceable occupation on shore? And didn’t he send me stock and fluke aboard the *Queen Charlotte* afore she was burnt off *Leghorn*? Faith and he did; and I shall never forget to remember that same. Och, wasn’t I wid him in the *Thisbe*, upon the *Halifax* station, when he was a *Captain*? Sure and I was, and that’s enough to make any man know him again.’—‘ Hoot! hoot! (said old *Dougal Macdougall*,) peaceable occupation, Murphy, what ca’ you that? Was it delving your paw into ither men’s pouches?’—‘ Arrah be aisy, *Dougal*, and don’t bother me now; you’ll never be half the rogue that I am!’—‘ Troth, Murphy, there’s mony a word of truth comes frae a joker’s mou; but dinna let us blather about honesty, seeing that now-o-days *Justice* keeps it penned up i’ the bilboes for fear it should leave the cuntry aw thegither. I ken the admiral vera well, and was ane of his ranting lads when he was commissoner in *Port-in-gale*. Mony’s the time I’ve followed him harly-skarly through the streets the whiles he strode on before, like a wharfwind sweeping the chaff from off the face o’ the yearth; and mony’s the sair bruises and cloudy een we hae gotten i’ the fray. But *Isaac* was no a bock-hand at fisty-cuffs; he would gather up his muckle bony knuckles like the hammer o’ death, and gie a fellow a tap that would slaughter an ox. Ma conscience, I’ve seen them drap down by dozens on the quay, and then packed up in sma parcels

for the fleet. Nae doubt, Murphy, you were ane of the flock, for we baggit all sorts o' game, frae the *humming*-bird to the wild goose; and now I think on't, I've a slight memorial of your ugly countenance when you was drum-major to a moontebank.'—'Och botheration, and do you say dat to the face o' me? Fait, but I'll bate a tattoo upon the nob of you, will make your teeth chather, and show that an Irish drummer with his row-de-dow is better than a Scotch fiddler playing the organ upon the bag-pipes.'—'Weel, weel, Murphy, we'll no come to wranglesome babblement, seeing that I entertain a vera high respect for your ancestors, because they were the first who cultivated that wholesome plant the potatoe, when the Devonshire mon, Raleigh, brought it frae Vir-jenny in the time o' the petticoat government under auld Queen Bessie; but, Murphy, ye've sadly degenerated since—sadly degenerated indeed! Wha would hae thought, in those days, that your mither's son would come to be blazed at, and winged and peppered wi' powther and shot, and at last to be fixed here in Greenwich, all shattered and shook like unto a sea-gull nailed out at the jib-boom end? But for the admiral—as I live, yonder he stands talking to the governor. Look ye now, look ye, how they shake hands! and sure enough off they make sail thegither, and nae doubt there'll be mony a tough yarn spun about auld lang syne.'—'And you may say dat, (cried Murphy, as the two admirals walked towards the governor's house.) There they go, any how, as pretty a pair of pictures as the babes in the wood!' - - - 'Hah, (says old Harry Bartlett,) I recollects one day, when I belonged to the Barfleur, there was a quarter watch of liberty men on shore; and just as we were strolling along Common Hard, up comes the admiral to overhaul us. Well, d'ye see, Will Ransom sheered off, and the t'other twigged him. "Ahoy, sailor, ahoy!" Will gave him a leer. "Come here, my man, come here, I want a word or two with you."—"I arn't got time now, sir," roared Will; and away he started like a shot from a gun. Off set the admiral in chase, the whole fleet of us bringing up the rear. My eyes, there was a run! Will was a famous fist at his heels, and kept his forereach a-head of the admiral, who laid his feet to the ground as fast as he could, and he was no bad hand at his legs either. There was a precious kick-up!—the pigs squeaked, the donkeys brayed, the dogs barked, the old women and girls shouted with roars of laughter; the admiral bellowed "Stop him, stop him!" the men halloo'd "Go it,

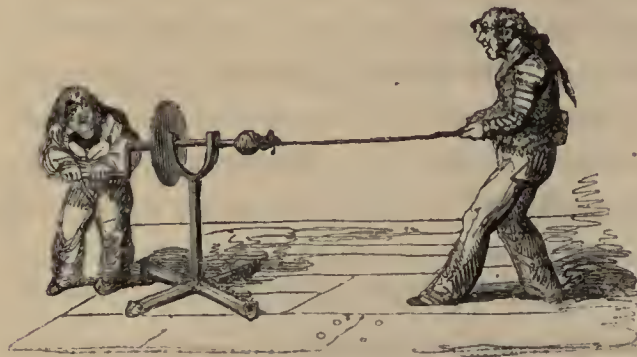


run it, my hearty !” And sure enough Will kept the lead in fine style through Oyster Street into High Street, and away on to the Point; and at last he doubled upon the admiral, and got housed in Capstan Square. But then to see Sir I——, his sky-scraper flying back off his head, his uniform coat hanging upon his shoulders, his white breeches and military boots spattered with mud, his sword slued round to the wrong side, and his face as red as a marine’s jacket; while the big round drops of perspiration poured down his cheeks like a spring tide. The best of it was, the guard was immediately called out to search the houses; but Will was up to them there, too; for what did he do but togged himself off like an old woman? and out he comes among us. We knew him directly, but not a man would split; so up he goes close alongside of the admiral, and played his pranks to admiration. The sodgers overhauled the shop, but, as night was coming on, they were glad to make sail out of it; and we all bowled down to the long-room with Mother Kilderkin, alias Will Ransom, mounted on our shoulders, and the evening was rattled away in jollity and punch. Ah, them were the times, messmates! I thinks I sees ’em all now jigging away, while the fiddlers scraped the cat-gut, and the grog flowed in purly streams, and the volumes of smoke rolled their columns to the ceiling. Oh I could silly-quiz upon it for an hour. Sometimes, too, we could detect inter-lowpers among us, who the next day mounted the dog-vane and epaulettes, though then only rigged in blue jacket and trowsers,—Tommy P—, Captain Ess—, and Sir I—— himself. There would also be lieutenants and midshipmen in abundance, dressed like poor Jack. D’ye remember the time the expedition was fitting out, and the transports lay in the harbour? After dark the men used to land at Point, and take a cruise to themselves, passing for man-of-war’s men; but Sir I—— got scent of this, and so he rigs himself out in a pea jacket, and orders the gangs to scour the coast, while he himself brought to the stragglers. Well, just as he got through Point Gate by the sally-port, Jem Williams, of the Bedford, staggered along, singing ‘ Since grog is the licker of life,’ when the admiral cotch’d hold of him by the collar, and brought him up all standing. Jem changed his tone to ‘ Down, down, derry down,’ and stretch’d the old geemman at full length along the scuppers—the gutter I mean. Howsomever up he got again, and at it they went like fighting-cocks. My eyes, there was strop a block in a minute! There was square-’em come

round-'em, while Jem dowsed the admiral like a widow's pig. At last the buff-sticks came running up from the guard-house with their bagonhits fixed, and the blue jackets came running down from all quarters with chair and table legs, warming-pans, poker, toasting-forks, gridirons, frying-pans, broomsticks, roasting-spits; in short, every thing that could present a *muzzle* against the enemy. Well, d'ye see, just as we were bearing down to engage, off went the pea jacket, and the Admiral proclaimed himself as Sir I<sup>2</sup>. Of course we hauled our wind directly, and Jem gave himself up; but the old boy was too generous to punish him, seeing as how he'd run our messmate alongside, and boarded him under false colours. Nay, for the matter o' that, he was so pleased with Jem's defence and noble surrender, that he got him promoted to warrant officer, and ever afterward stood his friend. Howsomever he was a great terror to the midshipmen, and many o' 'em remembers the stone galley in the Gladiator, and the white-house ashore. What a sight it was of a morning to see 'em carried before Sir John Carter like a bunch of granny's knots, or half-wrung swabs; and the admiral was generally there to take a peep and laugh at 'em. Tommy P<sup>2</sup>, when he had the *Le Juste*, used to go as regular as possible to release his men, for there was always sure to be a gang clapped in irons during the night. Ha! ha! Jack Hatchway, I believe you were one of 'Tommy's boys?'—'I was, (replied Jack,) and a better commander never wore a head. He was strict, to be sure, but he'd never see a sailor injured. Then for grog, ah, that was the craft for *spiritual* liquors! I understands they are going to shorten the allowance in the navy; but mark my words—'t wont do. They may just as well take away Jack's life at once as to go for to stop his grog. Why, zounds! it's meat and drink to him; yes, and a watch-coat into the bargain. Only think of burning under the line upon a single pint of grog a day! Ay, ay, they may talk of their tea and slop, but 't wont do, I say, and so they'll find it. What! did Howe's men fight upon tea and burgoo? Did Duncan's boys lather the Dutch upon cat-lap; or Nelson's lions beat Moonseer and the Don with only a pint of grog? No, no; your lord-mayor's-men may swallow it, and glad of the chance, seeing there's none of 'em go to sea for *want*, because as how they have plenty of that at home; but your true British tar will be lost without his grog, and there'll be more drunkenness than ever. Mayhap the commodore down yonder has had some

hand in this, for he was a taut hand upon *rum spirits*. I belonged to his barge (as I did afterward to Pakenham's); and Lady K—— had a dog that could smell out if a poor fellow had a drop about him, and the whelp would bark and kick up a confounded racket, till poor Jack discharged his cargo. Her ladyship, when she got into the boat, and we were pulling off, would say, "Now, Pompey,"—(I think it was Pompey)—"Now, Pompey, find out who has been drinking grog." And the son of a —— would come and sniff, sniff, at one, and sniff, sniff, at another; but he generally barked at all hands in their turn, particularly if they had got a little stowed away. One day he attacked the strokesman, and howled like a witch. "Down, Pompey, down!" cried the man, as he chuck'd him under the chin with his oar; but Pompey wouldn't be quiet; he lugged Tom's jacket from under the thwart (for we had all stripped at it), and, shoving his confounded black muzzle into the pocket, out he roused a small bladder of stuff. I shall never forget it, nor Tom neither, if he's living, poor fellow, for he got *bamboo boxes*, as they say, in the East Ingees, and, what was worse, lost his licker besides. Now you know this was a shocking perdickymment, and made it necessary to find out some other plan; so we determined to try and outwit Pompey and the admiral too. Well, one day aboard they comes into the barge (Sir R—— and his lady, and the *spaniel*, you may be sure); and away we shoved off. "Down!" cried the cockswain, and the oars dropped into the water; but scarcely did we begin to stretch out, than Pompey opened his jaw-trap and gave mouth like a church-organ, and away he skulled fore and aft the boat, tail on end, like a hog in a squall. "Bless my heart, (cried her ladyship,) what's the matter with the dog? Surely he's going mad!"—"Shall I heave him overboard, ma'am? (axed the bowman;) I think he begins to foam."—"Oh no, no, no! don't hurt Pompey! Come, poor fellow, come;" and she chirped to him like a cricket. "Ay, ay, (says Sir R——,) I see how it is; some on you has got licker in the boat, and I am determined to make an example of the first I catch." Pompey still continued his growling and barking till we got alongside, and then we were called up one by one to be searched; howsoever nothing was found. The barge underwent a strict overhaul with the same success; and Pompey continuing his noise, the boat was hoisted in to see if any thing was slung under the bottom; but they were disappointed in that too. Well, at night we had a double allowance, and made

ourselves quite happy. And how do you think we weathered 'em, messmates? Why, we hollowed the looms of the oars just big enough to admit a small bladder, or rather a bullock's gut, filled chock-a-block; and thus we knocked to windward of Pompey and all hands, till I was discharged into the *Le Juste* under Tommy P——, and was one of his coach-horses. But there's dinner, messmates, there's dinner; so I must clap a stopper on, and take a severe turn while one on 'you pipes belay. Afterward I'll spin you a yarn or two about some of our freaks along with the old *Triumphs*; and then——Come along, messmates, let's to dinner.'



‘ I HAVE DONE MY DUTY.’

A TALE OF THE SEA.

‘ She would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers; Fancy too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return.’

COWPER.

‘ I DEARLY love a sailor!’ exclaimed the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. D——, as she stood in the balcony of her house, leaning upon the arm of her affectionate and indulgent husband, and gazing at a poor shattered tar, who supplicated charity by a look that could not fail to interest the generous sympathies of the heart: ‘ I dearly love a sailor, they are so truly the children of nature; and I never feel more disposed to shed tears, than when I see the hardy veteran, who has sacrificed his youth, and even his limbs, in the service of his country,

“ Cast abandoned on the world’s wide stage,  
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.”

Look at yon poor remnant of the tempest; probably reduced to the hard necessity of becoming a wanderer, without a home to shelter him, or ever witnessing one commiserating smile to shed a ray of sunshine on the winter of his life. I can remember, when a child, I had an uncle who loved me very tenderly, and my attachment to him was excessive; indeed he was the pride and admiration of the village, and every one esteemed the cheerful mariner. But untoward events cast a gloom upon his mind; he hastened away to sea, and we never saw him more.’—By this time the weather-beaten, care-worn seaman, had advanced towards the house, and cast a wistful glance aloft; but it was full of honest pride that disdained to beg, and yet his appearance was so

marked with every emblem of poverty and hunger, that, as the conflicting feelings worked within his breast, his countenance betrayed the struggles of his heart. There was, however, a manly firmness in his deportment, that bespoke no ordinary mind; and a placid serenity in his eye, that beamed with benevolence, and seemed only to regret that he could no longer be a friend to the poor destitute, or share his hard-earned pittance with a messmate in distress. A few scattered grey locks peeped from beneath an old straw hat, and one sleeve of his jacket hung unoccupied by his side—the arm was gone. ‘I should like to know his history,’ said the amiable lady; ‘let us send for him in.’ To express a wish, and have it gratified, were the same thing to Mrs. D——, and in a few minutes the hoary tar stood before them. ‘Would you wish to hear a tale of woe?’ cried the old man in answer to her request. ‘Ah no! why should your tender heart be wounded for another’s griefs? I have been buffeted by the storms of affliction—I have struggled against the billows of adversity—every wave of sorrow has rolled over me; but,’ added he, while a glow of conscious integrity suffused his furrowed cheek, ‘but I have always done my duty, and that conviction has buoyed me up when nearly overwhelmed in the ocean of distress. Yet, lady, ’twas not always thus—I have been happy—was esteemed, and, as I thought, beloved. I had a friend in whom I reposed the highest confidence, and my affections were devoted to one—but she is gone—she is gone; and I—yes! we shall meet again.’—Here he paused, dashed a tear from his eye, and then proceeded. ‘My friend was faithless; he robbed me of the dearest treasure of my heart, and blasted every hope of happiness and joy. I left my native land to serve my country—have fought her battles, and bled in her defence. On the 29th of May, and glorious 1st of June, 1794, I served on board the Queen Charlotte, under gallant Howe, and was severely wounded in the breast; but I did my duty. On that memorable occasion, a circumstance occurred which added to my bitterness and melancholy. The decks were cleared—the guns cast loose—and every man stood in eager expectation at his quarters. It is an awful moment, lady, and every conflicting emotion agitates the breast, when, in the calm stillness that reigns fore and aft, the mind looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. Home, wife, children, and every tender remembrance, rush upon the soul. It is different in the heat of action; then every faculty is employed for conquest, that each man may have

to say, "I have done my duty." But when bearing down to engage, and silence is so profound that every whisper may be heard, then the thought—it cannot be described—sailors know what it is, and, conquering it by cool determination, and undaunted bravery, nobly do their duty. I was stationed at the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and looked around me with feelings incident to human nature, yet wishing for and courting death. The admiral, with calm composure, surrounded by his captains and signal officers, stood upon the break of the poop, while brave Bowen, the master, occupied the ladder, and gave directions to the quarter-master at the helm. The enemy opened their fire, and the captains of the guns stood ready with their matches in their hand, waiting for the word. The work of destruction commenced, and many of our shipmates lay bleeding on the deck, but not a shot had we returned. "Stand by there upon the main deck," cried the first lieutenant. "Steady, my men! wait for command, and don't throw your fire away!" "All ready, sir," was responded fore and aft. At this moment a seaman advanced upon the quarter-deck, attended by a young lad (one of the fore-top men), whose pale face and quivering lip betrayed the tremulous agitation of fear. The lieutenant gazed at him for a few seconds with marked contempt and indignation, but all stood silent. The officer turned towards the admiral, and, on again looking round, found the lad had fainted, and lay lifeless in the seaman's arms, who gazed upon the bloodless countenance of his charge with a look of anguish and despair. "Carry him below," said the lieutenant, "and let him skulk from his duty, this day must be a day of heroes." The poor fellow seemed unconscious that he was spoken to, but still continued to gaze upon the lad. The officer beckoned to a couple of men, who immediately advanced, and were about to execute his orders, when the seaman put them back with his hand, exclaiming, "No! *she* is mine, and we will live or die together!" Oh, lady, what a scene was that! The frown quitted the lieutenant's brow, and a tear trembled in his eye. The generous Howe and his brave companions gathered round, and there was not a heart that did not feel what 'twas to be beloved. Yes! mine a lone was dreary, like the lightning-blasted wreck. We were rapidly approaching the French admiral's ship, the *Montagne*; the main decks fired, and the lower deck followed the example. The noise brought her to recollection, she gazed wildly on all, and then clinging close to

her lover, sought relief in tears. "T——," said his lordship mildly, "this must not be. Go, go, my lad! see her safe in the cockpit, and then—I know that you will do your duty." A smile of animation lightened up his agitated face. "I will! I will!" cried he; "God bless your lordship, I will! for I have *always* done my duty," and, taking his trembling burden in his arms, supported her to a place of safety. In a few minutes he was again at his gun, and assisted in pouring the first raking broadside into our opponent's stern. Since that time I have served in most of the general actions, and knelt by the side of the hero Nelson, when he resigned himself to the arms of the angel of death. But whether stationed upon deck amidst the blood and slaughter of battle—the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying—or clinging to the shrouds during the tempestuous howling of the storm, while the wild waves beat over me—whether coasting along the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, or surrounded by icebergs in the Polar Sea—one thought, one feeling, possessed my soul, and that was devoted to the being I adored. Years rolled away, but that deep strong deathless passion distance could not subdue, nor old age founder. 'Tis now about seven years ago when the British troops under Wellington were landed on the Continent: I was employed with a party of seamen on shore in transporting the artillery, and erecting batteries. A body of French attacked one of our detachments; and, after considerable slaughter on both sides, the enemy were compelled to retreat. We were ordered to the field to bring in the wounded and prisoners. Never—never shall I forget that day; the remembrance even now unmans me. Oh, lady, forgive these tears, and pity the anguish of an old man's heart. Day had just began to dawn when we arrived upon the plain, and commenced our search among the bodies to see if there were any who yet remained lingering in existence. Passing by and over heaps of dead, my progress was suddenly arrested, and every fibre of my heart was racked on seeing a female sitting by the mangled remains of an English soldier. She was crouched upon the ground, her face resting on her lap, and every feature hid from view; her long black hair hung in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders, and her garments closed round her person, heavy with the cold night-rains.—One hand clasped that of the dead soldier, the other arm was thrown around her head. Every feeling of my soul was roused to exertion. I approached—she raised herself up, and—and—great



Heaven! 'twas she—the woman whom I loved! She gazed with sickly horror, and though greatly altered—though time and sorrow had chased away the bloom of health—though scarce a trace of former beauty remained, those features were too deeply engraven on my memory for me to be mistaken; but she knew me not. I forgot all my wrongs, and, rushing forward clasped her to my breast. Oh what a moment was that! She made an ineffectual struggle for release, and then fainted in my arms. Some of my shipmates came to the spot, and, turning over the lifeless form before us, my eyes rested on the countenance of him who once had been my friend. But death disarms resentment; he was beyond my vengeance, and had already been summoned to the tribunal of the Most High. When I had last seen them, affluence, prosperity, and happiness, were the portion of all three. Now—but I cannot, cannot repeat the distressing tale; let it suffice, lady, that she was carried to a place of safety, and every effort used to restore animation, which eventually was successful. Oh, shall I describe our meeting when she knew me? It is impossible; I feel it now in every nerve, but to tell you is beyond my power. Through the kindness of a generous officer, I procured her passage to England, and gave her all that I possessed, with this one request, that she would remain at Plymouth till my return to port. In a few months afterward we anchored in the Sound, and, as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to obtain leave to go on shore:—it was denied me—yes, cruelly denied me. Stung to madness, I did not hesitate, but, as soon as night had closed in, slipped down the cables, and swam to land. With eager expectation I hurried to the house where I had requested her to stop. I crossed the threshold unobserved, for all was silent as the grave, and gently ascended the stairs. The room door was partly open, and a faint light glimmered on the table; the curtains of the bed were undrawn, and there—there lay gasping in the last convulsive agonies of nature—Oh, lady, she was dying: I rushed into the room, threw myself by her side, and implored her to live for me. She knew me—yes, she knew me—but at this very instant an officer with an armed party entered the apartment. They had watched me, and I was arrested as a deserter. Arrested, did I say? Ay! but not till I had stretched the insulting rascal at my feet.—I was handcuffed, and the bayonets were pointed at my breast. In vain was every entreaty for one hour, only one hour.—The dying woman raised herself

upon her pillow—she stretched forth her hand to mine, manacled as they were—she fell back, and Emma—yes, my Emma was no more. Despair, rage, fury, worked up the fiends within my soul. I struggled to burst my fetters, dashed them at all who approached, but, overcome at length, was borne to the common gaol. I was tried for desertion, and on account of my resistance was flogged through the fleet. I had acted wrong as a seaman, but I had done my duty as a man. It was not my intention to desert my ship; but my feelings overpowered me, and I obeyed their dictates. Yet now I felt indignant at my punishment, and took the first opportunity to escape: but whither could I go? there was no protection for me. One visit, one lonely visit, was paid to the grave of her who was now at rest for ever, and I again entered on board the —, bound to the West India station. I fought in several actions, and lost my arm. But the R\* for desertion was still against my name, and, though I obtained a pension for my wound, yet I could obtain none for servitude. I cannot apply to the friends of my youth, for they believe me dead, and who would credit the assertion of a broken-hearted sailor?—No, no! a few short months, and the voyage of life will be over; then will old Will Jennings be laid in peace by the side of Emma Wentworth; and wait for the last great muster before Him who searches all hearts, and knows those seamen who have done their duty.' Here he ceased, while D—— turned to his wife, whose loud sobs gave witness to the sympathy of her heart; but the agony increased to hysteric convulsion; she sprung hastily on her feet, and, shrieking, cried "'Tis he! 'tis William! 'tis my uncle!" and fell upon his neck.'

\* Run.





London - Exec'd July 18 1825 by J<sup>r</sup> Roberts & Co. by done  
- Paper - in the name

The Point of Honor.

Geo. Cooke & Co. Eng<sup>r</sup>

## THE POINT OF HONOUR.

‘ He would find it another guess story,  
Would bring his bare back to the cat.’

‘ I SAY he was a Tartar,’ said an old pensioner, turning round the quadrangle of the building, and advancing upon the Terrace, near the spot where I was standing, contemplating the beauties of a summer evening—‘ I say he was a Tartar.’—‘ Then you are mistaken, Harry,’ replied his companion; ‘ he was a lad who did his duty, and saw that every one did theirs. I allow that he was strict, but always a sailor’s friend.’ ‘ Ay, ay, for tarring a rope’s end, or rope’s-ending a tar, ’twas all the same to him. His *cats* were often fed, Tom.’ ‘ That’s poor wit, Harry; I sailed with him captain and admiral some years, and ought to know a little about him.’ ‘ Well, well, messmate, mayhap you did so; let’s hear, for I love to talk about past times and old commanders. There’s old Jarvis has dowsed his coach-whip, and gone out of commission, and Lord Keith has resigned his command to harbour in a better world. I’ve sailed with ’em both, but I’ll not *say more* till you’ve told me of *Seymour*.’—‘ Why then, d’ye see, where could there be a stronger attachment shown to our officers than when we arrived at Spithead during the mutiny? Ah, Harry, you old cartridge! you was then in that rebel ship the *Triumph*—but howsomever I won’t blow you up. You must know lieutenant Q—— was commanding-officer when the delegates came on board. “ Well, my men,” says he, “ what do you want here?”—“ We want to speak to the ship’s company, sir,” said the foremost. “ Oh certainly, certainly,” replied the lieutenant. “ Here, boatswain’s mate, pass the word, and walk forward my men.” Well, Harry, you old rogue, didn’t we all muster on the forecastle, and listen to their lingo?—Ay, that we did. And says our spokesman, says he, “ Mayhap, gemmen, you have had bad treatment, and are dissatisfied with

your officers?"—"Yes, yes," said the leader, "you're right."—"Then all we have to say is," said our spokesman, "that we are not. We like our ship, like our captain, like our officers, and like one another—and so, gemmen, good day." There was reasoning for you, you old swab. Ah, Harry, you ought to have been taken in *tow* for a mutineer;—and now I'm in the line, I'll tell you more. D'ye see, every order was exposed publicly for the ship's company to read, so that every man fore and aft knew what he had to do. This was his plan: "Do your duty, and no one shall wrong you; neglect it, and I'll punish." Among other orders, there was one, that no man should sing out, either in pulling a rope, or any other duty, but all were to be silent as death. One day we were mooring ship, when some one sung out, at the capstan, "Hurrah, my boys! heave!" The captain heard it—"Send that man on deck directly." The officer immediately pick'd him out, and he was ordered aft under the sentry's charge. As soon as the ship was moored, the hands were turned up for punishment. Well, up we goes, and there stood the captain with the Articles of War in his hand—by-the-by I don't think he was a lord then. Howsoever there he stood, and the officers around him in their cocked hats and swords. The gratings were lashed to the break of the poop, the quarter-masters ready with their foxes, and the boatswain's mates with the cats. "Come here, my man," said the captain. "Was it not my orders that there should be silence fore and aft?"—"Yes, sir."—"And why did you disobey?"—"It warn't me, sir; I never opened my lips."—"Are you sure this was the man that sung out at the capstan?" said the captain, turning to the officer. "Yes, sir, confident; I removed him instantly from the bar."—"Indeed, sir, Mr. — is mistaken—I never spoke."—"Are you certain, Mr. —?"—"Yes, sir, quite certain."—"Strip, then." It was complied with. The poor fellow was seized up—hats off—the article for disobedience of orders read—and "Boatswain's mate, give him two dozen," was heard. The tails of the cat were clear'd, the arm was lifted up, and the blow just falling, when a man rush'd from amongst us, and call'd out, "Avast! it was I that sung out at the capstan!" and in an instant his shirt was over his head, and his back bare. "Stop," said the captain to the boatswain's mate; and then, turning to the seaman, "Why didn't you come forward before?"—"Because, sir, I was in hopes you would have taken my messmate's word, for he never tells a lie, axing your pardon; but when I

saw him likely to suffer for me, no, no, I couldn't stand that."—" And did he know it was you?"—" Yes, your honour, he knew it well ; I was alongside of him at the bar—but he scorn'd to flinch."—" Cast him off, and pipe down," said the captain. But oh, Harry, if you had seen the two bare-backed dogs stand and look at each other for more than a minute without moving, and then, grasping each other's hands, after a hearty shake, walk off together—but I can't describe it, though I've got it all in my heart as strong now as I had then.'

' And what became of the officer?'

' Why, the captain slued round to him, and ——'

Here they again turned the quadrangle ; all was hush'd, and I sought my pillow.



## WILLIAM AND NANCY.

‘ Bleak was the morn when William left his Nancy,  
The fleecy snow frown’d on the whiten’d shore;  
Cold as the fears that chill’d her dreary fancy,  
While she her sailor from her bosom tore.’

‘ I’VE lost one eye, and I’ve got a timber toe,’ sung old Joe Jennings, as he swivelled round on his wooden pin, whilst bustling through the comical Jack-in-the-box gate at the east end of the Naval Asylum going into Greenwich Park—

‘ I’ve lost one eye, and I’ve got a timber toe.’

‘ And where did you leave your eye, Joe?’—‘ In the Gut of Giberalter.’—  
‘ Well, Joe, you’ll never see double again, so what do you say to another glass? Come, let’s freshen the nip, my old boy, and spin us a tough yarn.’—  
‘ No, no, thank ye, sir, all the same—No, no, thank ye, I’d rather not; for whilst I am spinning the yarn you would be winding me up, and then I should go reeling it to my cabin, and catch the yellow fever.’\*—‘ But where did you lose your leg, Joe?’—‘ Why I’ll tell you all about it, sir, as soon as we come to an anchor under the trees. There, now you shall have it. Why, d’ye see, I lost my leg when I lent a hand to take the R—— French 80, and warm work we had of it.’—‘ Avast there, Joe, avast! you know it’s all a fudge,’ said old Tom Pipes, as he came hobbling up—‘ You know it’s all a fudge. Warn’t you groggy? and didn’t you jam your foot atwixt the shot-locker and the combings, and capsized down the hatchway? and now you want to persuade the gemman it was done in action.’—‘ Ay, ay, Tom, you’re always running foul of me—but no matter, you know better. Zounds! didn’t you hold the step of

\* The pensioners, when in disgrace, are compelled to wear a party-coloured coat, in which *yellow* predominates.



my precious limb while the surgeon dock'd it and saw'd away the splinters? and arn't I got the shot to this hour?"—"Yes, Joe, yes; but tell the gemman about Nancy, and her husband;—my scuppers run over whenever I think of it."—"Why, ay, he shall have it, and do you lend me a lift if I should break down, though I don't much fear it. Why dy'e see, sir, Bill Neville was our messmate, and he used to tell us a little of his history. And so, sir, he was brought up in a country village, and loved his wife when only a little girl; and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be master of a merchantman, and then they were married. Who can describe the pleasures of that moment when their hands were spliced at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was obliged to sail again. "Oh!" said Nancy, "should you never return, what shall I do?—where shall I pass—where end my wretched days?" His heart was too full to speak; one hand clasped in hers, the other pointed to the broad expanse where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour. It had a double meaning—Nancy felt it: "There is a God, trust in him!" or, "If not on earth, we meet in heaven!" Well, sir, eighteen months roll'd away, during which, in due time, Nancy brought into the world a dear pledge of affection—a lovely boy. But oh the agony of the mother as every day dragg'd on without intelligence from William! When she look'd at the sweet babe—was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, sir, but indeed I can't help it—I've shed tears over it many a time.

'Well, sir, eighteen months was turned, when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her Maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage alarmed her. She opened the casement, and, putting aside the woodbine, beheld—delightful yet agonizing sight—her dear, her long-mourned William, handcuff'd between two soldiers, while others, with their side-arms drawn, seem'd fearful of losing their prey! His face pale, and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seem'd ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife. Nancy forgot all, and clasp'd him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons pierced her soul. I do not mean to condemn the policy, sir; but 'tis a cruel practice, that of pressing. Ah! I well remember it—though I always served

my king, God bless him! Yet I've witness'd many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony. But to proceed: William was press'd; Nancy hastened into the cottage, and, wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepared to accompany them. Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh it was a sad sweet joy, that wrung the soul! I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwreck'd on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickness came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor untutored negro, he might have breath'd his last. She was black—she was a negro—but God searches the heart. He had procured, with much difficulty, a passage home. The ship arriv'd; he set out, and walk'd many a weary mile, led on by love and cheer'd by hope, till the roof of his cottage appeared in view. Here he sunk upon his knees, and ponred forth his heart in trembling anxiety and fervent petition. A sailor can pray, sir, and it matters not, so it be right, whether it is in a matted pew at church, or swinging like a cat at the mast-head. He arose, and with hastier step reach'd the wicket, when—but I dare not repeat the story—I've told you already he was press'd. Well, he was drafted on board of us, and his dear Nancy permitted to be with him. The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side—they were viewing, with admiration and delight, the beauteous scenery displayed by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold streaming from the setting sun, and caressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts. But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast-head—all is hush'd. "Halloo!" said the captain. "A sail on the larboard bow, sir."—"What does she look like?"—"I can but just see her, sir, but she looms large."—"Mr. Banks," said the captain, "take your glass aloft, and see if you can make out what she is. Call the boatswain—turn the hands up—make sail." In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employed; and in a few minutes every stitch of canvass was stretch'd upon the yards and booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it a ship of the line, which look'd like a foreigner. Every heart was now

elate but Nancy's—it might be an enemy! Oh that thought was dreadful! And as William conducted her below, the tears chased each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh burst from her gentle bosom. William mildly reproved her, and, again pointing to heaven, flew to his post. The stranger had hauled to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers; and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we boarded the foe, but were repulsed. Dreadful grew the scene of blood and horror through the darkening shades of coming night. No one bore tidings of the fight to Nancy—none, save the poor sailor whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dress'd, at which she assisted with fortitude. Two hours had pass'd in this awful suspense and heart-rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower deck convulsed her frame. She knew the voice, and, snatching the infant in her arms, rush'd to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search: his manly form mangled and shattered; that face, once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convulsed; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too. “Nancy!” said he, and raising his feeble hand pointing to heaven—it fell—and William was no more! Sinking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy fainted with the dear babe still in her arms; when, oh mysterious Providence! at that very moment—while senseless and inanimate—at that very moment a ball entered through the vessel's side—it pierced her bosom! Need I tell the rest? They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

[This pathetic story is founded on facts which actually occurred; and there is every reason to believe that the orphan is still alive.]

## THE PRESS-GANG.

‘ But Chance is not, or is not where thou reign’st :  
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow’r  
(If pow’r she be that works but to confound)  
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.’

- - - WHY, as for the matter o’ that, sir, what else have we got to do? Here we are, snug moored in Greenwich, riding out the gale of life till death brings our anchors home, and then our sarvice being worn through, and the cable stranded, we slip and run for the haven of eternal rest. Why, sir, if it warn’t for our spinning a yarn now and then, we should spit and sputter at each other like a parcel of cats in a gutter; but by reviving the remembrance of old times, when we steer’d at the same wheel, fought at the same gun, or belonged to the same watch, we likewise cherish those mutual feelings of regard which adversity cannot capsize, nor old age founder. Ay, ay, you may laugh at poor Jack, but he’s got a heart for all that: he’ll fight or die for his friends, and never see his foes cowardly ill-treated. But many of your sin-ical gemmien condemn us because we are apt to *lie* our strands a little too close, and deal in rumbusticals and comflobgistications; but, bless your heart, all them there sort of polly-silly-bulls comes as natural to us as our grog, and what’s the use of making a fuss about a lapsis lingo or two?—howsomever it’s the way of the world to find fault with what they don’t understand. Give me a rum story and a store of rum (for that’s the true lick-numvity), and a good Dibdin now and then about Tom Bowline, or Meg of Wapping—ay, them are your sentrymentals! The women now-a-days are another guess thing to what they were when I was a youngster. There was Bet Spanker of Plymouth; by Jupiter she was a Wenus, and that’s a couple of gods! There was a run from stem to stern!—there was bows and head-rails, quarter and fashion-pieces, braces and stays! Ah! she was one of your lady-ships. Then to see her full rigg’d,

with her colours and pendant flying, and her tops deck'd out! Well, d'ye see, we took a Spanish galleon, and so one evening I was ashore, and got within hail. 'Yo hoy!' says I. 'Be off!' says she. So seeing as how it was no use to stand backing and filling, I clapp'd her alongside, fired a round or two of shiners, and ax'd her if she'd be spliced? Well, after two or three glasses, she sweetly blush'd consent; and next morning the parson read a page out of 'Hamilton Moore,' and a better wife never swung in the same hammock. What does a sailor know about court-ships and Q-pids, doves, and darts, any more than what Dibdin tells us? I hear his songs are all *preserved* in bars and crojacks by that *grate* composer, Dr. K——, him as prescribes for the indigestions, or gives vent to the bellows of an organ in strains of harmony; invents capital *spectacles* for the hungry and short-sighted, and figures away at the pie-any, hop-ticks, or fiddlesticks: nothing seems to come amiss. Well, it's a fine thing to be born a genus and have heady-catian. Now I never took to my larning, 'cause, d'ye see, I was knock-knee'd; but the French made all that straight, as belike you may see by my two wooden pins. Ay, ay, I lost them in Basque Roads, that 'ere Cock-a-running business; but what's the use of complaining?—it makes a man neither fairer nor fatter. Here I am, after fifty years' quarrelling with the windy storm and tempest, playing at rackets with Death, and ducks and drakes with old Davy, after overhauling every part of the globe from New Zealand to Greenland, from Otaheite to Tooley-street, from the United States to Basses Straits, and a hundred other places. Here I am (that is, what's left of me) safe moored in Greenwich, bidding defiance to the dirty sharks of the world. The old song says, 'Life's like a ship in constant motion;' and so I've found it. The lighter my ballast the more I heel'd to the gale. But mayhap you would like to hear a bit of a yarn, sir. I see old Sam there, blowing like a grampus to get his jawing-tacks aboard; and I know it's a hard matter for him to sit dumb-founded when his muzzle-lashings are once cast off. Out tomkins, Sam, and fire away. 'Why, ay, d'ye see, (says Sam,) what's the good of wasting your precious time boxing a compass that nobody can steer by? You may just as well nail it to the binnacle at once; but howsomever, I arn't a going to give you a long pro-log for a day's work, like my messmate there. It was somewhere about the beginning of last war I belonged to the —— frigate, lying at Plymouth; and we had a

new captain appointed—indeed it was high time, for the old un was one of your——but avast, he's in t'other world, so his reck'ning's up here; and it's cowardly to rip old grievances out of the grave. Well, our new commander read his commission, and a finer-looking old gemman never crack'd a king's biscuit. "My lads (says he), I understands you've had some complaints among ye. Now all I've got to say is this here: Do your duty like men, and you shall never want for encouragement. Here's a sweet ship and a good crew: stand by me, and I'll stand by you." That was just what we wanted, so we gave him three cheers and piped to grog. "Where does he come from?" says Dick Bobstay: "I don't remember hearing any thing of his bearings and distances afore to-day. What ship has he commanded?"—" 'Tis fifteen years since he was taken by an Algerine, after losing his masts, and throwing his guns overboard, in a gale of wind (replied a young midshipman). He has pass'd the intervening time in slavery, for every body at home thought the ship had foundered, and all hands perish'd. He has felt cruelty, and will practise mercy."—"Nobly said, young gentleman (said Dick); give a ship's company good officers, and a fig for cropeaus and flying Dutchmen." Just then the word was pass'd for the coach-horses and bloods (that's the barge and galley's crews) to get harness'd, and be in readiness to go ashore on duty, as soon as the sun had gone to bathe his beams in the western wave after the toil and heat of the day. The hour arrived, and headed by the third lieutenant, we landed to press. We were just crossing one of the streets, when we fell in with a young man and a lad. "Heave to (said the lieutenant, seeing they were about to sheer off); what ship do you belong to?"—"The Adversity."—"Adversity—Adversity,—that must be a hard-ship;—there's no such name in the British navy. Where do you come from?"—"From the port of Tribulation, bound to the Straits of Difficulty."—"Ay, ay, I see how it is (cried an old master's mate)—I see how it is, they're Yankees—them there are American consarns, so we may as well make sail again."—"Avast (said the lieutenant), we must send them down to the boat."—"By what right?" enquired the man. "Right! (repeated one of the gang;) here's a pretty fellow! Talk about right among man-of-war's men! Halloo, young Fly-by-night! (addressing the lad,) what have you got to say why you shouldn't serve his majesty? He'll make a smart topman, your honour."—"Silence, sir, and do your duty with

humanity,' said the lieutenant angrily, observing he had grasp'd the trembling boy's arm. "Then we may proceed."—"No, we want hands, and my orders are imperative. You must with us."—"Never! (said the other, pulling forth a pistol from his breast:) My liberty is as dear to me as life, and he who robs me of one must also take the other." The lad press'd close to his side, and after a short ineffectual struggle they were both secured, but not till the man had become senseless—ay, almost lifeless in the contest. Well, we pickt up a few more, and then returned. The frigate was unmoored, and heaving short upon the small bower when we got aboard. An express had arrived to say that a suspicious ship had been seen off the Start, and we were ordered to overhaul her. The boats were hoisted in, and the man and lad conducted to the sick bay,—the man still senseless, the boy half dead with fright. "Bring to," cried the first lieutenant. "All ready, sir."—"Heave round at the capstan, and run the anchor up to the bows." Away danced the men to the tune of "Off she goes." "Well behaved, lads, well behaved," said the captain from the quarter-deck. "Heave and in sight" was heard from the fore-castle as the ponderous iron appeared above the water; and in less than a minute the boatswain's pipe gave signal to heave and paul. "Hook on the cat! Hoist away!" and the anchor was instantly run up to the cat-head. "Haul taut the fish! Walk away!" and the massy flukes rose gradually up the vessel's bows, till the pipe sonnded "High enough! Belay!" The anchor was secured, and "Loose sails!" cried the boatswain, after a flourish with his call. "Bear a hand, my boys, cast off your gaskets, and shake out the reefs," said the captain. "All ready, sir."—"Let fall! sheet home! hoist away!" bellowed the first lieutenant through his trumpet, and instantly that which had been only bare poles was covered with canvass 'low and aloft. Morning began to streak the east with a brighter glow as we pass'd the Mew Stone. I was at the helm. "Well, Sims, (said the captain, addressing the surgeon,) did you meet with any success?"—"None, sir; all my inquiries have been fruitless. I went according to your directions, but could obtain no other intelligence than that such a person had been known there, but quitted the place without any one being able to tell where she had gone."—"I feel grateful for your attention, my friend. Oh, Sims, when I sailed from England on that fatal cruise, I left behind me a wife and two dear children. For fifteen years these limbs

have felt the galling fetter; for fifteen years I struggled with affliction as the drowning wretch struggles hard with death, and yet a ray of hope would beam upon my mind, and cast a gleam of sunshine on the future. The thoughts of freedom swell'd in my breast each rising morn, and buoyed me up through the toil of the day. My dreams of night were still of home, and often have I been transported to those I loved. I've stretch'd forth my arms in ecstasy, when the rattling of my chains awoke me to a sense of misery. At last, after repeated efforts, I escaped, and returned to my native land. I hastened to the sweet spot of innocence and joy, where once—but you cannot tell my feelings. The cottage was swept away, to improve the neighbouring estate. The white stone in the yard of the village church bore the name of her—yes, my Maria lay mouldering below, my children cast abandoned on the world. Father of mercies! from thy throne behold, protect, and restore them to a longing parent's arms!"—" 'Pon deck there!" shouted the man at the mast-head. "Halloo!" replied the first lieutenant. "A sail on the star-board bow, sir."—"Port, lad, port!"—"Port it is, sir," says I. The lieutenant run forward with his glass. "Meet her, boy, meet her! Steady!"—"Steady," says I again. He applied his glass to his eye. "What is she, Mr.—?" inquired the captain. "By the length of her legs, sir, I should take her to be one of our own class, only heavier."—"Beat to quarters, and see all clear for action."—"Ay, ay, sir. Drummer, blow up a tune upon your sheep's-skin fiddle, that they may hear you at the Land's End." "Ay, ay, sir."—"Shall I show them the Buntin?" inquired the officer. "If you please."—"Hoist the colours abaft. Main-top there; take the turns out of the coach-whip." The decks were cleared, the stoppers clapp'd upon the top-sail sheets, the yards slung, the guns cast loose—when the boatswain roared out from the fore-castle, "There it goes, sir,—Try Junk in you-know \*—red, white, and blue! Trail that gun forward, you lubber, and elevate her breech!"—"A French frigate (cried the lieutenant, rubbing his hands in ecstasy): Now, my boys, for wooden clogs for your sweethearts."—"All ready with the gun," said the gunner, casting his eye along the sight.—"Speak to him, Bounce, and ask the news."—"Ay, ay, sir, (replied the old tar as he applied the match to the

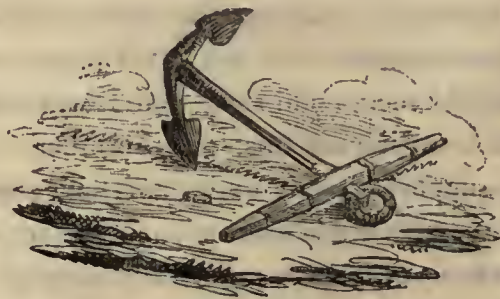
\* *Tria juncta in uno.*



priming,) I'll whisper a word in his ear." In a few minutes the action commenced, and at the second broadside I fell with a wound in my breast. "Take that poor fellow below," said the captain, catching hold of the wheel I had left. I was carried down to the surgeon, and from my loss of blood was unable to go again on deck. The man we had press'd the night before lay senseless on the deck, and the agitated lad sat beside him. For two hours the firing continued without ceasing, (and many a poor fellow was brought down to be dock'd,) when the drop-oh\* of the Frenchman was hauled down, and three cheers resounded through the vessel, which we, in spite of our wounds, joined in. The young man was roused by it, and, rising, gazed wistfully around; he grasp'd the hand of his youthful associate, and pressed it to his lips. At this moment the second lieutenant was supported below by one of the midshipmen and a seaman. "Why (said the junior officer) did you conceal your wound so long? You are now faint; pray Heaven it mayn't prove fatal!"—"Let me see (exclaimed the surgeon); let us hope for the best." The young man's waistcoat and shirt were thrown open, when, suspended from his neck, appear'd the portrait of a blooming girl. He snatch'd it in his hand, and raised it to his lips. "Elinor, (said he,) Elinor, and must we part—part for ever!"—"Never! (shrieked the lad, as he sprung to his side;) for you Elinor has lived, and for you Elinor will die." The lieutenant turned his looks upon the speaker, whose voice thrill'd to his very soul. He gazed for one moment on the pallid cheek: "'Tis she! 'tis she! my love, my Elinor!" and they sank together in each other's arms. Restoratives were immediately applied, and soon produced the desired effect. "Why, my Elinor, are you here, and thus disguised?"—"Stay, Wingood, (said she,) and I will tell you all; but first, this, (pointing to her companion,) this is my brother. You know my early history:—An orphan supported solely by his exertions; our father, as we supposed, perish'd in the service of his country; our mother sunk broken-hearted to the grave; my brother became a sailor, and through his industry I have been maintained. A few days since we received some vague information that our honoured father still existed, and, having escaped from his cruel tyrants, was at Plymouth. We determined to ascertain the matter personally. William

\* *Drapeau*—ensign.

persuaded me to adopt this disguise, that I might the more readily escape insult if separated from him. On our arrival yesterday, with scarcely a ray of hope, we understood the person we were in search of was appointed to the command of a frigate." "Her name?" inquired the lieutenant eagerly.—"The Brilliant."—"Mysterious Heaven!" ejaculated the surgeon, as he instantly ascended the ladder to the deck. "The Brilliant! (reiterated the young officer;) 'tis plain—'tis evident—the names agree. Do you not know, my love, what ship you are now on board?"—"No."—"Oh, Elinor, this—this is the Brilliant frigate."—"This the Brilliant! (faintly articulated the brother of Elinor, struggling to rise;) but my head is strangely disordered; yet, if you have mercy, ask him—ask the captain if ever he remembers my dear mother's name. Beg him to say if Maria Wentworth ever held a sacred spot in his breast."—"She did! she did! (exclaimed a voice, descending down the hatchway.) My children! my children!" and the captain immediately folded them in his arms. What need of saying more? We bore up for Dartmouth with our prize. The lieutenant, whose wound was but slight, was made happy, and all hands had a double allowance of grog.'







London Pub. July 1st 1825 by J. Robinson & Co. No. 1.

The Battle of the Nile, —

J. Emulshank. fecit.

a match for the Chelsea Pensioners' Gun Club of Waterbury

## QUIDAM ASSOCIATION.

' Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.'

WE have now all sorts of clubs and societies, composed of all sorts of odd fellows, who meet upon all sorts of occasions, and transact all sorts of business: but '*Jack un a son gout,*' and accordingly I shall, without farther preface, introduce to your notice an assemblage of old blue-bottles belonging to Greenwich College, under the title of the '*Quidam Association,*' who meet at the '*Jolly Sailor*' for the purpose of recounting past adventures, and fighting their battles o'er again. It would do your heart good to hear them, and afford a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, could he but take a sly glance when the enthusiastic crisis is on, in the description of an engagement. I join them sometimes,—and I remember once Jack Rattlin had gone through the battle of the Nile, till the moment they were called from their quarters to board their opponent; he did it so naturally and bellowed so loudly, applying his hand to his mouth by way of speaking-trumpet, '*Boarders on the starboard bow!*' that the whole company rose spontaneously, and, with visages '*like the grim ferryman that poets write of,*' seized crutches, sticks, wooden legs, &c. &c. and presented so formidable an appearance, that I began to get alarmed, but was soon relieved from apprehension by three hearty cheers,—the enemy had struck! This was a signal for the landlord to replenish,—but avast, you shall have all their pictures, from the president (for they've got a president as well as the United States) down to the last old Pigtail admitted. And first for the president. Jem Breeching was gunner's mate of the *Ajax* when she caught fire and blew up in the Dardanelles. The powder had got hold of his face, and never was there a better barometer in the world. You have only to look upon Jem's frontispiece to know which way the wind blows, and what sort of

weather is expected:—in easterly breezes 'tis as blue as a dying dolphin; to the southward, a cerulean hue; westerly, a greyish pink; but at north—ay, at north—tis a beautiful mixture of every tint in the rainbow. A pair of small squinting ferret eyes, and a nose like the gnomon of a dial; but there's a sort of Listonish look with him, a *Jenny-say-Quarwish* curl of the lip, that tells you at once he's fond of fun. Jem has one standing jest—his wooden pin.—Next on the list is old Sam Quketoes: he was purser's steward of the Bedford when the enterprising Captain Franklin was a lieutenant in the same ship, and talks much about the plays they performed on board. Indeed he says the whole ship's company were very fond of drammers. Sam piques himself on his larning, and has Shakspeare 'conn'd by rote, to cast it into our teeth; and in his brain, which is as dry as the remainder buscuit after a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd with observations, the which he vents in mangled form, with overwhelming brow gulling of simples.' Sam has a huge red proboscis dangling from a face of scarlet, that appears like a joint of meat roasting before a good coal fire, or like the sign of the 'Red Lion' over the door of a brandy-cellar; but his eye (that's his left eye, for the other's gone) is a speaking one; and if any body is disposed to quiz his forefront, it immediately flashes, '*Tua refert teipsum NOSSE.*'—Who have we next? Oh, Hameish Morgan from the Highlands, but known now as James Hogarth. He was brought up in the town of Ayr, and received all the little education he ever had from Burns the poet, of whom he speaks in raptures, and often repeats his verses, particularly his 'Address to the Deil,' with great precision and fluency. Hameish was bound apprentice to a tailor; but, finding they'd mair use for claymores than breeks in the Highlands, he listed into the 42d regiment, and was with them in Egypt when they engaged and defeated Boney's Invincibles. He has all the fire and spirit of the Gael, and, when relating the account of their pinning the French up against the walls of Aboukir Castle with their bayonets, he erects himself as stiff as buckram, and screws up his mouth like a button-hole. 'Eh (says he), we measured our ground and cut out our wark weel that day, though there was mony a gude yard of braid claith spoiled by the ugly bayonets.' Poor Hameish had a seam ript in his head by a French trooper, and a musket-ball took up a seating in his hip; so he was invalided, for marching was out of the question, as he bobb'd up and down like a barrow with a broken wheel. But still he

would serve his king; so he entered into the navy, and was in the Victory at the battle off Trafalgar, when Nelson fought and Britain triumphed. Here he got another wound; relentless Fate displayed her shears, and nearly snipp'd the thread of life; but he stuck to his stuff, and was in the Agamemnon when she was wreck'd in the River Plate. From thence he was sent into the Mutine sloop, and was at Buenos Ayres at the first declaration of their independence. This vessel brought home the Spanish deputy to the court of Great Britain.—Teddy O'Shaugnessy has been in almost every ship in the navy, either as master at arms or as his lock-'em ten-ends, *i. e.* ship's corporal. Teddy is a perfect original, and when at sea acquired the name of Mittimus Oramus, the Irish attorney-at-law; and I much question whether the late Counsellor Curran could handle a cause, sport a rapparty, (as Teddy calls it,) or, as a punster, make a pun stir with more heh-la. His spectacles, which he declares will make any man see *no-lens vo-lens*, are mounted on a huge *Domine dirige nose* that meets an aspiring chin, defying every joke that can be levell'd against them, and seeming to say, 'Ay, ay, *Quiz seper-a-bit.*' He wears his hair close cropp'd; and nature has rendered it so coarse, that it shows like a plantation of young broomsticks; and thereby hangs a tail, or rather stretches away from his neck in an horizontal direction, like a tangent-screw, which fastens his head to his shoulders, always retaining the same situation, for Teddy's tail never varies.—Now comes my old and worthy friend Ben Marlin. You have already heard of him through the wonderful account which was real-lie, true-lie, and faithful-lie, (Ben's own *accent*,) related some time since. He prides himself upon being a bit of a *cog-no-squinteye*,—a sort of critic that sees two ways at once; and has a small collection of queeriosities, which he calls his muse-he-hum; for instance, his bacca-stopper is made of one of Noah's cheek teeth, given him by an old Arab, who had it from the Wandering Jew. His pricker, which has been made to go into the hollow of the tooth, is the identical needle (descended to him in the thread of lineal gin-and-ale-orgie, as heir-loom of the Twist family) with which the first Mr. Twist raised himself to opulence, by sewing up a rent in the seat of Julius Cæsar's small-clothes. This needle has occasioned much controversy among the members, Sam Quke-toes affirming that the Romans were sans cullottes, or only had 'em of cast iron or brass; but Ben insists upon the matter, and furthermore adds, 'The

job was so cleverly done, that Mrs. Julius Cæsar preserved them as a specimen of British neatness and ingenuity.' Teddy sides with Sam, and says Julius was a Highlander, and wore petticoats; and Dick Wills, who knows a little of history, asserts that the ancient Britons were clad in winding-sheets stuck together with skewers; while Ben declares, from undoubted authority, that the Agricultural Society—the Antiquarian I mean, but 'tis all one—are hourly expecting the identical pair of breeches to be dug from the ruins of Herculaneum. 'Jem Breeching gives them a knowing look, and, after a few hems—' Gemmen, it's my opinion—I say, gemmen, it's my opinion that if Mrs. Julius Cæsar took such a fancy to the small-clothes, it is more than probable that they actually belonged to her in their primitive state, and that her husband had slipp'd them on by mistake, being unable to find his petticoats. I say, gemmen, he might have slipp'd them on by mistake, or in a hurry, through the uncourteous reception our forefathers gave him, and that she was compelled to adopt the coats, and so it has continued ever since. And this is no fundamental error, for I'm borne out in my argument that the inexpressibles were originally the natural privilege of the ladies, by the struggles which many gentlewomen make for them even in the present day; nay, are they not worn by the softer sex (here Jem rolls his goggle eye) in many parts of the world to this hour?' But for Ben's picture: he is a short, thick, punchy man, one leg exceeding bandy, the other perfectly straight—but that's his wooden one; a face like a dripping-pan, proving him to be of greasian extraction; a short, club, bas-relief nose, scarce a quarter of the face, and, you know, to be in due proportion it should be exactly one-third; and this may be easily ascertained by the thumb, for the thumb is equal to one-third of the face, and the nose equal to one-third of the face; ergo, the thumb is equal to the nose. Q. D. If any body doubt this, let them measure their noses; indeed I'm not j'king. As a portrait-painter I must give the true standard, though by the rule of thumb. Some people's noses, to be sure, are longer than others', and that accounts for their being so easily led by them. Ben has a precious great head, increased in size by an enormous wig, from under which, spite of all his efforts to the contrary, the upper flaps of his ears thrust themselves out, and play at bo-peep with each other. He was shipmate in the Dryad, under Lord A—— B—— with a learned physician who now keeps his carriage,



&c. in London, but was then captain of the sweepers. ‘This M. D. however (says Ben,) was always a scheming genius, and once bought a little-thousand clock-wheels, and set ’em all in motion to find out the longitude: he is a clever fellow, and eminent in his profession, well worthy of his deplumper.’ Ben lost his leg in the gallant action of the *Eurotas* frigate, Captain Phillimore, when she took the *Clorinde* off the Black Rocks. And now I must lay down my brush for the present, as they have just piped to grog; so I hasten to wet my whistle and clear my pallet; but you may rely on an early description of the remaining members, their rules and regulations, their debates and harangues, &c. &c.; with many a tough yarn of most disastrous chances; of moving accidents by flood and field; of hair-breadth ’scapes; of Andes vast and deserts wild, and mountain waves whose heads touch heaven; of flying fish and swimming cows; and genuine anecdotes of many a brave commander. We have our critics too: witness Ben’s remarks on my reading the extracts from ‘*Memorable Days in America.*’—‘Why ay, (says he,) this is, without dis-guys, a matchless production, and will strike a light upon the subject. Well, things shouldn’t be viewed with a dark lantern; I dare say it will make a pretty blow-up among the Yankees, for they all stick up for A-merry-key, that dear, delightful, star-banner’d country. ’Tis a pity they’re not all constellations. But about them there dead and dying fish—I should like to know whether they were red herrings or pickled pilchards—if not, it looks very much like a whale. I’ve been a great while in the New World, and knows a little about it. I dare say he pass’d through the Straits of Baffleman, where you can’t square your yards for monkeys, and tells about the land crabs as big as donkeys. I’ve seen the black boys catch, mount, and ride races on ’em many a time—it beats Newmarket hollow! I’ll tell you——’ ‘Grog a-hoy!’ Ay, ay, I’m coming, like seven bells half struck—like a cuckoo-clock maker—Good-by—like a bunch of sheep’s trotters tied in granny’s knots—like—like—like

AN OLD SAILOR.

## JOE THOMSON.

‘ Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their honest joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.’

WHY ay, day after day we hear and read of great men's actions and their fame; but who is there beside a sheave of the old block would endeavour to snatch from oblivion the memorial of the humble tar? No, no, the world's too busy bespattering their foes, or bepraising their friends, to heed the ‘ ancient mariner.’ But to me—oh there is a rich treat in it far beyond what the antiquarian feels when he takes the rusty farthing out of the vinegar, expecting at least to find a CÆSAR. However, I hate detraction—‘ *Jack un a son gout*’ is my old motto. For myself, I love to steal in unperceived among a group of old pensioners, and listen to their *tails* of the olden time. There is a secret pleasure in notoriety when honourably acquired. Ask —— whether he never felt a gratification at hearing the whisper as he pass'd along, ‘ That's C—— the poet: that's the author of ——.’ Well, so it is with me; I square my wig by the lifts and braces, get my spectacles a cock-bill, mount my skyscraper hat with a dog-vane, and sally forth into the college. A graceful bow, like the heave-and-set of a Dutch dogger in a head sea, always attends my entry at the gates; and I pass on among the loud remarks of ‘ That's he! that's the litter-hater gemman—him as sends our yarns for the Head-it-er to spin.’ Once or twice, 'tis true, I have been annoyed by some pickled dog willing to preserve his wicked jest, who has sent a stale quid whistling by my left ear, to show his knowledge of Latin in declining quis-quis. But who is there, unmoved, can look at the grey-haired veteran—timber to the heel—his mathematical moon-raker topp'd to port, and his *left* arm upon either shoulder

swinging about like the spanker-boom in a calm, a good-humoured smile, and 'What cheer! what cheer!' for every one he meets? Death and he have been playmates ever since he was a little powder-monkey in the *Thunder*; and though that gentleman has often grinn'd at him, and smugg'd (as the boys say) a bit of him now and then, he still lives in spite of his teeth, a French abridgment of an English work. Oh if I could persuade you once to pass an hour at the '*Jolly Sailor*,' it would leave an impression upon your mind never, never, to be erased. There all is honesty and truth; though, to do them justice, they can stretch the fox a bit, such as seeing the purser running round the grater of Mount Vesuvius for making dead men chew tobacco, and placing the stoppages of grog to his own account; or a long story of the mermaids (as they pass'd the ships of a morning watch) with their pails, going to milk the sea-cows. 'Ay, ay, (says old Sam,) I remembers a merman in the Mediterranean; he was about the civilest fellow of the kind I ever met with, for after dancing a hornpipe he comes alongside, and, pulling off his hat to the captain, asked to light his pipe by the binnacle lamp, for his wife had got drunk and let the fire go out, and they had chips only once a day.' But then to hear them talk of wounds and battles, while the names of the gallant heroes of the wave are as 'familiar in their mouths as household words:'—names that once warmed the Briton's heart with glowing ardour—Howe, Duncan, Nelson, Collingwood, Malcolm, and a hundred others, are 'in their flowing cups freshly remembered,' and each, pointing to his scars, will tell of the feats done in his day. A few evenings since I took my usual seat in the room, (a snug corner being appropriated to the *absent* man,) and, resting my head upon my hand, appeared involved in thought. 'Ah! them were the times, messmate, (said Dick Wills,) when they used to get their bread and cheese raw; bad luck to old —— for ever inventing water to grog! Howsomever, we are never satisfied, and shouldn't be content if they made us lords of the admiralty. I recollects as if it was but yesterday, when Nelson led us at Trafalgar, eh, Hameish?—that was a glorious day for England! You remember Mr. Rivers, a smart active midshipman, that lost his leg? I understands he's a captain now;\* a worthier fellow never wore a head; nay, there wasn't a man aboard

\* The Old Sailor is mistaken, he is still a lieutenant.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

(though his precious limb was dock'd) that could beat him in going aloft; and I've seen him lead down a dance with his wooden pin flourishing away as well as the nimblest there. Almost the first as was killed fell close to Nelson; I shall never forget the look he gave! and when he received his own wound, 'twas as if the shot had pierced every heart in the ship. But he's gone, messmate, he's gone! Well, here's success to him wherever he is; *we* shall never look upon his like again. And my brave commander, Collingwood, he too has slipt his moorings, and got a moneymant in St. Paul's, though I can't make any thing of it. Mayhap it may be all right, for I don't understand harkey-tecture and Greek; but yet I should have liked to have seen some-ut like himself.' 'Why, (says Jem Breeching,) it's the fashion, and they wear 'em so now. Poor Joe Thomson!—he lost his life—that Trafalgar business. We were messmates together in the *Amelia* frigate. He used to tell a comical story about his old mother. She was a press-biter or a methodiss, I don't know which—howsomever, before he got press'd, he sailed in a merchant-man, and the dame had waited a long time in anxious expectation of hearing from him. At last the letter arrived at the village, and all hands ran to know the news, but the old lady chose to peruse it first; and because she could'nt read herself, the clerk of the parish was sent for, and then she found that her son "had been driven into the Bay of Fundi by a pampoosa right in their teeth. It blow'd great guns," wrote Joe, "and we carried away the bolt-sprit; a heavy sea wash'd overboard the binnacle and the companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and couldn't get an observation for fifteen days: at last we arrived safe at Halifax." "Read it again, neighbour." Again the letter was read. "Once more, neighbour." This too was complied with; when the old girl, thinking she'd got it all by heart, sallied forth, big with importance. "Well, dame, what news?" cried a dozen voices. "Oh! my poor son"—"I hopes no mischief, dame"—"Thank God! he's safe! But he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in the teeth. It blow'd great guns—"La! bless us; what a wonder they wasn't all beat to atomys—well, I wouldn't be a sailor"—"Ah! but that warn't the worst—they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah." Poor Joe was desperately fond

of soaking his biscuit, and always got groggy whenever he could. Once, I remember, we were refitting in Portsmouth harbour, and lay over on the Gosport side, just above the old Gladiator, and a quarter watch had liberty every day. It was Sunday afternoon, and the first lieutenant, with the other officers, were walking the quarter-deck. Joe bowled aft, and, dowsing his hat, ask'd leave to go on shore. "No, Thomson," said the lieutenant, "it is not in my power." "Only for half an hour, sir." "I cannot grant it." "I have been five years, sir, without ever touching land, sir, and if you don't let me go I shall die." "You know, Thomson, if you go on shore you'll get drunk, kick up a row, and I shall be condemned—besides, the captain's orders are positively against it." Away went Joe forward to look over the gang-way. Back again he came: "For ten minutes, sir; indeed I won't get moon-eyed." "Not for one minute." "Only let me put my toes ashore." "Well, Thomson, (says the lieutenant,) if you like to go and tramp in the mud there (pointing towards Haslar Hospital) for the next two hours, you're welcome; but not a step further." "Thank ye, sir;" and down below he went. We all pitied him, 'cause he was a hearty fellow, and we knew the officer was only in joke. Up came Joe again, full dress'd. "I'm ready, sir." "Ready! ready for what?" "To take a walk, sir." "Why, Thomson, you could hardly think me serious." "I hope you won't go from your word, sir." A burst of laughter and surprise came from all hands; but Joe persevered, and was actually landed on the mud in his white dress, where he continued to travel to and fro, in the presence of some hundreds of spectators, till his two hours were expired, when he hailed to be taken aboard, and was as perfectly satisfied as he would have been with a week's liberty. He was a dry subject, though always wetting. 'The Gladiator! (said Jack Rattlin;) why that was the time Sir I——C—— had his flag flying aboard of her—him as used to make us march like sodgers, two and two, in the dock-yard; and one day our midshipman had only three hands ashore, and we were going up to the rigging loft, when the flag lieutenant ordered him to make us fall in agreeable to the regulations. Well, there he was for about an hour facing us to all points of the compass. At last the admiral catch'd sight of us: "Halloo! halloo, officer! what are you doing here?" "I'm endeavouring to make the men fall in two

and two, sir; but, as there are only three of them, I can't do it for the life o' me, though I have been squaring them all manner of ways." I think I can see him now—his scraper athwart ships, white small-clothes, and military boots (a famous hand at his legs); then his eye as keen as a northerly gale. There wasn't a middie on the station but will remember him all the days of his life; and as for the warrant officers, to hear him call out, "Halloo! Master Carpenter there, with the scupper-leather boots!" But he was a smart officer, and knew his duty, and while he lives may he never forget it.'



A Commodore

*as in accompanying cable*





London - Pub: Oct 21/1885 by J. Jenkins & Co. by J. Jenkins & Co. -

Davy Jenkins -

J. C. Mansfield, fecit



## NAVAL PORTRAITS.

‘ Look here upon this picture, and on this.’—SHAKSPEARE.

--- Ho! the Gazette a-hoy! Heave-to, and take a weather-beaten old tar aboard. Zounds! would you make sail and leave me aground? Almost lost my passage; ay, and so would you, if you'd one foot in the grave, and was compell'd to hobble along sideways like a crab, as I do. Well, well; there, now I'm fairly shipp'd, let's look about and take a survey of my fellow-passengers—all worthy souls, no doubt. How are you, gemmen? how are you?—Hearty.—That's right; long may you float on the tide of public favour, and scud before the breeze of prosperity: and as for our foes, may they be condemned to hunt butterflies, clad in a pair of half-worn cobweb small-clothes fastened together with bachelors' buttons, mounted on the back of an Irish hunter as rough as a hedge-hog, with a hip-bone you may hang your hat on. Ay, ay, I'm no polished moon-seer or star-gazer, but a plain blunt sailor. I'm proud of your company though, genmen, indeed I am, and hope you won't despise me 'cause I shake a cloth in the wind: they are only a few Tailor's memorandums—‘ poor, poor dumb mouths.’ Fine feathers make fine birds, they say; but a wig no more makes a lawyer, than a lawyer could make a wig, unless it be an ear-wig; and remember that an honest tar is not to be despised—he may carry all his wealth upon his back; and as for his cash, it may be like a wild colt on a common, obliged to be driven up into a corner of his pocket to be caught;—but ‘ a man's a man, for a' that.’ And arn't I commenced minotaur-painter—a kind of di-orammer—a sort of my-crow-cause-mugh-roughy? (there's a word for you.) But this is a tumble-down-and-get-up-again world, and the wheel is in constant motion. A man must either have a handle before his name, or tail like a comet after it, to get into notice and expose himself—D. D. M. D. or LL. D. which Teddy

O'Shaugnessy Latinizes 'Leg-em Lather-em Doctor.' But avast! let's get on ship-shape—'All hands a-hoy!'—tumble up there, you 'Quidams,' and show yourselves—don't lie skulking in your births when I want to display your poor-traits. None of your grinning, Jack Rattlin; you look like the head of a Dutchman's walking-stick with a face as long as you can remember, and a mouth, not from ear to ear, but from there to yonder. The flowers of the navy, eh? Ah, so Lord Melville called you; sweet nosegays, to be sure, if we may guess by the grog blossoms on *your* nose! They would have made you a gunner, Jack, but they were afraid of trusting that volcano near the magazine. This, gemmen, is the identical son of that Jack Rattlin that Smollett speaks of in his 'Roderic Random,' and he's his father's child every inch of him. There, don't hold your fin up—I know all about it; and once get you upon Duncan's action, there'll be no clapping a stopper on your tongue. I know what you are going to say now. 'Close alongside! Close alongside!' was echoed from the lower and main deck as you ranged up to the Dutch Hercule; and the captain answered, 'Ay, ay, my men, I'll lay you close enough, never fear: don't fire till you hear the quarter-deck.' And so when you got at a tolerable shake-hands' distance, you rattled your pepper-boxes at them, and made 'em sneeze a bit. Ay, ay, I understand all about it. In the language of one of our beautiful Latin poets, Horace, Homer, Cæsar, or Jupiter, I forget which—Pill-'em, Mill-'em, Board-'em, Sword-'em, Pike-'em, Strike-'em, and that's a battle. Ha, Donald, my boy! how's aw wi' you, mon?—'Brawly, brawly, thanks to ye for speering; how's aw wi' yoursel'?'—There's a fine picture, gemmen: look at Donald's wig; it resembles that one cut in stone in the British Museum, and fits as well—not one hair is out of place; indeed his head seems to have been made for it. Look at his countenance! If some of our great masters want a study from nature, here's the face. But it's of no use talking—I must get some of you into the Exhibition, and then take you to look at your pictures. Hold up your head, Donald, as you've been used to do every rope-yarn Sunday, when you muster'd by divisions, with a clean shirt and a shave. There, gemmen, upwards of eighty, with the bloom of a child, teeth like a young colt, and as active too. This was the man that won the running-match—seven left against seven right wooden pins, in a narrow lane; the left wooden legs on the right hand, and

the right wooden legs on the left hand. My eyes, what a clattering as they rattled along and struck against one another! Half a dozen Merry Andrews beating 'Paddy O'Rafferty' on the lids of as many salt-boxes was nothing to it! Donald lost his leg at Trafalgar with the brave Lord Collingwood: indeed he has sailed with him ever since he was a midshipman. Where's Barney?—'Here I am, sure.' And so you are. This, gemmen, 'is Barney Bryan, the one-eyed carpenter's mate of the Foudroyant. He is a native of Tipperary, though he tries to pass for a countryman of Sir Isaac Coffin's. He lost his eye by the accidental flash of a priming at the battle of the Nile; and has a particular aversion to a Welshman. Old Davy Jenkins, the purser's steward, and he, were perpetually wrangling about ancestry, and they frequently threatened to box it out. One day, I remember, (for Barney is an old ship-mate of mine,) poor Tom Miller and myself set out upon a sporting excursion on Sir Sidney's estate at Rio Janeiro. We had struggled through the woods, torn our clothes and flesh with the brambles, and were almost suffocated with the heat, without shooting so much as a rat; when my messmate, who was some paces in advance, singing

' A light heart and a thin pair of breeches  
Will get through the world, my brave boys,'

suddenly stopp'd, and laid his finger on his lip. We enter'd an area that had been clear'd of the trees by the admiral's men, for the carpenters to work and sawyers to cut the timber. 'Look, (said Tom in a whisper,) look there!' Close to the edge of the saw-pit sat old Barney fast asleep, snoring most sonorously, and, as if to beat time, his head kept respectfully bowing to the measure. A huge he-goat at a short distance, whether attracted by Barney's nasal organ, ('for music hath charms,' &c. &c.) or expecting the repeated nods were a challenge of skill, is uncertain; but, at every bend of the one-eyed carpenter's head, up sprung the goat on his hind legs, and shook his tremendous horns in a menacing manner. I wish I could spell a snort, for snoring began to get out of the question now. 'A plot! a plot!' whisper'd Tom, almost convulsed with laughter. 'I'll bet five pounds on the old-clothes' man. I say it is a good plot—a brave plot, in all its *ramy*-fications.'—'Xxhrrnt,' said old Barney. Up went the goat again; but whether the apostrophe was longer than usual, or the nod more terrific to this hero

‘bearded like the pard,’ away sprung Billy, and with one butt capsized the old man backwards into the saw-pit. ‘Haugh! haugh! haugh!’ roar’d Tom. ‘Murder! Murder!’ bellow’d old Barney. ‘Haugh! haugh! haugh!’ went Tom again. I ran to see if he was hurt; but there he lay half buried in dust and shavings, with his blind side uppermost. ‘Halloo, Barney! what’s the matter?’ said Tom. ‘Oh, Mr. Miller! (replied the old man,) I didn’t think you would have used me in this manner.’—‘I! (said Tom;) No, no, I could never have done it so clean if I’d served a seven years’ apprenticeship at it. But rouse up, old Barney, at him again; it was Davy Jenkins; here he stands, and says he arn’t done with you yet.’—‘The rascal! the backbiting, assassinating dog! But stop a minute, I’ll make him skip like one of his mountain goats, the villain! I’ll teach him to take advantage of me. Stop a minute, (rising, and climbing up,) I’ll soon show him——.’ But scarcely did his head appear above the level of the ground, when the animal made another run, and happy it was for the old veteran he dipp’d out of the way. ‘What! bob at a shot!’ cried Tom. ‘Ay ay, (said Barney, crawling out on the opposite side,) I might have guess’d as much where you’re concerned, Mr. Miller.’ In the evening, when the workmen came aboard, ‘Lay hold of my axe there below,’ cried the carpenter’s mate down the hatchway. ‘Baah,’ was the reply. ‘Ah, your baaing—a fool’s bolt is soon shot.’—‘Baa-aa-ah,’ flew along the main deck; and from that hour poor old Barney has been almost baa’d out of his senses.—Who have we next? Oh, Dick Wills. Here, gemmen, ’s a pretty perpendicular figure, six feet four; his head resembles a purser’s lantern stuck on a spare topmast. There’s a visage!—a second edition of Voltaire! The barber’s afraid to shave him, lest he should cut his fingers through both his cheeks. He walks on his toes, and appears as if he was always looking on a shelf. He was cockswain to Lord Hugh Seymour when he commanded the *Sans Pareil*. Dick has read, or rather swallowed, several authors, without digesting them, and now they lie heavy on his memory. He is a bit of a poet too; but history is his forte. A pun is beneath his notice, and Teddy often gets a severe dressing for torturing words; however, ’tis taken all in good part, with an acknowledgment that a pun is the very punchinello of the vocabulary, and, if wanting pungency, merits punishment; and when a punitor becomes punitive, he should not punish with a puny punctilio.—Now comes my respected

and respectable friend, Sam Hatchway. Age has not dimm'd the lustre of that eye; and, though the winter of life has spread its snow upon thy head, yet is thy heart as warm as ever. Thus have I seen the frost of ages gathered on the lofty mountain, while in the valley the luxuriant vine has spread its beauteous foliage, bow'd with the purple cluster, rich in dispensing joy around. Sam sailed the first two voyages round the world with the immortal Cook; and he never to this hour mentions his name without a tear, although he sneezes, coughs, blames the weather, and a hundred contrivances to conceal the real cause. Nearly ninety summers have swept down the tide of time, and he is looking forward to a peaceful mooring in the blessed haven of eternal rest. How calm, how dignified that look, by care unruffled! Yes, it is the sweet smile of hope, that looks beyond this cold dull sphere that bounds us. There may we meet again, where hope is unknown, where all is certainty, for all is heaven.—Next comes Johnny Dumont, a native of Canada. He was with Wolfe at Quebec, and saw that gallant hero fall; was present at both Copenhagen affairs, the taking of the Isle of Anholt, and the storming of San Sebastian, at which latter place he lost his right arm in attempting to stop a six-pound shot fired from the citadel. He is a quiet inoffensive man, and consequently has nothing very striking about him. But I must once more crave your indulgence for the rest, as Sam Quketoes has just hobbled up to inform me that my presence is requested at the 'Jolly Sailor,' to decide a dispute between Ben Marlin and Jem Breeching, whether the first invention of our ingenious ancestors was a pig's yoke or a mouse-trap,—a subject well worthy of attention in this age of mechanical speculation. Sam, who has lately been studying craniology, has an idea that the brain actually takes the particular form of any object on which the fancy or ingenuity broods. Thus one man's coils away like a patent chain-cable, and another's resembles a steam-engine with a fly-wheel; a third takes the shape of a corkscrew; a fourth of a tread-mill in constant motion; a fifth of a roasting-jack; while an author's is constantly changing from a crust of bread to a round of beef—from a sovereign to the King's Bench—from his last work to a critical review. Good-by, gemmen, good-by—you shall see me again before long. Keep a look-out, for perhaps I may come disguised as a gentleman; till then—(Don't bother me, Sam, I'm a-coming)—till then, Meum and Tuum.

## THE JEW.

Tic nac, nic nac, quick quack, ric rac, jim crack, tweedl'em dee—  
And sing ting-a-ring-a-ting, to clink the chink's the music still for me.

'HA, ha, ha!' chuckled Sam Halliards; 'Haugh, haugh, haugh!' roared Tom Pipes, on seeing an ancient Israelite with his shop, *i. e.* his petit *bi-joux* box, on his back, advancing from the college towards the Prize Pay Office. They remember'd old times, when these rats practised their arts, and nibbled up the hard-earned substance of all jolly tars, under the moderate advantage of shent per shent. 'C'est un bon *jeu*,' said old Sam, who had pick'd up a little bad French while a prisoner at Verdun—'C'est un bon *jeu*; and by the piper of war 'tis old Solomon Schernbac, that used to live near the "Blue Posts" on Portsmouth Point! Solomon, my old buck, how are you?'—'Vera vell, tank you, ma *deer*.'—'That's right, my *hart*; and how does the world wag, Solomon?'—'Like de littel boys in de merry-go-round at de fair—dem as vat got de penny ride in de coash; dem as got no more as von ha-penny ride on de horse; and dem, to whom a far-thing is moneish, tramp troo de mud, and run round mid de rest. Oh, de varld is just like de merry-go-round!'—'Why, that puts me in mind (says Tom) of the volunteer black-guards of Yankee town, when the ivory sergeant tells 'em to fall in: "Hear-a, all you hab one shoe, one tocking, tan in de front; all you hab no shoe, no tocking, tan in de centre; all you hab yam foot jiggery-toe, tan in de rear." But how is it you're crawling about here, Solomon, like a snail, with your shop on your shoulders? You ought to have made your fortune, and retired to your country-house. I've known you un *juif* mechant ever since I first went to sea a boy.'—'Yes, I have been de Jew merchant ven I was no more high dan dis shtick. I came from Hollands ven I vas littel baby; but country-house! No, no, I am very poor man.'—'Come from *Hollands*, eh? Well, I always



Geo. Cruikshank del.

# Paying-off.

London Publ'd by Jas. S. Redburn del. & G. S. Jones P. M. Row. — July 1st 1825.





thought you a spirited fellow—above *proof*; but take care you arn't caught in a *gin* at last.'—'Ay, ay, (says Tom,) he'll have a country-house before long, for the county gaol is fitting up for him.'—'Get along mid your vaggery, I never sheated a shoul in my life.'—'That's very likely (says Sam); but there's many a poor body has play'd a losing game through your dealings, else you wouldn't be making head-way to yon office.'—'Vat you inshult me? Go as your vays; but shtop, vill you buy a good vatch?'—'Watch, Solomon? No, no, I've had watches enough in my time, without buying one now. You don't recollect me, I see. What, have you forgotten the old Triumph, and the para-shoot descent you had from the foregratings to the cockpit?—shop, watches, *colifitchets*, and——' 'Ha! vat, vas you one of de roguesh dat shteat ma propertiesh mid your *gally-fish-hooks*? Forget it? never. I losht more as von hunder pounds.'—'Avast there, Solomon, avast! Didn't the ship's company make it up to you?—they had their frolic and you your money.'—'Upon ma consience dat shlipt ma memory; but 'tvas almosht cosht ma life.'—'What was it? (said Tom Pipes.) Come, Sam, let's have it, and then our honest friend here shall treat us with a glass apiece for old acquaintance sake.'—'Vat, me! Blesh ma heart! blesh ma heart! Vy, I've got no more as von two-pence in de varld;' but, observing a handsome silver medal suspended from Tom's neck, he hastily added, 'Vat vill you take for dat, ma dear?'—'Ha! ha! (says Tom), two-pence won't buy it, old Shylock; 'twas gained with my blood, and I've too much flesh about my heart to part with it.'—'Vera vell; I musht go, den.'—'No, no, let's have Sam's story, and you shall stand by and correct him if his memory should fail; for, to give the devil his jew, I do not think you would willingly tell the truth.'—'Not for the varld, not for the varld; but 'tish getting late, and the offish will be closhed.'—'Just as I suspected, eh?—the old song to a new tune—

'Oh that the bullets may scuttle his nob,  
'For I've got his will and power!'

But come, come; Faire un bon mine a *mauvais jeu*.'—'That's a *jeu de mot*,' says Sam. 'Mo! vat you mean? Mo! my name is Solomonsh.'—'What your Christian name?'—'Bah! give me ma box, and let me go as my ways.'—'So you shall presently; but I must hear the story first.'—'Blesh ma heart, give me ma box, I say—I vill call for help.'—'Do, my old *Mo-a-bite*,

and bring down a whole host of Philistines upon you.'—'Vat are you going arter?'—'Toussez vous, and let's have the story.'—'Ah! you vill teazh me to death.'—'Why, d'ye see, (says Sam,) we were laying moored at Spithead: Captain L—— commanded us then; and Will Scott, Jack Armstrong, and old Harry Bartlett, bonght each of them a watch of Solomon here. But soon after there was a stoppage in their insides; the balance-wheel had no motion, and then they discovered that best part of the bowels were wanting. The complaint at last became general, so they determined to play the rogue a trick.' 'Vera vell! 'tish all vera pretty!'—'Why you know 'tis true, Solomon. Well, pay-day came, and he was permitted to be aboard with all his traps; and so he spread them all out on the fore-grating, making a grand display. There was his sealing-wax of brick-dust, copper-gilt gold rings, pencils without lead, watches without guts, lockets to pick your pockets, and a hundred other *impcsing* articles.'—'Go on, go on, 'tis all vera pretty!'—'Why you carn't deny it. Well, d'ye see, one of the sufferers, unobserved, made a rope's end fast to the grating; they gave it a bowse upon deck, and away went old Solomon.'—'Oh dear! oh dear! de very remembransh makesh me shweat again! Dere, let me go, let me go.'—'No, no, we arn't done with you yet; you must freshen the nip. Come, it's of no manner of use to refuse; the name of Solomon Shunbock, of Portsmouth Point, would operate like a charm in our hive, and, should we whisper it, you'd have a swarm of blue-bottles foul of your box again.'—'Oh dear! oh dear! Vell, vell, come along mid you.' So away they set off for the 'Jolly Sailor.' On ascending the stairs to the long room, old Donald Mac Bean was heard singing, with Stentorian lungs,

'And mair if you'd be knowin,  
I've sail'd with Commodore Owen,  
And with Sir Pultney Malcolm I have nobly faced the foe;  
But now in Greenwich moored,  
With grog and bacca stored,  
I swivel like a peg-top round upon my timber toe,  
I swivel like a peg-top round upon my timber tòdòdòh'—

shaking the last note with all the grace of a Bray-em, and swinging round like the dervises before the wonderful lamp of Aladdin. Oscar Byrne couldn't hold a candle to him. Donald was singular in his understanding, and always made it a *standing* rule to sing this song in character. He was still in rotary motion

when they enter'd. 'More like a *humming*-top than a peg-top,' cried Jem Breeching, while Sam Quketoes, catching sight of old Solomons, started up, exclaiming 'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! What, my gentle master! Oh, my sweet master! Oh, you memory of old Sir Rowland, what makes you here?'— 'Maire like unto an Oliver than a Rowland (said Hameish Mogan); or you may ca' him hornie, sootie, clootie, seeing I ken fu' well 'tis auld Solomon Shinback, frae the Point at Portsmouth. How's aw wi' you? Gie's your paw, mon, you're unco welcome. Sit ye doon, sit ye doon, and dinna fash your gab about that burthen o' sins, that pedlar's hump. You're amangst honest men, Solomon, you're amangst honest men.'—'Arrah be aisey, (roar'd Teddy,) he's a solo-man, and not to be play'd upon by every body; sure isn't he going to do the nate thing now? Och, call for a pint of Jew-nipper, and after that we'll tryo to du-it in a quart-etto.' Every one had something to say, for he is well known to all. The best chair was offered, but he preferr'd making a throne of his box, for cogent reasons. 'Gemmen, (said Jem Breeching,) Gemmen, our old friend has consented to treat us with a bowl of punch.'—'Vat, me! Blesh ma heart! No, no, I can't afford it. Vy, you vill ruin me! Blesh ma heart! No, no!' Jem gave three loud raps on the floor with his wooden pin, which sounded like a paviour's rammer,—a well-known signal; and enter landlord. 'A bowl of punch for Mr. Shacabac; and d'ye hear, shipmate, let it be good, for friends don't meet every day.' The punch was brought. 'Fill your glasses, gemmen (said the President, rising on his foot): Here's the King our Royal Master—God bless him!' drank with spirit and animation; when old Ben Marlin got upon his leg—'Gemmen, we have just drank to the health of our gracious sovereign, and every true and loyal heart glows with fervour at the name; but let us not forget old friends—one whose honest, smiling, happy countenance must be well remember'd by many of us. Ay, I recollect once on board the yacht he catch'd sight of me with the grog kit. "Here, here, brother; here, here (says he); what, what, what's that?"—'Grog, an' it please your majesty,' says I. "Please you most—please you most; but, but, let's taste—let's taste;" and so he takes a swig, first nodding his head in a friendly way, as much as to say, Here's to you. It did my heart good to see him. "Very, very strong, very strong—no sugar, though." And then he used to stand and talk with old Mr. Porteous, the master, about Duncan's action, as affable as if he'd been one of the crew. I pull'd the stroke-

oar of the barge that 'ere day he embark'd from the college stairs for a trip down the river, and Sir Edward Trollope steer'd the boat: it must be between twenty and thirty years ago. How kindly he look'd! Every seaman loved him as a father. So now I give you, The lasting Memory of the poor Tars' Friend.' This was drank in solemn silence, and by some bedew'd with a tear; it awoke old feelings and recollections, till Jack Rattlin, who has a tolerable good voice, struck up, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' in which he was occasionally joined by all hands. At the conclusion of the song, Sam Quketoes got up, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling—'Brave peers of England, pillars of the state, to you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief.'—'Och, hold your blarney, (says Barney Bryan,) we'll have no grief while the grog is abroach. Come, Solomon, your toast.'—'Charity to de Christiansh'—'And honesty to Jews,' rejoined Teddy; drank with the amendment. Song with infinite humour by Sam Halliards, 'I am a gay Jew Pedlar.' 'We only wants Tommy Pakenham's band, (said Dick Wills,) to have as good a roary-tory-o as they have at the Uproar-house. Don't you remember it, Sam, when we were off the Western Islands? Tommy commanded the *Le Juste*, and one day he dined aboard of us along with Lord Hugh; and so the music was playing on the poop: "What's that noise, my Lord? (says Tommy,)—we can scarcely hear one another speak."—"Oh Captain P. (replied his lordship, lifting up his long neck,) that is my band, and a very good one too."—"Very likely, very likely, my lord, but it almost stuns one, and spoils conversation." A few days afterward the captain of the squadron dined with Sir Thomas, and all at once there was the most dreadful howling, squeaking, grunting, snorting, as if a legion of foul fiends were bellowing in their ears. Up jump'd his lordship: "What's the matter—what's the matter? Captain P——, what can be the matter?"—"Oh, my lord, 'tis only my band, and a very good one too." He had ordered the butcher and poulterer to seize all the pigs up in the mizen rigging, and arrange them according to the gammon, or gammock, I think they calls it; however, there they stuck, black and white; like the keys of an hog-un, and a man play'd upon 'em with a rope's end. There was ham-ony, with your minums and crotchets, your tenors and hog-taves—a modern Pig-malion! But I don't know how it happened, they didn't keep very good time, and put one another out; yet with a good deal of swine-ging they made a shift at last to get through that beautiful com-

position by Friar Bacon, "They say little pigs make very good pork;" but all hands pronounced it a terrible bore.'—'Arrah, take care, Sam Quketoes, (cried Teddy,) every body knows, as knows you, that if your nose gets into the punch it will make it boil, and scald your throat, so it will.'—'Gentlemens, I musht bid you good day; it ish almosht tea-time, and my old bonesh want resht.'—'Hoc mihi tecum bone est, (roared Teddy again,) you must not start a peg till we've finish'd the supernacalum; and I'd give you law for it, but that I know you are well acquainted with—Jew-dish-all proceedings.'—'List to the chield—list to the chield,' said Hameish. 'List, list, oh list! (continued Sam Quketoes, pointing to Teddy.) See, each particular hair now stands on end, like quills upon the fretful pork-you-pin; and there is a round unvarnish'd tail disclosed, while his huge barnacles, like glass-eyers on a lofty mountain, look with a chilling ass-peckt on the mole below that guards the entrance to his covered way.'—'I-ma-go nos-tri, (replied Teddy,) but I won't take it in snuff. Your nose should be tried by the thumb-ometer, but that I am afraid to burn my fingers. There's a face, latine red-ditum; it would do for a fieri facias—it puts Jen Breeching's to the blush, and all the rest out of countenance; you might cook a chop at it at any time. Then for eyes, arn't you monoculous miseret me tu-i; 'tis all my eye to talk about it. You and old Barney are a pair of spectacles, for your left eye is on the right side, and his right eye is left. See how they look at each other, like crows peeping into a pitcher! And if that sparkling eye of yours, Sam, was in Dick Wills's mouth, there'd be a pretty transparency like a Chinese lantern.'—'Order, gemmen, order! (cried the President.) You're both mirrors of fun, but don't cast reflections upon one another. Seeing what I have seen, seeing what I now see, you're a couple of the ugliest-mugg'd rogues that ever I seed in my life, excepting the King of P——, who beats us all. Howsomever, you may easily settle your difference, as they do a Scotch account current: "As for you, Sam Quketoes, I owe you nothing; you owe me as much," and then sign your name—Teddy O'Shaugnessy. And so, Gemmen Quid-hums, I beg leave to make a motion for evacuating the chair.' Agreed to nem. con: and Solomon departed with the hearty thanks of all hands, who retired to their peaceful comfortable cabins.

## A N N A,

### A TALE.

‘ There’s a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.’

To be sure there is, and its the best and sweetest hope of a tar, that, in every hour of danger and of difficulty, ‘ the same gracious Providence watches for all.’ But there, I arn’t a going to give you a long rigmarol for a pro-log. No, no, I’ll just tell you the story as Ive heard it fifty times with my own ears on board the ould ‘ Marmaid,’ commanded by Captain Malcolm, for d’ye see Jem Gantline knew all about it, and many a mid-watch he’s kept us awake by telling it.

‘ It was one beautiful morning in July (says Jem), and the sun was just taking his look-out aloft, that Ned Davenport quitted his native village to become a lonely wanderer upon the wide world, determined to stifle recollection among the busy scenes of life, or amidst the tumult and wild roar of warfare. Yet, on passing through the churchyard, he stopped to shed one last tribute on the grave of his parents. He looked on the surrounding lands and spacious farm which once had been their property, and thought of the time when, overwhelmed with accumulated distress, they had descended to their long home in anguish and poverty. He turned from this to catch a distant view of the stately mansion which contained all that was dear and precious to him in existence; and a sweet girl she was too (Jem would say), for I remembers her, messsmates, like a lovely flower blooming on the breast of spring. But, when poor Ned was left destitute, all intercourse was forbidden between them, and the hearts that had throbbd together from infancy were cruelly torn from each other;—

but I lie messmates, I lie, nothing on earth can separate the hearts that truly love. Howsoever, they parted without a hope of meeting again on the shores of time. Oh, who can paint the sorrows of his soul as he lay prostrate on the grassy mound, and poured forth the anguish of his spirit? I cannot do it justice, messmates, for my scuppers overflow whenever I think of it. That name, that endearing name, he had first learned to lisp in early infancy, "My mother!" burst from his lips, and then he prayed to Heaven for mercy. Mercy was near—a kindly voice, mild as the gentle breeze on the shores of the Mediterranean, instilled the balm of consolation on his wounded mind, and directed him to look up to that wise unerring Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry. 'Twas the curate of the village, who had been passing the night by the humble pallet of a dying cottager, administering the last offices of humanity, and encouraging the departing spirit ere it took its flight to the realms of everlasting rest. He was returning to his little home when he heard the petition for mercy, and, as the servant of that Power to whom it was addressed, he soothed the sufferer's anguish, calmed the inward tempest of his mind, and they parted—the curate to his modest mansion, and Ned—ay, Ned, to brave the dangers, to feel the contumely, of that world to which he was a stranger.

' The father of Anna had risen from comparative obscurity to wealth and honours: he was what they call a privy gown-seller. I don't know what it means, but they told me it was something near the king, and so he had no time to devote to his daughter, whose mother died in giving her birth; and the sweet girl grew like a mountain rose-bud, luxuriantly wild, till poor Ned's parents, feeling for her situation, loved and cherished her as their own; and thus was formed that deep, strong, deathless passion, which distance could not shake, nor time dissolve. I know what love is, messmates, for in my younger days I—but there, its over now, its over—yet I love to think about it too. She heard of Edward's departure, and struggled with her agony; but the generous man who had softened the sorrows of the youth performed the same kind office for the sinking maid. Her principal gratification was to wander to the lone churchyard, and, sitting on the cold grave-stone near the resting-place of her early friends, she would recall the visions of her childhood, and commune with her own sad heart. Now, messmates, you shall hear in what manner she kept her vows of truth and constancy; but, poor thing, she couldn't help it!

‘ It was one still calm evening that a gallant little 20-gun ship lay under easy sail in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, to protect the commerce of our country from the attacks of the enemy. Five weeks had already passed on that enchanting station, (many of you know it, messmates, no doubt,) and our cruise (for I was in her) had been particularly fortunate in making captures and reprisals. The week after we were to return into port for stores and provisions. Well, d’ye see, the hands were turned up to skylark, and every soul hurried upon deck to enjoy the sport. The captain and officers assembled abaft, and shared among themselves in the amusement; but, in all their athletic exercises, no one could be found fore and aft to equal the junior lieutenant. This young man had risen solely by merit to the quarter-deck; and his bravery in several actions had recommended him so powerfully to his commander, (whose life he had once preserved at the imminent risk of his own,) that he adopted him as his son, and obtained him a commission in his own name, for Captain Malcolm himself had come in at the hawse-holes, and had no relations that he knew of in the world. Young Malcolm was beloved, ay, almost idolized, by every hand aboard. He was the smart seaman, the brave officer, and, without departing from the strict line of duty, he conciliated the esteem and regard of all the men. His face, bronzed by a tropical sun, was seamed with honourable scars, that made him appear much older than he really was. His figure was remarkably neat and trim, firm-built and powerful, and he tried to copy his benefactor in every pursuit.

‘ A match against time had just been made from the deck to the mast-head and down again, and the lieutenant was laying his hand upon the truck, when, casting his eye round the horizon, he shouted “ A sail, a sail upon the lee beam!” All was instantly hushed. “ Turn the hands up, make sail!” cried the captain. “ Keep her away, boy! Square the after-yards! Stations, men, stations! Mast-headthere!” “ Sir!” “ Look out when she’s right a-head.” “ Ey, ey, sir; starboard a little—there, steady, so, steady!” In a few minutes every stitch of canvass that would draw a breath of wind was spread and trimmed. We had just light sufficient to make out that the stranger was a large ship, when darkness obscured all further observation. The breeze freshened, and the officers crowded on the forecastle to look out for the chase. Eight bells came, and we began to fear that we had missed the stranger. The captain was just giving directions to



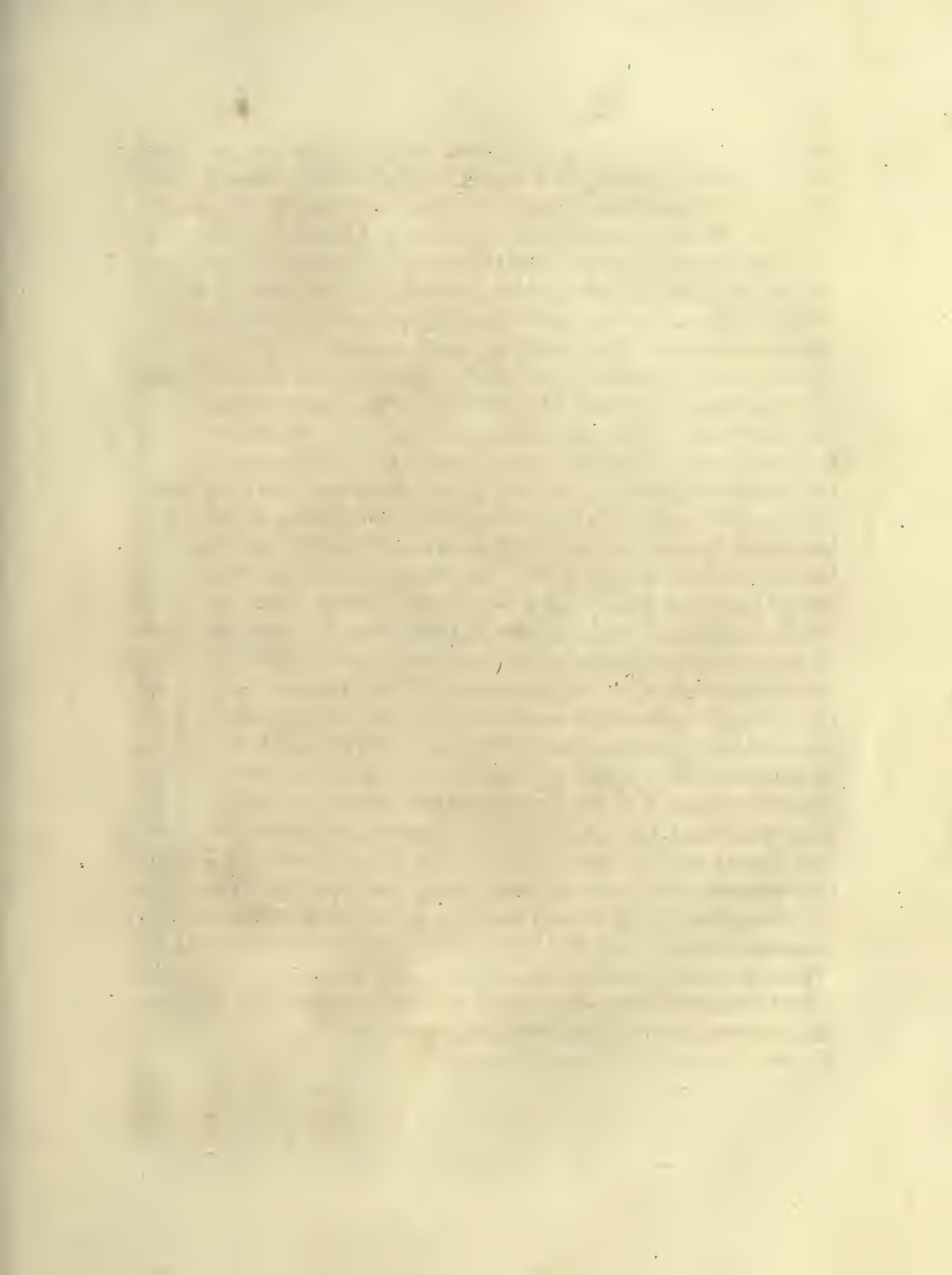
alter the course, when a marine sung out, "I've got her, sir, I've got her!" "Got who?" inquired the lieutenant. "Got her, sir, got the ship," replied the sodger. "Where? where?" said the captain, running aft. "Here, sir! here, in the starboard waste." "That's right, my lad, hold her fast," exclaimed a midshipman, while the sail was shortened and the ship hauled to the wind. We were sufficiently close to discover that the stranger was a heavy frigate, and, as our night signals were unanswered, concluded she was an enemy. "Give him a shot," cried the captain;—it was instantly returned by a whole broadside that laid several of our best men lifeless on the deck, and the action commenced with daring bravery. Well, d'ye see, we kept at it for about two hours, when the frigate's fire began to slacken, and shortly after ceased. "Sail trimmers to the weather braces," cried the captain. "Boarders on the starboard quarter! Stand by to heave all aback, and, Malcolm, be ready to lead the men." All this was obeyed; but, just as we got with our yard-arms touching, the enemy poured in a tremendous fire, and Captain Malcolm, with his second lieutenant, fell. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of horror which this event occasioned. The young officer ran and raised his generous friend. He was yet living, though the tide seemed ebbing fast; but his poor messmate was a corpse. "Leave me, Malcolm; leave me, my brave lad," faintly articulated the captain; and, pointing to the colours, added, "'Tis the flag of England—do your duty. Take her and I die content." At this moment one of the midshipmen came to young Malcolm, and told him the first lieutenant talked of striking. Rage and indignation shook his frame. The captain had been carried below senseless, and the command devolved upon the senior officer—that officer who was about to disgrace himself for ever. The first lieutenant was giving directions to haul down the colours and the light, when Malcolm rushed aft. Here he found the boatswain standing by the ensign halliards, with his pistol cocked, swearing he would shoot the first man that offered to touch them. The commanding officer drew his sword, and was in the act of making a thrust, when a shot very unceremoniously walked off with his head, and the sole charge now rested upon Malcolm, who fought the ship with heroic intrepidity, determined not to surrender till every hope was lost. The carpenter appeared, and reported that we were making so much water, that she could not hold it out another half hour. This was appalling news, yet, rousing all the energies of his mind, he

called to the master to lay him aboard the frigate. In a few minutes the young officer, followed by his brave crew, were upon the enemy's deck, and the conflict became terrible. In vain we swept away our foes, others instantly supplied their places, and, though our numbers were fast diminishing, yet our hearts were unsubdued. Twenty minutes had elapsed in hard fighting, when the master, carpenter, and surgeon, were seen on our own decks carrying in their arms our beloved commander—the ship was sinking. This sight operated like enchantment on the men, a wild shout of desperation resounded, and in a few minutes more the frigate was our own. Scarcely had Malcolm received the Dutch captain's sword, (for she was a Dutch frigate, laden with specie for the Cape,) scarcely had the three officers with their dying burden been assisted on board, than our own gallant little bark went down. In a few hours afterward our brave captain breathed his last, and we bore up for England, where we anchored in Plymouth Sound, in about eight days' time. The young hero landed, and was ordered by the commander-in-chief to carry his own dispatches to the metropolis; at the same time receiving letters of introduction to a nobleman in a high official station. On his arrival he drove immediately to the house, and it happened that a large party of the nobility were assembled to a sheave-o, as they call it. Now I can tell you all this, messmates, for a fact, because d'ye see I was with him to take care of the colours and baggage, having sailed with him when he was a youngster, and first taught him his duty as a seaman; but no matter for that; his lordship left the company, and entered the room where Malcolm was waiting to receive him; but when their eyes met, the young officer staggered back upon a chair, and turned as pale as ashes. Recovering, however, he apologized for his behaviour, and attributed it to the effects of his unhealed wounds. The Dutch captain's sword and the frigate's colours were displayed, and, while the lieutenant took some refreshment, Lord N—— returned to the drawing-room, and related the particulars. All were desirous of seeing the intrepid young tar immediately; but his lordship promised to introduce him the following day, as he had no doubt that Malcolm required rest. Among the party were several members of the cabinet (that's a strong box, I believe, messmates, and every one of the gemmen belonging to it carries a gold key in his pocket, but I arn't sure): howsomever, next morning some of 'em got telling our good old king about it, and he expressed a wish to see the officer.

Malcolm of course was introduced, and appeared before his majesty with his right arm bound round with a black bandage, his left suspended in a sling, while his curly hair, hanging over his forehead, scarcely concealed the covering of a deep wound. 'Make, make, make him a captain,' said old George; 'shall be a captain, shall be a captain—he deserves it—good officer, brave officer—shall be a captain;'; and Malcolm obtained a commission for post rank. On the same evening he dined with his lordship, but on entering the room his embarrassment and agitation were excessive, as the ladies crowded round, and were almost ready to embrace him. Lord N—— led him first to his daughter, and Anna (for 'twas she, messmates, 'twas she) received him with all the natural warmth and goodness of her heart. I saw it all, for they would drag me up too. I was never so daunted in my life; for all the beautiful creatures said such kind things, I was ready to pipe my eye. I dare say I looked foolish enough, for I scratched my head, slucked up my trowsers, and twirled my hat, till at last I dashed my quid into the fire, and offered to kiss 'em. My eyes, how they run! all but one sweet little cherub, who put her arms round my neck, and then—there, don't laugh, messmates, 'twas the sweetest buss I ever had in my life—and says she, 'If the brave defenders of our country do not merit our gratitude, who does?' To see Anna, and not love her, was impossible; and what's a sailor without a sweetheart, eh? Why he is like a ship without stays, and so Malcolm fell in love. When we were alone, he used to talk all manner of things, but I couldn't understand him. Anna's affections, however, were still fixed on *him*, whom she feared was lost to her for ever. 'Tis true, she felt pleased in the captain's company, for he was so widely different from the airy flutterers that continually buzzed in her ear; but love—oh no, she had sworn never to love but one. On the following week after our arrival his lordship purposed returning to his country seat, and we were invited to accompany him; but Malcolm candidly told him the state of his heart, and his lordship, with equal candour, related the story of her early attachment and continued fidelity, declaring 'that, though the captain was unexceptionable, yet he had promised never again to importune his daughter.' A circumstance occurred which detained Lord N—— another week in town, during which time the captain passed every spare moment with his beloved Anna, till she became alarmed at his attentions, and yet an indescribable emotion prevented her from checking them. His conduct was so

delicate, his manners were so engaging, and he appeared to anticipate her wishes with such winning kindness, blended with a marked respect, as excited a deeper interest in her heart than she liked to confess even to herself. Well, d'ye see, at last we commenced our journey early one morning, and the next afternoon arrived at the family seat. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, his lordship withdrew to arrange some affairs with his steward. The captain took a stroll in the park, while Anna hastened to her old friend, the curate, who had been prevented by the gout from attending their arrival. After passing some time with that excellent man, she promised to return on the morrow with the captain, and took her leave. One other duty yet remained—the visit to the lone churchyard. The shades of evening began to fall heavier and heavier on the landscape, but Anna was superior to fear. Advancing with a light step towards the hallowed spot, what was her surprise and agony to see a man kneeling by the grave in the attitude of prayer! She bounded forward, 'It is he—it is he—Edward, my Edward!' and she sunk senseless in the arms of Captain Malcolm, who sprang from the grassy tomb, and caught her to his heart. Yes, it was Edward, her own Edward, that held her to his breast, changed in all but that affection which could never change. He called her his Anna, moistened her lips with kisses, and, as she slowly recovered, heard her sweet voice acknowledge him. The poor lad, who had once implored the mercy of Heaven on that very spot, when cast abandoned like a weed upon the ocean, was now—yet, why need I repeat it? Ned Davenport and Captain Malcolm were one. Together they retraced their steps to the curate's cottage, where they poured forth the fulness of their hearts in gratitude and praise. Lord N—— heard their tale, joined their hands, and blessed them. There, messmates, it's a tough yarn, but 'tis all true, you may depend on't; and some other time I'll tell you all about the wedding, when I got groggy for joy; but it's my next look-out, and so I'll just shut my eyes for five minutes, to keep 'em warm.'

Here Jem would close his story and his papers together; and, if it only excites the same interest in the minds of my readers as it did upon us, why then, d'ye see, I'm satisfied to my heart's content.





Publ. by J. Richards & Co. 57, Lane, Pall Mall, Nov. 11, 1825.

*Sailors on a Cruise*

G. Greig del.

## THE ARETHUSA.

‘Come all ye jolly sailors bold,  
Whose hearts are form’d in honour’s mould,  
And I a story will unfold—  
Hurra for the Arethusa!’

THAT was the ship, she was one of the fleetest of the fleet—sailed like a witch, and sat on the water like a duck. Why, she could do any thing but speak, and all her crew had their hearts in the right places:—there was no fumbling for ’em in their hats, or searching ’em out of their pockets when they came into action. No, no; their hearts always beat to quarters, to the tune of ‘Rule Britannia;’ and then their arms were sure to gain the day. The old Harry-thusers were all well known at every sea-port town in the kingdom; and no sooner did the blind fiddlers see any of ’em come into a room, than there was an extra expenditure of rosin and cat-gut upon the old tune. Ah! I can remember Barney Whifflegig, a rum old codger; he’d shake a *quiver* with his *bow* as would ‘harrow up the soul!’ Then he’d chant a stave, and make his own muse-sick as well as Mr. Bray-em at Common Garden. Oh, his notes were so exscrewtiating, that I have known ’em draw a bung out of a wine-cask, or a cork from a grog-bottle: nay, for the matter o’ that, the jolly tars always had a few notes of their own, that were generally pitched under the landlord’s key, for he could play ‘Money in both pockets’ upon the *horn*, particularly if it was a green-horn. Beside, he had a power of musical glasses, and could wring the changes out of ’em with great glee; though sometimes he’d be short in the measure; but that was only when he was deficient in spirit. Howsomever, he was a good old soul: ‘take him for all in all, we ne’er shall look upon his like again.’ And there’s many a tar can recollect Ben Block, of the ‘Union Jack’ at Gosport. The name of his house, d’ye see, was a *sign* of the times, and it stood next door to the ‘King’s Arms.’ But they are nearly all gone now:

There's only two or three old hulks laid up in Greenwich moorings. I gives 'em a hail now and then when I goes to the Chest for my bit of a pension, and we take a drop together to the remembrance of old times. I don't know how it is, but after a glass of grog or two, and talking about 'auld lang syne,' I feel quite young again; not that I'm very old, d'ye mind,—only just turned sixty-five; but then, d'ye see, I've been pickled with brine all my life, and so I suppose that has preserved me.

But to return to the Harry-thusers. Didn't Lord Exmouth command them (in 1800) when they took the French squadron off Ireland? To be sure he did; though he warn't a lord then; and a pretty day's work they had of it. Howsomever, they gained the day, as most of the Jehus about Plymouth can testify. Five on 'em bought a coach, horses and all, and then hired the coachman for three days to drive about—but all hands kept upon deck, and left the inside empty; for what was the use of sculking under hatches in fine weather? So, d'ye see, they stowed the craft well with grog and 'bacca—got all snug, with a fiddler forward, and an organ-grinder abaft, and carried on between Plymouth and Dock during the whole time they stopped on shore. Ah, them were the days! when a sailor had no trouble in getting rid of his money; but now he can't gather as much as would jingle upon a tomb-stone; and, if he does have a sixpence or two, he is obliged to drive it up in a corner of his pocket to catch it!

I can remember coming up from Portsmouth once, on a fortnight's leave; there were seven or eight of us, and, among the rest, was Jack Transom, of the ould Harry. Well, d'ye see, he'd nearly three hundred pounds prize-money about him, and which way to spend it he didn't know. Seven years had elapsed since his feet had touched the shore, and he was like a wild fellow. Every house he came to a fresh bucket of licknum-vitæ was mixed for all hands, till he'd thoroughly set up the backstays of his heart, though the laniards had a taut strain on 'em before we made sail. Well, there he stood on the fore-castle—on the roof, I mean—shouting 'Happy Jack!' flourishing his short stick, and waving his hat, to the great astonishment and terror of the rusty villagers. It was night-time, and Jack would pay for all the passengers' suppers, so he gave the landlord a five-pounder of Abraham Newland's, and told him not to mind change, for he hadn't got room for it. At last he was completely groggy, and



when we changed horses at Thing-em-he—I forget the name of the place—he would have another nip at the stuff, which hove him into a stark calm—till the vessel, I mean the coach, got into motion, and then he sprung his luff, and once more took his station standing on the roof, but, being quite tosticated, in a few minutes after we started he got tossed off altogether. Overboard he went, and came down on to the road like a lump of lead.

Coachee rounded in the braces directly, and hove all aback, so that every soul landed to pick him up. ‘He’s gone,’ says Dick Fiferail—‘he’s outward bound—Yo-hoy, Jack!’ hallooing in his ear enough to split it: ‘Yo-hoy, shipmate, rouse out, and don’t turn in before the hammocks are piped down!’ ‘Blesh ma heart,’ cried an old Jew agent, ‘vat a pitysh! he’s as deat as king Sholonion. Vere’s de moneish, though?—musht take care of the moneish.’ ‘No, no,’ says the guard; ‘let his pockets alone; but lend us a hand to carry him back to the house.’ A young assistant surgeon happened to be stowed in between decks; he felt his pulse, but gave very little hopes, unless they conveyed him instantly to the house. Indeed he thought he had already slipt his cable. So they put him inside of the coach, and drove back again. Here he was stretched out upon a table, and the doctor overhauled his timbers, to see if there were any but-ends started, or any of his precious limbs carried away. Howsomever, all was right, though he gave no signs of returning hangimation.

‘Why don’t you feel his neck?’ says Dick: ‘mayhap his windpipe may have got a turn in it, and his breath is jammed in the hawse. Yo-hoy, Jack! unmuzzle, my boy, and tell us whether you’re dead or dumb-foundered. What’s the use of keeping us here?’ He’s gone, your honour,’ turning to the surgeon, who was preparing to bleed him; ‘he’s gone, poor fellow, and a most foul and unnatural death he has had of it. Give us another glass of grog, landlord; and let it be stiff, d’ye hear. Bad thing that drunkenness, your honour. Put in a little more rum, landlord: but then, d’ye see, what’s a sailor to do with his money, unless he makes it liquid?’ ‘Oh, that a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains!’ My sarvice to you, sir. Ke-keep us all sober, say I. Here, Jack, you loved it alive; but your allowance is stopped now. Howsomever, a small drop won’t hurt you—and so, contrary to every one’s persuasions, he poured some into his mouth. Scarcely had he done so, when it produced a gurgling in the throat; and whether it was the smell or taste of the

stuff, or the effects of bleeding, but I rather think the former, he opened his eyes, and faintly uttered his usual cry of 'Happy Jack!' 'There,' says Dick; 'I knew, if any thing would bring him to, this here's the me-dickey-ment—it's a key would open a locked jaw at any time.' 'Happy Jack!' continued the other, as he sniffed the grog with a gust; 'Happy Jack!' Well, d'ye see, his arm was bound up—his money was examined (which old Moses wanted to count)—and Jack was carried up to bed, while all hands returned to the coach, and made sail with a fair wind and a free sheet.

At Godalming we stopped about half an hour, to freshen hawse, and, just as we were all comfortably berthed for the next stage, another coach came driving in astern of us, well manned with liberty-boys, and cheering with all their might. As soon as they clapped us alongside at the inn, the first words we clearly distinguished were 'Happy Jack!' and sure enough it was he himself, for, after a short nap, he had mounted the next coach, and promised the coachman a guinea if he would carry on and come up with his own ship again. This was accomplished. He boarded us with three cheers, in which all hands heartily joined; but, not being quite recovered from his fall, they wanted him to get inside. 'No, no,' says Jack; 'I have never been used to a cabin, d'ye mind, and, mayhap, the gemmen and ladies (for we had taken up two ladies at Godalming) wouldn't like such a shipmate; but never mind, I'm Happy Jack; so if so be you can stow me under the forecastle there, all well and good; but if not, why then pass the gripes round me, and lash me upon deck.' 'The gripes!' cried the old lady inside; 'ah, poor young man, it is enough to make one's bowels yearn with compassion to see you in such a deplorable state. Oh, the crying sin of drunkenness!' 'So I say, ma'am,' rejoined Dick, about three parts slued. 'I'm always (*hiccup*) a telling him on it; but, d'ye see (*hiccup*), he's a thirsty dog. Drunkenness, ma'am, says I (*hiccup*), drunkenness is a vice.'

'Ya, hip,' went the coachman, and so we coiled Jack away in the boot, and dashed off to the tune of 'Jack's alive,' which the guard played upon his bugle like an angel, to the admiration of all on board, except the old lady and Dick, who kept talking occasionally through the window against liquor, though both of them appeared to be pretty well fuddled. It was a delightful summer morning, and the sun shone beautifully on the dewy grass as we passed rapidly along the road, hailing the convoys homeward bound, and now and then catching a distant

glimpse of our consort, as he carried on to get up in our wake; but a starn chase is a long chase, so we had only an opportunity of just saying 'What cheer? what cheer?' as the coach hove-to to give the horses their water, and the coachman his *wet*. At last, both vehicles arrived at the Elephant and Castle, when 'Happy Jack' roused out from his berth, looking very deplorably; for his clothes (a new suit) were torn to pieces, his face bruised, and his whole frame very sore. Howsomever, we hired three hackney-coaches, hoisted a blue jacket, on a barber's pole, for the admiral's flag, and steered boldly over London Bridge, bound for Wapping, where we soon anchored in Blanket Bay, with plenty of rhino, a good supply of grog, and no purser to nip us on short commons. After a good sleep we reckoned our cash, found a great deal gone, particularly Jack's; but still we mustered somewhere about five hundred pound, which was shortly spent like true British tars, to the honour and glory of old England, and the Harry-thusers.

*Henry Arethusa*



## SAM SPRITSAIL.

' Sam Spritsail's the lad you'd delight in,  
For friendship he's ever agog;  
Loves his king, loves his country, loves fighting,  
And loves—to be sure he does—grog.'

MAYHAP you didn't know Sam—one of the worthiest tars that ever handled a marlin-spike, or took his trick at the helm. Many's the time we have spun our yarns together, shared each other's 'bacca, or fought at the same gun; and tell me what can bind the ties of kindred stronger?

One day (shortly after the mutiny at Spithead) we were cruising off Brest, and it came on to blow a stiff breeze from the north-west; so the hands were turned up to reef topsails. Now we had always been considered the smartest ship in the fleet, and the topmen prided themselves on beating every one else, so they were at all times eager to get to their stations. Sam, in hurrying up the hatchway, happened to come in contact with a young midshipman that had scarce ever dipped his hands in salt water or bit the mark out of a king's biscuit, and nearly capsized him. It warn't done intentionally; but the small officer, without hesitation, struck him a blow; and, though it didn't hurt him much, yet his feelings were wounded, and that to Sam was worse than a broken limb. Howsomever, no time could be spared for parleying, for the gale was freshening; so he turned to the young gentleman, gave him a look of stern reproach, and shinned away aloft like a sky-rocket. Well, d'ye see, after shortening sail, and the watch called, Sam was ordered aft on the quarter-deck; for the midshipman, not content with striking him, had also complained to the first lieutenant (who had only joined us a few days before), charging him with mutinous conduct and insolence. 'Indeed, sir,' said Sam,

‘I couldn’t help it—I didn’t mean to offend Mr. ——: it was all accidental, and I’m sorry for it.’—‘What do you say to that, Mr. ——?’ said the lieutenant. ‘It was not an accident, sir,’ replied the midshipman, ‘but designedly done, for I saw him afterward turn round and grin at me.’ ‘Grin! no, sir, I didn’t grin. I certainly looked round, when Mr.’—— here he paused, too proud to mention the blow—‘but let it rest, let it rest.’ ‘No, my man,’ rejoined the lieutenant, ‘I shall not let it rest: the dregs of a mutinous spirit are still operating among you. Here, boatswain’s mate, get a rope’s-end, and give this fellow a starting.’ ‘That’s hard, sir,’ said Sam: ‘I’ve always done my duty, and every officer in the ship would answer for me.’ ‘Silence, sir! not a word. Boatswain’s mate, do your duty;’ but the poor fellow, who was a messmate of Sam’s, fumbled so long, that the lieutenant gave him a rap on the head to freshen his way. By this time the men gathered round the gangways and along the lee side of the deck, all wondering what was the matter; for they knew their shipmate to be the most peaceable obliging man on board, and the best seaman to boot; so whispers ran along, and doubtful looks, as if every one tried to read the other’s thoughts. ‘Do your duty, boatswain’s mate!’ bellowed the lieutenant. Jack Hawser raised his arm, looked at his messmate (who stood firm as a rock, without betraying a single emotion of fear), and then dropped it again with an expressive shake of the head. The lieutenant now got into a violent passion, and, seizing the end of the topgallant clew-line, laid it across Jack’s shoulders. Again the rope’s end was raised; and Sam, seeing how matters stood, mildly told his messmate ‘to obey orders, and do his duty.’ ‘Lay it on!’ roared the officer, observing Jack again hesitate; ‘lay it on the scoundrel; you’re a set of mutinous dogs all together.’ Jack was about to give the blow, impelled by the pain from the lieutenant’s stripes, when, observing the calm, composed, yet pitying look of his messmate, he dashed the rope’s end on the deck, and, turning to the officer, exclaimed, ‘If I do, I’ll be hanged.’ At this moment loud murmurs were heard amongst the men, who came pressing farther aft; but fortunately the next minute the captain walked out of his cabin, and finding the first lieutenant belabouring the boatswain’s mate, while the determined countenances of the crew threatened tumult, ‘Avast, avast, sir,’ he cried out, ‘what is all this?’

I'm sorry to see you in so degrading an office, sir. Pray what has caused all this violence?' The ship's company were eagerly crowding on the quarter-deck; but their clamour immediately subsided when they heard the captain's voice. 'Sir,' replied the officer rather haughtily, 'these men are mutinous:' loud murmurings arose among the people. 'Silence, my men,' thundered out the captain, erecting himself in the attitude of one determined to be obeyed: 'the first I hear utter a word shall be instantly put in irons: if you are injured, I am here to do you justice.' Then, turning to the officer, 'Be more guarded in your expressions, sir, and let me know as briefly as possible what has occasioned this commotion.' 'This young gentleman, sir, brought me a complaint against one of the men, for wilfully running upon him so as nearly to knock him down, and for using insolent language.' 'Where is the man?' 'Here, sir,' pointing to Sam. 'Who, this—this the man? why—but I must hear farther.' So he questioned him about it, and Sam explained what had taken place, which was proved by the evidence of all who had witnessed the transaction. 'But why, sir,' addressing the lieutenant, 'were you starting the boatswain's mate?' 'Because, sir, he would not execute my orders, in punishing the man.' 'There he was wrong, for obedience in a seaman is the first test of duty. I honour him for his humanity and noble feeling, but he has my censure for disobedience of orders: however, as he has already suffered chastisement, I shall say no more. As for this man, sir,' pointing to Sam, 'I only wish that you, sir—yes, you—possessed a heart equally brave and honourable. This man, whom you have stigmatized, and would have punished unjustly, preserved this ship and the lives of her officers during the late insurrection at Spithead. 'Tis true, for the time being, the captain was deprived of his command, and this man elected by the delegates instead; but such was his excellent conduct in restraining the seamen from acts of violence, or even trivial insult, that the duty was carried on by the officers with the same attention as before; only, in one thing they were all determined, not to lift an anchor till their grievances were redressed; and perhaps—but that has been settled. Now, attend, sir, to what I am going to say: while the pendant is waving over our heads, bear in remembrance that I am captain of my own ship, nor will I suffer a hand to be raised against any

of the people, unless through my directions.' Some of the men began to cheer. 'Silence, fore and aft, men: these cheers are disgusting to me, and I am highly displeased with your conduct. Have you ever found me regardless of your comforts or privileges, that you should thus assemble tumultuously together? But there are some among you on whom I shall have a bright eye, and therefore recommend them to keep a sharp look-out. Call the watch, boatswain's mate, and send the rest below.'

As the calm frequently follows the tempest while the long-rolling waves are yet violently agitated, though the howling of the gale has ceased, so did the turbulence of the seamen subside, and, slowly quitting the deck, they scarcely raised their heads to look their commander in the face. Sam still stood by the 'Jacob's ladder;' and after the captain had taken a few turns he stopped before him.—'As for you, my man,' said he, 'your attachment to your king and country in the hour of peril has not been forgotten; continue in the conscientious discharge of your duty, and no one here shall harm you; nay, more, when we return into port, I shall use my interest in getting you promoted.' 'God bless your honour,' replied Sam; 'I hope your honour don't want to get rid of me: I'd rather sail with you, sir, than be made a lord.' 'Well, well,' returned the captain, 'go to your duty now; we'll speak about it another time.'

A few weeks after this the fleet put in to Torbay to water, and all the boats were busily engaged in going to and from the shore, while many of the officers made short excursions into the country. During this period the first lieutenant did not forget Sam, for, being left in command, he harassed him incessantly; but the poor fellow scorned to shrink, or even complain. He was a married man, too, and his wife, (who resided with her parents between Torbay and Plymouth,) not having seen him since the mutiny, came alongside in a shore-boat, expecting to have an interview; but the commanding officer would not suffer her to come on board, alleging an order to that effect, which excluded women from the ship; so that poor Sam had only the cheerless satisfaction of passing a few minutes with her in the boat, vainly endeavouring to soften her anguish and sooth her disappointment. All hands exclaimed loudly against this tyranny, and would most probably have proceeded to open resistance; but

they remembered the late rebuke of their captain, and the remonstrances of Sam himself restrained them from open violence.

Well, d'ye see, we sailed again, and cruised to the westward in the chops of the Channel. One evening, just about dusk, blowing very hard, we sprung our bowsprit, and the first lieutenant came out upon it to see the extent of the injury. At this moment a cry was heard on the forecastle, 'A man overboard, a man overboard!' but the gale was so strong, that it could not be heard aft. Sam, however, who was standing on the lee gangway, caught the sound; and, repeating it as loud as possible, sprung upon the hammock-nettings. The ship had very little way through the water; and every soul on deck crowded to the same spot, with the ends of ropes and other things to throw to the unfortunatè swimmer; but he was nowhere to be seen. 'Where is he?' exclaimed the captain, jumping by the side of Sam: 'lower the quarter-boat down. Can you discern any thing of him?' Sam was silent; but his keen eye seemed resting on a particular eddy in the sea. 'Where is the first lieutenant?' continued the captain; 'why is he not aft here?' ' 'Tis Mr. L—that's overboard, sir,' cried a dozen voices at once. 'I see him, sir,' said Sam, starting from that fixed attitude he had maintained; 'I see him!' and instantly dashed into the wave. The dark body of the lieutenant was now plainly visible, as it emerged from the deep, and lay for a moment inanimate upon the white foam of the billows, while Sam, with his sinewy arms, was cleaving the liquid element and throwing aside the spray. Before, however, he could reach the officer, the body began gradually to settle down again, and, when he reached the spot, was no longer to be seen. Breathless expectation sat on every countenance (for, though all hands disliked him, yet sailors forget animosities in a time of trouble); but what was their surprise—what was their horror—when the brave fellow, who had so gallantly risked his life to rescue his bitterest foe, disappeared in an instant! The ship had now forged considerably a-head, and, owing to the confusion occasioned by the accident, the boat was some time in lowering down; but at last they shoved off, while every eye was anxiously strained in the direction where Sam and the lieutenant had last appeared. The heavy wave rolled on unburdened, displaying its lofty top, as if in triumph, crested with sparkling foam.—'There he is!' exclaimed



the captain, as the struggling seaman rose upon the hollow of the swell: 'pull to starboard in the boat, and stretch out, my lads; stretch out.' This latter was delivered through the speaking-trumpet;—the officer heard it—waved his hat; and, catching sight of Sam himself, steered directly for the spot. Hope glowed in every breast at the prospect of his deliverance: but transient was its ray. A mountain wave came curling its monstrous head, threatening destruction to the gallant little crew: it caught the boat, nearly filling her with water, and drove them past their object. Darkness now obscured them from our view; though now and then we could just discern amidst the gloom a black speck, as it rode on the top of the billow. Another boat was immediately manned; lights were hoisted, and false fires burned; but nearly an hour elapsed, and no cutters returned. The captain paced the poop in violent agitation, frequently stopping to make inquiries and to look himself. At last, 'Here's a boat upon the weather quarter,' exclaimed a little midshipman; and immediately added, 'There's two, sir—there's two—only look, there they both are! Hurrah, my lads: thank God! they're safe.' In a few minutes more they rowed alongside. 'Hand over a rope's end,' cried the officer in the headmost boat, which was the first that had been sent away. The rope's end was handed over. 'Some one must be hurt,' said the humane surgeon, who stood ready to render his assistance. 'I imagine so,' returned the captain, 'for I fear the poor fellow is lost. As for Mr. L——, there cannot be the faintest hope: he has perished without doubt.'—While this conversation was passing, the men were occupied in carefully raising some one up the side; and, just as the captain had finished his sentence, an apparently lifeless body was lifted over the gangway. 'Tis Mr. L——,' shouted the surgeon; 'tis my poor messmate!' and instantly sprung forward to assist in carrying him below. 'Have you saved the man?' inquired the captain; but, before his question could be answered, Sam appeared upon the deck. He staggered through exhaustion towards the captain, and fell senseless at his feet. 'Carry this brave fellow into my cabin directly,' cried the captain, raising him in his arms, 'and send the surgeon's assistant here immediately.' 'I am here, sir,' replied the young man; and, following them into the cabin, poor Sam was after some time recovered. The first lieutenant had been conveyed to the

ward-room, and every exertion used for two hours, without showing the least symptoms of returning animation: at the expiration of that time his pulse returned; and in another hour he uttered some incoherent words, and sunk into a deep sleep.

Sam told his tale. When he first disappeared, finding he had missed his object, and trusting to his skill, he dived after the sinking officer. Catching him by the hair, he brought him to the surface; but the lieutenant was senseless, and Sam was compelled to let him go. Again he dived, and again brought him up, when the boat missed them, till, almost exhausted, his strength began to fail, and both were settling fast. Once more Sam quitted his hold, but he determined, as help seemed to be at hand, to make one desperate struggle. He again dived, and writhed his hand in the officer's hair. The effort was too much; and despair even of his own life darted upon Sam's mind—when, at this moment—at this very moment—before he had raised his head above the water, he felt his arm firmly grasped, and the next was hauled up to the bows of the boat, one of the men having thrown himself over for this purpose, while another held fast by his foot.

What need of saying more? Sam was made a boatswain, and now lays up in ordinary in Chatham river while Mr. L—— (at present an old post-captain); learned to temper 'mercy with judgment,' and became one of the best and most humane officers in the British navy.

## THE MIDDY'S INTRODUCTION.

• Deep in that fabric where Britannia boasts  
O'er seas to waft her thunders and her hosts,  
A cavern lies, unknown to cheering day,  
Whose only sunshine is a laper's ray ;  
Where wild Disorder holds her wanton reign,  
And careless mortals frolic in her train.'

*Oct 18 1841*

OF all situations which open to the aspiring mind of youth, none is so interesting, so fraught with conflicting feelings, as the first entry of a young novice on board a ship of war: 'tis like bursting into a new world, yet without quitting the old one. The day on which my inauguration took place happened to be the anniversary of the birth of 'Royal George.' The captain permitted me to accompany him in his own boat, and, when we reach'd Spithead, the ships, dress'd in their gayest colours, commenced saluting. Oh what a view was this for an enthusiastic mind ! It spoke of glory in a voice of thunder ; and, while looking at the British ensign waving in the breeze, I felt a glow of conscious pride at being enrolled among the gallant defenders of its dearest rights. The barge cut through the azure wave, and swept up alongside the 'Albion.' The boatswain's shrill pipe sounded, and four lads sprung over the side to extend the gangway man-ropes. So I followed up the captain, and found the officers on the quarter-deck uncovered; the marines drawn up with presented arms, and the band playing 'Rule Britannia,' to salute their brave commander. My senses were bewildered with astonishment. 'This is a young friend of mine,' said Captain Montague, presenting me to the first lieutenant: 'I hope you will find him all you can wish. And now, sir, you may go and visit your future companions.' 'Mr. Evans, (said the first lieutenant, calling to a midshipman on the larboard side of the deck, whose weekly account had been fresh pipe-clay'd, and now he was employed in trimming the collar of his shirt, so that his eye just peep'd

point blank above it)—Mr. Evans.—‘ Sir,’ replied the cockpit beau, touching his hat. ‘ As soon as you have done adjusting your lee boards, and bows’d all taut, take this young gentleman round the ship, and then conduct him to your mess-birth.’—‘ Ay, ay, sir; ay, ay,’ said Evans; and then, in a lower tone, ‘ I’ll show him the lions;’ and away we went together. After examining the wonders of the wooden world, and swallowing as many marvellous stories as would fill a volume, we descended to the cockpit, and were guided by the glimmering rays of a candle to the midshipman’s birth. ‘ Allow me to introduce Mr. B.’ said my conductor, pushing open the door, and thrusting me in. ‘ Halloo! why, Evans, what gulpin have you got there?’ exclaimed a squat tawny figure, who was nearly enveloped in smoke and stifled in grease. ‘ ’Tis a new messmate,’ squeaked a little youngster. ‘ A new messmate!’ replied the other, then let’s have a survey,’ taking down from a nail the frame of what had once been a large and beautiful mirror, and, raising it to his eye by way of quizzing-glass, he uttered a yell that fill’d me with horror. ‘ Evans,’ said he, ‘ Evans, I’m fainting at the sight! Bear a hand on deck, and order the captain to man the boat and send him ashore again directly.’ I shrunk back. ‘ Halloo, shipmate, don’t lag astern!’ said Evans, pushing me forward; ‘ don’t mind that old swab, ’tis only Tim Bucket, the blind fiddler.’—‘ Me blind!’ rejoined the other, flourishing his pipe in a tragical manner; ‘ you know that you are Brutus that spake this, or by the gods this speech were else your last;’ and down he sat. I was now literally haul’d into the birth, and placed directly by the side of this terrific being. ‘ Let’s look at your teeth,’ said he. It was complied with. ‘ Ha, I thought so!—teeth like a shark—eat more in a day than I could chew in a month. Here, boy—you boy!’—‘ Yes, sir,’ replied a miserable-looking object, poking his head in at the birth-door. ‘ Go, you rascal, and lock the bread-bag up, or we shall soon have a southerly wind in it.’ Then turning to me: ‘ Here, sir, take this card, with my compliments to the purser’s steward, and ask him to measure your mouth for a spoon. And bear a hand, d’ye hear? for the burgoon is almost ready; there’ll not be much to spare when the doctor’s mates come out of the sick bay.’—‘ Which way am I to go?’ inquired I: ‘ I can’t find the stairs.’ However, the boy of the mess was ordered to attend me to the midshipman of the watch, who directed me to the purser’s steward. He sent me to the cook; the cook dispatched me to the boatswain’s yeoman; and he again to the

carpenter's mate for a two-foot rule. I now bid very fair to make a complete tour of the ship, and run the gauntlet through all the petty officers; but the gunner, understanding my difficulty, apprized me of the trick, as one to which all fresh-comers were exposed; advising me to bear it patiently, and give joke for joke. Again I descended. 'Well, have you got your spoon?' inquired my tormentor. 'No,' replied I. 'No!' repeated he, starting upon his feet; 'how's that?'—'Ask the gunner' was the reply. 'Here, doctor,' rejoined the first, turning to a genteel young man of a pleasing countenance; 'Here, doctor, you must open a vein for him; but no, no, avast; where's the cobbing-board? I understand the art of *Flay-bottom-he* best. Ay, ay, my spark, two dozen for impertinence to your superior officer. Here's a green horn hasn't been caught above two hours, and comes Westminster Hall over me already; but I'll soon make you a subject for dissection.'—'Who is this young gentleman?' inquired the assistant surgeon? 'Who! why it's some great man in disguise come to sea to wear his old clothes out. However, give us your fist, my boy—don't sit mute;' and he grasp'd my hand like a smith's vice till I roared with anguish, to the great diversion of all present. 'Here,' continued he, 'take hold of the grog,' handing it across the table. I was unwilling to let slip so favourable an opportunity of showing good friendship and courting forbearance, so took the glass; but hadn't time to convey it to my lips before it was hastily snatch'd away. 'There, there, that's enough, you must only smell it; I never allow any body to drink with me.' The ward-room steward appear'd with an invitation from the first lieutenant to dinner. This was a very seasonable relief, and gladly accepted. Oh, how different was my reception here!—'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' The remainder of the day passed away with much pleasantness; and at ten o'clock I again descended, with a palpitating heart, to my hammock. Recollections of my parents, of my home, of my friends, now rush'd upon my mind as I survey'd the dark and gloomy place which was to be my future abode. It doubly imbitter'd the moment, and I was nearly playing the infant with my eyes; but the sentry opening his lantern to retrim his lamp, a gleam danced upon the bright buttons of my uniform, and instant conviction flash'd upon my mind that manly fortitude was the characteristic of a British sailor. Advancing towards my swinging bed, I stripp'd, and, desirous of displaying my agility, made one spring into it. Poor novice! over it went;

down I came, breaking my shins upon the cable. A burst of laughter echoed from all sides. 'A clean capsiz, by Jove!' said one. 'Strong gales and squally,' cried another. 'Foundered in the lee scuppers,' said a third. 'Dowse the glim,' cried a fourth; and instantly we were in total darkness. I reproached them with bitterness of heart for their ungenerous treatment of a stranger, and received in reply a whole bucket of cold water. Roaring with all my might for some time, I had at last the satisfaction of seeing some one descending the main hatchway with a lantern. 'Halloo!' cried the old quarter-master, climbing over the cables, 'Halloo! what pig's stuck here? Another such a squall would rouse old Davey, and make him twist your neck into granny's knots.' The words were scarcely utter'd when down he went, an old sail having been thrown over him from above, and all was again in total darkness. 'Ha, you scape-grace!' cried old Harvey, struggling—'Ha, you scape-grace! you'll come to the gangway some day for your tricks, you will! Halloo, Sanders! halloo! turn out, man, and lend us a hand.'—'De'il smash me if Sanders gangs a foot—I canna be faash'd. If you plaay wi' kittens you must foresight to be scratchet; but there's Paddy Howard—rouse him out, mon, turn him out.'—'Och by my conscience,' cried Pat, 'you're a soft-headed swab, so you are. Faith, and I'll turn out without calling. Arrah, where are you, jewel?'—'Here I am,' said Harvey. 'By the toe of my grandfather, and so you are; and now I'll go and fetch a light.'—'Ay, ay, bear a hand, mate, bear a hand.' Pat was some time absent, during which the old man swore, raved, and growl'd, with all the sublime pathos of a bear. At last the light appear'd: 'Bear a hand with the glim, you bog-trotter, do.' He was obeyed; and though I was drench'd to the skin and shivering with cold, sitting astride the muddy cable, yet to have kept from laughing at the scene which presented itself was utterly impossible. Pat Howard, a tall raw-boned figure, full six feet high, with the remnant of a shirt upon his shoulders reaching no lower than his loins, under which a blanket was roll'd round, resembling a petticoat, and leaving an amazing length of train behind, one arm entirely void of covering, thick bushy hair and whiskers, with a pair of hands and a beard outrivalling the shades of night, now made his appearance. 'Halloo, Pat!' cried Harvey; 'why you look like a comet revolving round the rays of a farthing candle.' This drew my attention to the speaker. He was neither sitting, lying, nor kneeling, but appeared to be in all three

postures at the same time. His efforts to get disengaged had forced his head through the sail, and his struggles had twisted it several turns round his throat, threatening strangulation, but displaying a most formidable cravat. On being relieved from this superfluous article of dress, how was I surprised to find the old boy had been all this while actually hanging by the middle in a running noose thrown over him, and hauled taut upon deck for this purpose! 'Lower away!' bellowed Pat, turning the old quarter-master round on his jack like a roasting capon, 'lower away handsomely.' It was done, and he stood once more on his legs. 'I'll trounce the young rogue for this!' exclaimed Harvey, 'I'll keel-haul the young lubber! No more sleeping in his watch!'—'Whisht,—Whisht,—dinna mak a blathering about it, but gang your ways, and let honest men sleep,' said Sanders; while Pat assisted me in arranging my hammock and shifting my dress. Pascoe now appear'd: 'Why, Harvey, what's the matter here?'—'Matter!' cried the enraged veteran; 'I'll tell you what, young sir, you've played these tricks too long, and now——' 'You'll go and have a glass of grog,' exclaimed the midshipman, interrupting him. 'Ay, ay, with all my heart; but no more of the monkey.'—'I kenn'd as much—I kenn'd as much,' roared Sanders; while with a heavy heart and dear-bought caution I once more essayed to enter my bed, and with Pat's assistance succeeded. But sleep departed from me. The novelty of my situation, the discipline I had undergone, with the smarting of my shins, all combined to keep me awake; and 'twas not till very near morning that I closed my weary eyes, and forgot all my cares and troubles in a sweet refreshing slumber.

## THE BARGE'S CREW.

### CHAPTER I.

'Tis sweet to poise the lab'ring oar  
That tugs us to our native shore,  
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man.'

--- WHY, ay, Mr. What's-your-name, we were the pride of the ship—all picked men; and if you had seen us in those days, when hope and enterprise spread our white canvass to the breeze, and we either luffit up to get to windward of the enemy, or sailed large to run down to the succour of a friend in distress, it would have done good to your heart, man. Then there was our barge, so neat and trim with her gratings in the bow, and starn sheets as white as the drifted snow, and every oar a perfect picture. But to see her under sail with three lugs and a jib set, and the sheets trimm'd aft—my eyes! how she'd smack through the breeze, skimming the billow-tops like a flying fish as he dips to wet his wings and refresh him in his flight! Oh how sweetly she'd walk over the curling wave and climb the rolling swell. Why she could do any thing but speak, and every one of the crew loved her as his own, and tended her with the same affection that a fond mother would her darling child. But then what's the use of speechifying about it now?—she's broke up by this time (though I'm glad I didn't see it, for every stroke of the axe would have gone to my heart); and of the jovial lads that once manned her, some are cast like weather-beaten shattered hulks adrift upon the ocean of distress, exposed to the windy storm and tempest, without a port in view or friendly bark to hail them in adversity. Ah, they think of the barge now, and on those times



they will never see again, when they were called the jolly 'coach horses' that never flinched from their duty. Every soul was first captain of a gun; and our coxswain, Joe Snatchblock, was one of the finest fellows in the fleet, be the other where he would—six foot two inches without his shoes—a heart like a prince and the spirit of a lion—generous and brave. Why, Lord love you, Mr. What's-your-name, he was the very man as nailed the colours to the mast on board the Belly-quekes in Duncan's action. I thinks I sees him now. Up went the helm, and away we bore down right into the thick of it: slap comes a shot athwart the halliards, and down rattles the ensign. 'Hurrah!' shouted Mynheer in exultation. 'Dunder de bloxam,' roared Joe from the gangway; and, shaking his fist at the enemy, 'Dunder de bloxam, but we'll give it you presently!' and then he ran aft, and, rolling up the flag, tucked it under his arm, and skimmed away aloft like a sky-rocket, while the musket-balls came pouring round him in leaden showers. 'Grape and canister to the five aftmost guns (cried the first lieutenant); point them well at the enemy's poop—watch the roll, and be steady, my men!'—'Ay, ay, sir;' and we clapped the grapes into the *still*, and press'd them down with canister, ramming all home with a vengeance. Rattle went a volley at Joe again, but we *matched* 'em for it in *prime* style; we *smoked* their manœuvres and *powdered* their wigs. Yes, yes, our grape was squeezed into Win de grave for a good many—it damaged their upper works and knocked away their understandings. Well, d'ye see, by this time Joe had got to the main-top-mast head with the ensign under his arm, the hammer betwixt his teeth, and the nails in his pocket; so he shoves one through the head of the flag just below the toggle, and drives it into the mast above the cross-trees. Down he comes about half a dozen rattlins, and in went another nail, and so on till he descended to the main-cap, where he took a severe turn with the *tack*, and hammered all fast. At this moment all hands at their quarters were casting one eye aloft and the other at their gun, like a crow peeping into a pitcher, or a goose at a thunder-cloud. 'Huzza!' roared Joe, as he threw out the fly of the ensign, which, catching the breeze, waved majestically above us, floating in grandeur, like the Genius of Britain soaring on the wings of Victory. 'Huzza!' shouted Joe again, slueing his stern to the Dutchman, and slapping his hand in an inexpressible

attitude, while they returned the salute with a round of musketry, that, had he not been bomb proof, must have knocked him off his perch. 'Huzza!' responded the main and quarter decks; the lower deck caught the soul-enlivening strain, and three hearty cheers resounded from all hands. At it we went again like fighting-cocks, for, d'ye see, we expected some of the right sort in the prizes—real right arnest Schiedam Ginever. At it we went, while Joe came sliding down the top-mast back-stay like a cat. 'Weel behaved, my mon, weel behaved! (said the captain—he was a Scotchman, though his name was English.) Troth ye've the spirit of a Highlander. We'll give the warthy soul a glass o' grog; or mayhap you would like it pure and uncontaminated.' Joe preferred the stuff stark naked with the jacket off, and, standing on the break of the poop, he held it up to mortify the Dutchmen; but, fearing an envious shot might crack the heart of his darling, he turned his back by way of protection, and stowed it away in his spirit-room in an instant. Well, d'ye see, we lay close alongside, locked yard-arm and yard-arm, and hammered away round and grape, great guns and small arms, till Mynheer Van Scatterbrauckens dropped the tackle-falls, mounded their pipes, and, thrusting their hands into the breeches-pockets of their *small-clothes*, showed they had surrendered. Ah, Duncan was the boy! He was none of your butterfly gentry—only fit for a summer's cruise. He out-*Win*-ed the whole of 'em, conquered *Winter*, and hoisted his ensign as the flag of *Liberty*. Mayhap, Mr. What's-your-name, you never saw him, with his open manly countenance, expressive of true courage and benevolence, and his curling locks flowing gracefully over his head;

' A furious lion in battle—so let him;  
But, duty appeased, in mercy a lamb.'

Yes, he'd a heart that could feel for another; and there's not a tar in Greenwich moorings but reverences his name, for he was their father and their friend: but he's gone (as the chaplain used to tell us), he's gone the way of all flesh; and poor Joe, too, has lost the number of his mess. He was made a boatswain before his death, and then he got married; for he said a boatswain's warrant warn't worth a rush without the parson's spliced to the end on't, and no boatswain could carry on duty without a *mate*. But, somehow or other, it

proved a misfortunate appointment; for Mrs. Snatchblock, as soon as the commission was read, topp'd the officer over him, and wanted to be *master*. 'No, no, (says he,) Mrs. S. every man to his station, and the cook by the main-sheet. I've fought for my rating, and I'll keep it.' But, bless your heart, what's the use of boasting when the ladies are determined to have their own way? why, d'ye see, she fought for it too; and as for rating, why she'd rate him all day long, till at last poor Joe gave in; and it was found one morning that he had *died* in his *birth*, without a friendly hand to close his sky-lights. I can remember him when he used to sit in the box abaft the skipper, smiling and happy as long as he could see every one else so. After he left the Belly-quekes, he was coxswain to Tommy P——, when he commanded the *Le Juste*, and was a great favourite with his captain. One 4th of June, (that's the King's birth-day—good old George that's dead and gone,) all the senior officers of the fleet went ashore from Spithead, rigged out in full uniform, to pay their respects to the commander-in-chief. The tide was ebbing strong out of Portsmouth harbour, and many of the boats landed their captains upon South Sea Beach. Capt. P—— was one of the number; and he and Joe made sail for the admiral's house, through the arched gateway under the ramparts. Well, just as they hauled their wind round the corner by the Marine Barracks, an immense monster of a drayman, with a sack of wet grains on his shoulder, run designedly right aboard of the captain, and plastered his gold-laced coat with sanctum smearem. This was abominably provoking; and so Tommy hove-to, and remonstrated with the fellow on his brutality, but he only answered with a volley of curses and abuse. Up comes Joe, like a first-rate with a free sheet, lightens the gemman of his cargo, and capsizes him without so much as 'By your leave.' Howsomever, up he roused again in a minute, and Joe stood all ready to strop a block with him; but, 'Hold, avast! (cried P——,) the quarrel's mine; I want no man to fight for me. As for you, y' unmanly scoundrel, I'll—: but come along, come along;' and so he cotched hold of his arm, and some of the marines the other, and took him into the barrack-yard. A ring was formed, and, when the fellow found 'twas in earnest, he began to mumble excuses, like a witch saying her prayers. 'No, no, (says Tommy,) you insulted me like a blackguard, and now you shall

have blackguards' play for it.' So he unbuckles his sword, and dowses his coat and hat, while the drayman stripp'd ship to bare poles. Joe claimed the honour of standing by his officer, and took his station *second-him—heart-him*, as they say in the classics; and a companion performed the same office for his opponent, who expected to make a mere plaything of the captain, and displayed his two enormous fists, like a couple of sixty-eight pounders: but he little thought who he had to deal with. The first round the *skipper* made him *hop*; for though the brewer was by far the more powerful man, and showed ribs like a seventy-four, yet Tommy possessed science, and worked round him like a cooper round a cask, making his mash-tub rattle again. Round after round followed, to the great amusement of the Royals, and the heady-fiction of the brewer, who began to get all in a *work*, and could'nt give it *vent*. At last, in the fourteenth round, Tommy *tapp'd* him on the nose, and that was a *cooler* (one of his eyes was already *bunged* up); so he drew off and gave in, after being soundly thrashed to his heart's content. The captain clapped on his rigging again, and bore up for one of the officer's berths, where he got his fore-castle swabb'd and his gear refitted; and then off he set again, with a comely black eye, to wait upon the admiral. The tale was told, and orders about to be issued for a warrant to apprehend the man; but Captain P—— (who considered he had already received punishment enough) requested that he might be left to his own painful roomy-nations and the cure of his bruises. But I have been spinning you a long yarn, Mr. What's-your-name, and all about nothing, for the Barge's Crew was what I meant to talk about. Ah! that's the subject nearest my heart; it connects all the remembrances of early life and old friends. Howsomever, I shall see you again, and then you shall have all their histories from beginning to end.

## THE BARGE'S CREW

### CHAPTER II.

' Row the boat merrily—merrily, oh !'

SECOND-HIM heart-him ! Why, ay, ay, I sees you understand the larned lingoos ; though, for the matter o' that, there was a whole cargo of crinkum-crankums in the same *Gazette* : you call it Greek, and mayhap its all ship-shape ; for I don't know much about talking short-hand, only it looks comical to me how people can get such crooked letters into their mouth. But sailors know a little about languages too. Why, I remembers Jem Scupperplug, when he was carpenter's mate of a man-of-war brig on the coast of Brazil, and they sprung their main-yard. Well, d'ye see, they anchored at a small town, and the captain inquired if there was any body that could palaver Portuguese ; and so Jem offers his sarvices, and the captain took him ashore to the mast-maker of the place. 'Ho ! seignor !' says Jem, 'you must humble-cum-stumble we want a roundem-come-squarem to make a main-yardo for de English brigo, d'ye hear ?'—'No *entendez*, seignor,' replied the Portuguese, 'no *entendez*.'—'What does he say, Jem ?' axed the skipper—'Say, sir ! why, he says he carn't make it these *ten days*.'—'Does he ? well, then, come along, come along ; we must go to sea as we are, and fish it aboard.'—But you'll say, what has all this to do with the Barge's Crew ? steer a straight course, and don't yaw about to every point of the compass, like a Dutchman. All in good time, don't get in a passion ; I'm only trying my trim ; for, of all my consarns, I loved the barge the best, particularly when I pulled the stroke-oar, and Nelson's flag was flying in the bows, though he didn't live to carry it without the balls : I was with him that 'ere time up the Mediterranean, when poor Carraciolli was executed through

the cruelty and intrigues of Lady —. That's a distressing story, and some day, when I'm in the mood, I'll tell you all about it; for I never shall forget seeing the old man, with his grey locks flowing over his shoulders, as he hung at the fore-yard-arm of the Neapolitan frigate.—‘It is an awful spectacle,’ whispered Ned Kentledge, as he bent down to his oar; ‘and I never believed before that woman's heart could exult in such a scene.’—Poor Ned was a worthy fellow, he had the next thwart to me; and Sam Spritsail was alongside of him, for we pulled double-banked. Ned was shipmate with Jack G——, that was afterward first lieutenant of the Concord frigate; indeed, Ned taught him his duty from first to last, when he warn't much higher than a pint pot—showed him how to hand, reef, and steer—sweep, swab, and swear—coil away a cable, or clear hawse, with any hand aboard; and Ned was as good a seaman as ever raised a mouse upon a stay, or siesed a breeching to a ring-bolt. Well, Jack was a smart fellow, and so he got promoted to the quarter-deck; and after a time the captain got a luff-tackle to bear, and bowsed out a commission for him; but he never forgot his old station, his promotion didn't spoil him, and he always remembered former messmates. When he got to be first lieutenant of the Concord she was a long time in Ingee; but at last they found her in such a rattle-trap state, that she was ordered to take convoy to England; and so she gather'd 'em together at Ceylon, and proceeded to St. Helena; but the storms off the Cape shook her ould timbers, that when they reached the island every body thought she would have gone down; however, they frapped her together with hawsers, and at last reached Plymouth. Well, a morning or two after their arrival, an ould bum-boat woman comes paddling along-side, puffing and blowing like a grampus off Cape Horn. She was a short bulky body, though for the matter o' that she was as round as a tun butt. Alongside she comes, and hails the sentry at the gangway: ‘Keep off!’ cried the marine; and then, turning to the quarter-master, ‘Zounds! look there, did you ever see such a corporal substance?’—‘Ay, ay,’ rejoined the veteran, ‘'tis a whale adrift in a butter-boat.’—Again the old girl hailed, ‘Is my Jack aboard?’—‘Your Jack,’ replied the sentry, ‘who the botheration's your Jack?—we are all Jacks here.’—‘No, you arn't,’ says she, ‘for you're a pike; and so please to answer the question I axed you, or else my Jack 'll let you know who's who.’—‘Here, master at arms, (he-chuckle-ated the royal,) here's a customer for you; she's too

sharp for me.'—'What do you want, old do-man?' inquired the latter; 'do you want any one in this ship?'—'Yes, I wants my Jack, so you let him know I'm here.'—The captain and nearly the whole of the officers were walking the quarter-deck, when the first lieutenant, hearing a confusion at the gangway, came forward to see what the bobbery was.—'What's this noise, here, sentry? who's that alongside?'—'I don't know, sir; it's some old girl says she wants her Jack.'—The lieutenant looked over into the boat; but no sooner had he cotched sight of the *little* punchy dame, than the man-ropes slid through his hand, and down he jumped into the cockle-shell—'What, my mother, is it you?' cried he: 'I can hardly believe my eyes; they told me you were all dead; this is indeed a welcome surprise; but come along, old lady, mount-a-reeveo'—and he helped her up the side with the utmost care and attention. As soon as they had reached the deck, she threw her arms round the lieutenant's neck, and sobbed with joy. Then she gazed at him with a mother's pride, and again folded him to her heart—'Oh! my Jack, my Jack; now you glad my ould heart, and I shall follow your poor father to the grave in peace.' The captain, officers, and men, stared with astonishment to see the round *little* personage, in her striped cotton jacket, short thick petticoats, and high-heeled shoes, hugging their first lieutenant (dressed in full uniform) round the neck; and many began to laugh: but the working of nature cannot be suppressed; the lieutenant felt it no disgrace to be born of honest, though poor parents; and the rich feeling of filial love flowed without restraint. That moment was perhaps one of the happiest of his life. He thought only of his mother, and repaid her caresses with interest. The scene was truly affecting. The rising laugh was entirely subdued, and many a furrowed cheek was moistened by a tear. It taught an useful lesson to the young officers, who witnessed the affectionate emotion of the parent and the dutiful conduct of the son. Peace be to their memory! The diamond will sparkle, however roughly set; and if to snatch from oblivion one example worthy of imitation be meritorious—but there, 'tis only my duty, and I arn't much skilled in *simper-thetics*. The lieutenant was worthy of his teacher, for never was there a nobler soul than Ned's. He was a great favourite with Nelson (and died in the *Victory* on the self-same day), though the hero was more attached to Sykes than any of us, and mayhap he deserved it. Now for Sam Spritsail: Poor Sam was a light-hearted easy-going blade, never without a smile—indeed,

they said he was born laughing. Blow high, blow low, 'twas all the same to him: but he didn't stop long in the ship; he was picked out for the long-shore party that was to go bush-fighting with the French. Well, d'ye see, one of the officers of the C——, not knowing the cut of his jib, and being unaccustomed to see a man always happy under every privation, took it into his head one day that Sam was ridiculing him, and so he ordered the boatswain's mate to give him a starting with a rope's end. This almost broke his heart. 'Twas the first blow he had ever received in a man-of-war; and the deep indignity so preyed upon his mind, as almost to stupify him. A day or two afterwards the party received orders to storm a fort near Capua, and Sam prepared to do his duty; but there was a listless indifference in his manner, that ill accorded with his former spirit. They advanced to the attack, and a very smart scrummaging took place; but a fresh body of troops poured in, and the boarding party were compelled to retreat. The lieutenant (the same as had ordered the punishment) behaved most gallantly, and kept in the wake of his men, while they were retreating. On turning an angle of the battery, the enemy opened upon 'em with a long twenty-four pounder that did very great execution, and Mr.——, at the second fire, fell. Sam, in an instant, hove all aback. He saw the officer fall—his daring intrepidity returned—and he rounded to, to pick him up. He did not know who it was at first; but, when he looked on his face, resentment for a moment deadened the feelings of generosity and humanity, so that he returned several paces after his shipmates. The French were close upon them. In a few minutes the wounded man would have been in their power. Again Sam looked round, rushed back to the spot, and, stooping to raise the lieutenant from the ground, received a mortal wound in the chest, and fell upon him. The last effort of struggling nature roused him up; he sprang upon his feet, lifted the officer in his arms, and ran towards his companions, who faced instantly about, resolved either to succour him or perish. He reached their centre, gently laid his burden down, faintly uttered 'I have done my duty!' and expired. The whole detachment paused for an instant, then came to the charge, drove back their pursuers, and in another half hour the British union waved on the ramparts of the fort. Where could there be a death more glorious? and if his memorial should meet the eye of any who were present on that day, they will shed a tear of grateful remembrance, and glory in poor Sam. After he left us, his berth was filled up by Jack Junk, a



sly old codger, with a comical nose, a half squint with one eye and a whole squint with the other, so that he could see half a dozen ways at once. He was a famous hand to look out for a fleet, and none could beat him at making signals;—why he could use two spy-glasses at once. Jack had been shipmate along with Billy C——, him as played Lord H—— the trick with the goose,—and that warn't the old one. At the short peace, Billy (who always messed with the admiral when at home) axed leave of absence from the house to go and visit some of his family relations that lived down to the northward. Now Lord H——'s moorings were very near Portsmouth; so the old gemman, in the goodness of his heart, granted his request, and gave him a liberty ticket for fifty pounds, and a fine clean-going, neat-rigged, bay horse to carry him. Away posts Bill for London, intending to stop only one night, and then haul his wind for Yorkshire; but somehow or other he fell asleep and forgot it, for not a step did he start from London while a guinea was left. He made all sneer again as long as it lasted, and then away went the bay horse, (shoved up the spout, as they call it,) and Billy carried on the war like a Trojan. But his time and his cash nearly expired together; so he takes his place outside the Portsmouth coach, and leaves bay horse to pay damages. Well, just as they got to Post-down hill he 'lighted, and, seeing a grey beast at pasture in a field, he gets a piece of two-inch rope, whips it over the neck, and rode home to his lordship's stables. 'Well, Mr. C——, I hope you found all your friends hearty, eh?'—'Quite so, my lord, quite so.'—'And how's the bay horse? I hope you have behaved well to him?'—'Yes, my lord, he's the first of his family that ever fared so well; but there's a wonderful fun-nony-me happened to him. Would you believe it, my lord, that he took fright at a bunch of turnips that was flung over a hedge, and, after running over a chimney-sweep, turned as grey as a badger?'—'Wonderful!' cried his lordship; 'I must see him immediately;' and off they set for the stables. 'Well, I declare this is astonishing, Mr. C——! The creature is indeed grey; but,' said his lordship, adjusting his spectacles, 'but there is something more surprising yet, Mr. C——; why such a thing was never heard of before! I protest, as I am a living man, the fright has been so great, that it has turned the bay horse into a grey mare!'

## THE BARGE'S CREW.

### CHAPTER III.

'Then stretch out and pull away, jolly boys,  
At the mercy of Fortune we go ;  
We're in for it now,—'tis a folly, boys,  
To be down-hearted, yo ho !'

LET me see—let me see—who was the last man? Oh, ay, Jack Junk, Billy C——, and the grey mare; and that reminds me too that the grey mare is often the better horse;—ax Sir——, else which on 'em carries the admiral's flag? But I sharn't spin my yarn to-day, though I've got Junk to work upon, if I don't turn the winch better. Jack Junk was a man-of-war's man every inch of him. He was brought to bed—no, no, I mean born in an arm-chest, cradled in a frigate, rocked by the billows, and nursed by the captain of the fore-castle. He soon came to be a plaything for all hands, quaffed his grog and chewed his pigtail like an angel. As soon as he could speak, the boatswain's mate tutored him in the vulgar tongue, taught him to wind his whistle, and whistle to the wind. At six years of age he had larned to read from the lids of bacca-boxes; and then he served as powder-monkey under Hawke, and took to squinting because he would watch two guns at the same time, but he supplied his own the best. His head-sheets were flattened in by a spent wad. Well, he went through the usual gradations, from boatswain's boy to quarter-master, and always did his duty like a Briton. Jack's in Greenwich now, (for he lost his arm in Duckworth's action in the West Ingees,) and we often cuff away an hour talking about the barge and old times. Alongside of him, upon the same thwart,

was Jem Headfast, a steady old boy, who had been round the other side of the world, and outside of the world, along with Cook. Many a mid-watch he's kept our ports open listening to his tales about their discoveries off Cape Flyaway, and drinking grog with the man in the moon; how he married the Princess Lotochewquanquischechino, sister to King Longtomjackjemjerryjoe, at one of the Society Isles; how he converted them all, and was going to be made head chief, when the captain catch'd him, and give him two dozen for running away; how the giants at Paddygonia were fifteen feet high, and carried their heads under their arms; how the New Zealanders were savages, and ate human flesh, and he called them Anthonypopinjays, I think; or some such name; how kind all the ladies were at the Sandwich Isles; and last, how poor Cook was killed. Jem had a kindly heart, and after weathering many a gale and fighting many a battle, he was wrecked in the *St. George*, 98, upon the coast of Jutland; but his life was saved. 'That was a dreadful night indeed (said Jem); our ship lay straggling upon her beam-ends, groaning and writhing like a giant in the agonies of death, and the darkness which surrounded us was the darkness of the grave. Oh with what anguish we heard the shrieks and cries of our messmates as they buffeted with the waves, and saw their dark forms for a moment while struggling on the white foam of the billows! and then the sea closed over them, and they sank to rise no more! The jury-masts were gone, and every hope had vanished. Hundreds had been washed away by the breakers that beat over us, and the ship could not be expected to hold together much longer. It was determined to get the admiral upon deck, for he had retired, as every exertion was unavailing. I and another descended through the sky-light into the cabin; the lamp was still burning, and threw its dim rays so as just to lighten up the gloomy scene. The admiral sat in his chair, which was lashed to the deck, his arms folded on the table, and his head resting on them. He raised himself as we approached; but never shall I forget the countenance. He was a father—he was a husband—and his heart fainted within him. Only those who have been in danger like ours can tell the nature of the feelings of such a moment, when every blast is the seaman's knell, and every wave a summons to eternity. He did not fear to die, but he thought of the anguish of those whom he should never see again. I yet see before my eyes the sickly paleness of his face and

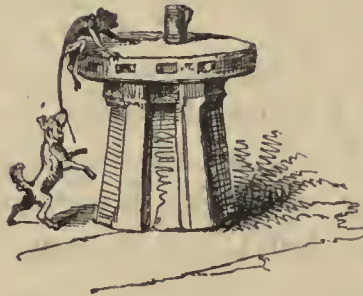
the agitation of his look. We slung him, with a couple of ropes under the arms, and he was hoisted upon deck. The officers who remained assisted to secure him to the stump of the mizen-mast. A lantern was brought, and the few survivors who were near, clinging to whatever they could hold by, crowded round, and joined in the prayers which were read by one of the officers. Oh! what a moment was that, when every heart poured forth its petition in fervency of spirit, while Death was waiting to receive his prey! Before the officer had closed his book, and while the "Amen" yet trembled on their lips, a wild shriek was heard from forward. The wave came like a huge mountain, curling its monstrous head, sparkling with foam, which rendered it more horrible in the blackness of the night: it struck the ship, rending her fore and aft, and engulfed us in its dark abyss. There was a loud yell—it grew fainter—and all was hushed but the howling of the gale and the roaring of the billows. Myself and eleven others alone were saved.' Poor Jem, however, was reserved for another fate; for, at the close of the war, he became an out-pensioner; but, still desirous of braving the ocean, he shipped in a West Ingee-man, and made two or three voyages; but the last trip they were taken by the pirates, and all hands murdered. Jem used to come and visit us old hulks at Greenwich; and one day he told us a rum story of a north-country lad, apprenticed to a Newcastle-man. 'D'ye see, (says Jem,) we were laying just below the dock-gates at Blackwall, waiting for water in, when a collier brig brought up, and swung alongside of us; and, having nothing much to do, we went below to dinner. Well, aboard comes one of their apprentices to beg a little sugar. Taking off his hat, he preferred his petition to a huge baboon of the captain's, dressed in a blue jacket and trowsers, with a great furry cap, that was seated on a cask upon the quarter-deck. Jacko took no notice of him, except to grin a bit, while the poor fellow kept booing and booing, like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in the play; but, finding all his requests were disregarded, he came forward, and was descending the fore-scuttle, when we demanded what the lad wanted, and whether he couldn't find any body upon deck? "Eh, (says Jock,) I saw the auld gentleman of a mate aft there—a deadly sulky-looking sort of a body too, but he would nae answer me."—"Hush (says the boatswain,) he'll hear you. That isn't the mate, but a passenger we brought home from the island of

Jamaica. He's a very rich sugar-baker, but dreadfully cross and spiteful—we're all afraid of him."—"Eh, be good unto us! (returned the simple lad;) are all the sugar-bakers like unto him? They must be a main comical set!" He was directed to go down the half-deck and take a little out of a cask; but he wouldn't attempt it till one of his companions descended with him. "Eh, Jammie, (says the first,) did you nae see the ootlandish passenger body sitting aft on the quarter-deck?"—"Na, Jock, (replied the other,) wha was it?"—"I dinna ken, but they tellit me he was a sugar-baker from Jemakee; but such an ugly cat-faced looking—Eh, sir! (taking off his hat on observing the monkey grinning at 'em down the hatchway, as if listening)—Eh, sir, 'twas nae you we were talking about, but anither gentleman, a sugar-baker in Soonderland. Eh, sir, we would nae offend your coontenance for the warld!" However, no persuasions could induce them to come on deck till they were convinced the gentleman passenger had forgiven them, and gone quietly to his cabin.'

Upon the next thwart was Joe Henderson, him as is now boatswain of the yacht building at Woolwich. Joe was a hair-brained careless fellow, but open and free-hearted; ready for any thing, so that it did but promise mischief. He was in the *Triumph* at the mutiny, and was bow-man of the barge. Well, when Sir E—— left the ship, the boat landed at Sallyport, and Joe runs out the gang-board, while he observed a rough-looking captain waiting on the beach, who hailed their old skipper with "Good morning, Sir Erasmus, good morning."—"Good morning, Captain E——, (replied Sir Erasmus;) I understand you are appointed to the *Triumph*, and I am very sorry to say you will have a set of mutinous scoundrels to deal with."—"Never fear, Sir Erasmus, I am as mutinous as any of them, and I have no doubt they will speedily discover it." So after shaking hands he jumped into the boat, and they pulled aboard. Well, the hands were turned up, the commission was read, and every one expected a speech, and a speech they had. "I'll tell you what it is, my men: I would advise you to keep a sharp look-out, or I'll hang one half of you." This made them feel comical; and, as soon the boatswain's mate piped down, a meeting was summoned to know whether they shouldn't send him ashore

again; but an old quarter-master advised to try him first, for, says he, "I knows the gemman—he came in at the hawse-holes, and understands what a seaman is; therefore it arn't fair to shove him out of the cabin windows." This settled it, and they never had cause to repent of their delay. But I haven't time to tell you more now; however, I'll try and recollect something else about Joe and Captain E——, and the old Triumphs, as, d'ye see, they are all connected with the Barge's Crew.'

*Captain Elington's account  
of the Triumph*



## THE BARGE'S CREW.

### CHAPTER IV.

'All on board of a man-of-war.'

So, as I was a-saying, Joe Henderson pulled the bow oar in the Triumph's barge, and a worthier fellow or a better seaman never handled a boat-hook: he was one of them that played ould Solomon the trick when shop, watches, trinkets, and all, went flying down the fore-hatchway; and that he used to call a 'jew de spree.' But you should see him now, in his boatswain's uniform, with his white locks flowing over his shoulders, and his smiling face as full of fun and frolic as a boy of sixteen. Well, d'ye see, after the captain had been aboard some time, and they began to find him strict and generous, firm and humane, things went on more comfortable; but the spirit of disaffection warn't wholly subdued. Sir Erasmus had been much beloved by all hands, and they wanted him to remain in the ship, but he would'nt; indeed, he had hardly severity enough to keep 'em in subjection: besides, the people did'nt like his favourite, one of the lieutenants, for, d'ye see, he would lay a man *low* for only looking at him; and then he used to come prowling round the decks after the lights were put out, and the watch below turned in, to listen to their confabulations; and so they christened him the Rat-catcher. At first, the fleet laid their complaints before Lord Howe; but somehow or other the old gemman did'nt think 'em worth notice, and consequently they were wholly unattended to. Well, d'ye see, the barge's crews used to assemble at the Sallyport, after landing their captains; and then *we*—that is, the crews, but you know what I mean—would overhaul accounts and haul over the admiral; and that began the communication with the delicat<sup>x</sup>.

At last, finding that our grievances

*Delegates*

were disregarded, the fleet determined, as a last resource, not to go to sea till all was settled. I remembers, as if it was but yesterday, the signal was made by ould Bridport in the Royal George to prepare for sailing. It was Easter Sunday, seven-and-twenty years ago. Up went Numbers 154 to the mast head, and up went the ships' companies into the rigging and along the gangways to give 'em three cheers. The Queen Charlotte's began first, indeed they were always foremost in the fray; but, poor fellows, most of 'em perished a year or two afterward, when the ship was burnt, up the Mediterranean. The Queen Charlotte's, as I said, began first, and the rest of the fleet soon followed the example. There warn't so many let into the secret of the mutiny as was at first imagined; but then they were chiefly petty officers and able seamen, who possessed a strong influence over all hands, fore and aft. Many of the men, when they first heard the cheering, came running up on deck, and axed what was the matter. After it broke out, it was a curious sight to watch the looks of the seamen, and notice the conduct of the officers. Yet those who had exercised mercy were mercifully and generously treated. Some of the men would stand with their arms folded, rummaging upon what they done, with countenances 'more in sorrow than in anger,' seeming to think their fate was sealed, yet feeling more for their messmates than themselves. Others, with bold fronts, would brave the consequences, and dare the worst, though you might frequently catch their eye taking a broadside glance at the yard-rope, with the hangman's noose at the end. On the main-deck might be seen two or three eyeing a group of talkers with the utmost suspicion, and stealing by degrees toward them to catch hold of their discourse. But the fore-castle was the principal resort, and all the various workings of the mind might be traced—from undaunted recklessness to sickness of heart: here the hardy boatswain's mate vociferated his oaths, turned his quid, and cracked his joke, insensible to danger; there the more placid, yet not less firm, quarter-master, leaned over the nettings, looking towards the shore in all the distraction of thought;—wife, children, friends, honour, life, seemed hanging by a breath. Thus it continued for several days, till all hands found they were tarred with the same brush, and swore to live or die together. As soon as the news reached the Admiralty there was all confusion, and they eagerly made so many offers, that we doubted their sincerity. Billy Pitt at first affected to turn up his nose, but he soon



altered, and tried to smooth us down: howsomever, we had laid our anchor to windward, and couldn't be easily persuaded to weigh it again till redress and damnification were spliced to the buoy-rope. About a week afterward, several of the admirals assembled on board the Queen Charlotte; and Sir Allan G—— *Gardner* indulged in such invectives and threats, that it only exasperated the people, and made 'em stick closer by one another. I was alongside, waiting for the delicates of the ——, and ould Sir Allan spun into his boat like a cockchafer, glad to escape from the anger of the men. What, though we were mutineers, we warn't traitors: if the enemy had put to sea, we were ready to go out and fight for our king and country to the last gasp; and there warn't a man in the whole fleet but what would have cheerfully nailed the colours to the mast, and gone down with 'em flying; but then we were oppressed, and every body knew it. Howsomever, the differences at last were tolerably clinched, and, in the beginning of May, Bridport again hoisted 154. But still doubts remained among the men that Billy Pitt would be down upon 'em before long, and the promises were only a pretence to get them to sea; so one and all refused to obey, till they had called a convention on board the London, 98: Sir John C—— *Collier* had his flag at the fore in her, and he resolved to prevent their meeting by resistance; so he draws up the marines, and points two of the quarter-deck carronades down below. The men, however, persisted; the guns were fired, and several killed; but the admiral and officers were compelled to surrender. A council of war was called, and the delicates met in the great cabin; the platform was rigged out on the forecastle, the yard-rope rove, and the signal made for all boats to attend execution. In about half an hour the —— was brought, and the noose put over his head; a death-like stillness prevailed; the boats laid upon their oars; and an agonizing suspense was visible upon the agitated faces of the seamen: the gangways and ports of the fleet were crowded, but not a voice was heard; at last an indistinct murmur arose as the —— kneeled down to bid farewell to time, and make his peace with Heaven; the spirits of those who had just suffered death had already flown to the presence of their Maker, and now his was about to confront them before that Judge from whose decision there is no appeal. The bitterness of nature, struggling with its fond affections, was apparent on the ——'s face; but in a few moments all was undaunted serenity and calm resignation. The murmurs rose higher, and many

a furrowed countenance—many a sun-burnt cheek—was moistened with the rich drops of generous sympathy.

Several minutes elapsed, when Joyce, of the 'Royal George,' called the delicats aft into the cabin, and begged them to suppress their passions. 'Shipmates, (said he,) this has gone too far; what can we promise ourselves by the destruction of an old man? what advantage shall we obtain by it? Believe me, it will be a mark of disgrace upon a blue jacket as long as it shall continue to be worn. No, let us rather send 'em ashore, and wash our hands from blood: he obeyed his instructions, and has only done his duty.' Accordingly they proceeded to the forecastle, and communicated their decision to the —. He heard the commencement, that his life was spared, and then dropped down like a stone; but he recovered in an instant, and shortly afterward went ashore. The men that were killed were also landed, and a grand and mournful sight it was; never was such a scene exhibited in Portsmouth before nor since: the ships' companies went in procession, with the colours hung with black crape, and saw the bodies laid in the ground in Kingston churchyard, where a monument was afterward erected over them. It was a sight that would have drawn tears from the most obdurate heart. Well, Lord Howe at last settled the business, and came round the fleet, attended by his lady and some great gentlemen; and when they landed, the delicats hoisted his lordship upon their shoulders, and carried him up to the house, where they dined with the admiral and a large party. Up went 154; again the anchors were weighed, and the fleet sailed under Bridport to cruise for the enemy. But to return to the Triumph; the lieutenant was lash'd upon a grating, with a pig for a coxswain, and towed ashore on to South Sea Beach, where he was left to his cogitations. The ship after this was ordered to join Duncan's fleet, then looking out after Mynheer in the North Sea; and the crew petitioned to have grog sarved out, but Capt. E— refused, as there were several butts of beer down in the hold, which, however, belonged to the people as arrears. But beer warn't grog; and so they hoisted the butts up in the hatchway, and stove in the heads. The captain was in a mortal rage, as well he might be; but Tom Tackle was half mad, for he well knew how many gills went to a gallon. Several of the ringleaders were punished at the gangway, and two of them (Johnson and Freeman) were put in irons to be

*Upsing*

tried for mutiny. Well, just about this time they fell in with the Dutch fleet, and all the prisoners were released and sent to their quarters, where they lathered the ould Hercule, and made him think he'd got on the fiery shirt again. Every body knows who gained the victory, and how well the Triumph behaved under that bold dauntless leader, Capt. E——, (who was himself wounded,) and how they extinguished the flames on board of their opponent; but poor Freeman lost both his legs, and Johnson was severely hurt; howsoever, they reached Yarmouth, and were sent with the wounded to the hospital. As soon as duty and his own state would permit, away went the skipper to visit them, for he was equally humane as brave. There lay poor Freeman in very great pain; so the captain soothed him, and talked to him just like a brother, while the tears stood in his eyes, for he'd a feeling heart. 'Ay, ay, (said he,) Freeman, the loss of your legs has saved your life; for I should have hung you to a certainty, notwithstanding the battle.'—'No, sir, (replied Freeman,) the gunner's sponge wipes out all faults; for, if a man does his duty in action, it clears him from the charge of mutiny; and I think, sir, I have done mine.'—'Well, well, my brave lad, make your mind easy; you acted nobly, and I'll be a friend to you as long as I live;'—and so he was, for his word was always his bond. Mrs. E—— was a great favourite too with all hands; and the honourable conduct of her husband did him infinite credit. One day, the captain, his wife, and the chaplain, Mr. Kirk, went in the barge for a little excursion on shore at Torbay. There warn't water enough to get the boat close in, nor for the gang-board to reach the beach; so the captain was mounted first upon the shoulders of two men, who carried him safe to land; next came the lady, (no very *light* task,) but she soon got footing. Then followed the chaplain, sitting astride the bowman's shoulders, as he would in his ammunition pulpit, but full of fear and trembling. The captain laughed heartily, and roared out, 'Down, Parson Henderson, for half a gallon.' Down dropped Joe, with the parson a-top of him; and there they rolled in the mighty waters, the chaplain like a second Jonah, looking out for the whale. At last he stood on *terror firmer*, (as you larned gemmen calls firm land,) but up to his middle in brine, and in a pretty pickle you may be sure. He was not only *chap-lain*, but *chap-fallen*; and, to complete his chapter of accidents, a chap-let of sea-weeds very unceremoniously twisted round his neck, and

moored him stem and stern. In vain the parson endeavoured to pass-on—there his wreck-tor-ship stuck fast, and roared in a clear-i-call manner. But to see the captain—he laughed till his sides shook; while Joe dived like a *duck* out of the way. At last, Mrs. E—— implored some of the Barge's Crew to rescue him from his perilous situation; so two or three jumped over-board, and cleared the doctor of Dive-in-it-he from his bands. My eyes, what a rage he was in! He swore—no, he didn't swear either—but his reverence was in a terrible passion; however, the captain ordered the coxswain to pull hastily aboard with Mr. Kirk, and promised to wait for him on the beach while he changed his dress. Well, just as the boat was shoving off, Joe look'd at the captain, and touched his hat—a well-known signal. 'Ay, ay, (says the captain, for he understood it,)—ay, ay, go to my steward and get the rum; and, I say, parson, a little drop wouldn't do you any harm; so wet inside as well as out, man, eh.' Off they pulled; but Joe kept clear of the eccles-i-a-stick, for fear he should get a thrashing; and, when they got aboard, the stuff was shared out among the Barge's Crew.



## THE BARGE'S CREW.

### CHAPTER V.

' We always are ready—steady boys, steady—  
To fight and to conquer again and again.'

UPON the next thwart pulled Topi Fid, who was afterward up the Mediterranean with the gallant Sir S—— S——, and then he was in his glory ; for never boy loved play half so much as Sir S—— did bush-fighting. Tom soon displayed his abilities in daring acts of intrepidity, and was made coxswain ; after which they managed matters famously betwixt 'em. Many a night they would be pulling along shore with their oars muffled, to have a brush with the enemy ; and there was always a great degree of romantic feeling in their enterprises, that considerably heightened the interest, while the enchanting scenery on the coast of Italy increased the sentiments almost to a pitch of enthusiasm. One night the boats were close to the beach, when a French trooper came riding down full speed into the water, and hailed them. Up jumped the captain and answered him in his own lingo, and so they had a long parley woo, and then away scampered the sodger as fast as the horse could lay his heels to the ground. ' Launch there !' cried Sir S——, as soon as the fellow was out of hearing. ' Sir,' replied the officer. ' Load your cannonade with grape and canister. Let the pinnace and green cutter take you in tow, and keep close to the barge. Have the marines ready to land, and be silent.' When these orders had been issued, they pulled smartly for about ten minutes ; not a breath ruffled the bosom of the ocean—it lay like a clear mirror reflecting the dazzling gems that sparkled in the blue expanse of heaven ; and, as the boats swept along the bay, the huge masses of rock frowned in darkness and grandeur upon them ; while the thick embowering forests above added sublimity to the scene, and filled the mind of

the sailor with reverential and superstitious awe. Not a sound was heard but the measured sweep of the oars as they dipped in the briny element, leaving behind a track of brilliancy and light. 'Oars,' cried the captain, and the boat's crew remained motionless with their oars parallel with the water while the other boats pulled up. Tom waved his hand when they were tossed perpendicularly, and the little squadron rowed alongside. 'Mr. B——,' said Sir S—— to the lieutenant in the pinnace, but loud enough for all hands to hear him, 'Mr. B——, Fortune befriends us this evening; a convoy is expected about midnight with a strong escort, both by sea and land. Have you seen any thing of the frigate's boats?'—'No, sir; I don't think they can have left the ship yet.' 'Well, well, we must do our best alone.' At this moment the splash of distant oars was heard, and eager expectation was pictured on every countenance—all longing for the affray. A death-like silence prevailed among the party, and every ear was bent to catch the direction of the sound; but it was so confusedly echoed among the deep ravines and broken crags on the shore, that it was impossible to determine. Scarce a breath was drawn, while all eyes were strained gazing round the verge of the horizon. 'I see 'em, sir,' whispered Tom, as he inclined his head close to the captain's, and extended his arm to point them out; 'there they come, sir; stand by, my boys, and—' 'Silence!' said Sir S——; 'this cannot be what we want, it is too early; beside, there is only one.' Every eye looked toward the spot, as the dark body emerged from the gloom, throwing aside the spray glistening in luminous brightness. The vessel was rowing in a course without the boats, so that she might have passed on and not have seen them; but, just at the time she got nearly abreast, three dark specks were observed coming in from sea. 'Mr. B——,' said the captain, softly, jump into the cutter, and reconnoitre the strangers in the offing, while I board the enemy in shore; wait, however, till you conjecture I am alongside, before you shove off, and on no account fire, or suffer any noise to be made which can give the least alarm.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the officer; 'and if they're the frigate's boats?'—'Then lead them down to me. Now, my lads (addressing the Barge's Crew), we must carry that vessel without firing, for, if those are not the frigate's boats, no doubt they will fall in with her, and then my schemes will be blown up. Bend to your oars, my boys, and stretch out.' A simultaneous low whispering 'Ay, ay, sir,' was the only reply; to which, however, Tom added 'We'll stretch

'em out presently, I warrant; give way, my sons of thunder!' and instantly the barge cut through the yielding element, tracking her wake with dazzling foam. When they had got the stranger a-beam they struck off directly from the shore toward her, and discovered their opponent to be a large gun-boat. Sir S—— hailed them in French; the noise of the oars ceased, and the hail was returned. 'They take us for one of their own row-boats,' said the captain in a low voice, cocking a pistol with his right hand as he loosened his cloak with the left. 'Steer for his quarter, coxswain; and, as soon as I get on the deck, and the sweeps are in motion, all hands spring on board except the two bowmen. Have your pistols ready, but do not use them unless through absolute necessity: the cutlass must decide it this time.' In a few minutes the orders were punctually obeyed. Sir S—— mounted the quarter, wrapp'd in his boat-cloak, and began to converse with the officer. The oars again were plied, when Tom and his brave crew suddenly appeared on the deck, and rushed among the Frenchmen. Sir S—— put his pistol to the lieutenant's breast, and ordered him to surrender: the astonished officer readily complied; and, after a short but sharp struggle, the vessel was carried with only a few wounds given and received on both sides. 'Here's more of them bearing down, sir,' said Tom; 'shall I salute 'em?'—'No, no, let them come! secure the prisoners;' but Tom was deceived, for they proved to be the pinnace, with the frigate's boats in company, and in a short time the gun-boat was towed alongside the launch. All was bustle and preparation—the prisoners were divided among the boats, and threatened with destruction if they made any stir, while a party was selected to man the prize. Sir S—— now addressed all hands, and told them that the French trooper had mistaken him for a countryman on the look-out for the convoy, as the shore was expected to be lined with armed vessels and row-boats. That a valuable convoy was to pass by land under an escort of artillery and cavalry, and protected by a flotilla. This it was their duty, and he knew it was their inclination, to intercept: two divisions were instantly formed, one for the shore and the other for the boats. 'I hope your honour won't think me pertinent,' says Tom, 'for, as for the matter o' that, I'd rather be dumb-founded than offend your honour; but the leadsman, you know, is always the best judge of the depth of water any how, and so, your honour—' 'Well, well, be brief,' replied the captain.—'Why, your honour, as to being brief, there's nobody can tax me with that, at

any rate, seeing as how I don't know what it means; but I was just going to say that about a quarter of a mile a-head there, just under that bluff point, there's a capital spot upon the beach, a sort of No Man's Land, just atwixt wind and water, where we might cut 'em off, and nobody be the wiser.' Tom's suggestion was attended to: the boats moved toward the place, and Sir S—— landed. Here the men were posted behind a jutting rock, extending nearly to the water's edge, and rendering the passage so narrow that not more than three horsemen could pass abreast. The boats were to wait for a signal, and then, after discharging two or three rounds at the cavalry, they were to engage the flotilla at close quarters. Scarcely had the necessary arrangements been completed, when the dashing of oars and the trampling of horses gave notice of the enemy's approach. Sir S——, with Tom at his elbow, mounted the rock, where they could plainly distinguish the convoy passing beneath them. When they had advanced far enough for one half to lay exposed to the shore party, and the other to the boats, Sir S—— discharged his pistol, and immediately a most destructive fire commenced from all hands both on land and afloat. The flotilla fired in the same direction; and, while their shots passed over the boats, they fell upon their own people, and did considerable execution. The shore party, led by their brave captain, took possession of the pass: all was instantly confusion among the French; their escort was divided, and they made the best use of their heels, leaving the waggons and part of the artillery behind. This conquest was hardly effected, when a rude figure, with appearance scarcely human, rushed from among the rocks, and, grasping the captain's arm, hailed him as a deliverer. In another minute or two a whole band of desperadoes followed, and pursued the flying troops: their leader, I forget his name, but they used to call him Fry-de-devil\* or some such happy-lation, was known to Sir S——; and he it was who spoke to him. While this rumpus was passing ashore the boats were not idle; they dashed intrepidly among the flotilla, and bore down all opposition. As soon as they had secured one vessel her gun was directly turned against the rest; but the struggle was very arduous, from the great force of the enemy. The barge had boarded the commodore, who was the largest of all the vessels; but they found more than treble their number to oppose them, and one after the other fell bleeding on the deck:

\* Frère de diable.



still they fought with a determined resolution to die rather than yield. Where was Tom? one of his wild shouts would have inspired them with fresh confidence, and renewed their vigour; but hope seemed almost to abandon them as they desperately continued their exertions, though with a diminished force. At this moment, when valour appeared unavailable, that exhilarating sound so dear to every seaman's heart, three British cheers, resounded alongside. 'Ware hawse,' roared Tom, as he sprung upon the deck brandishing his cutlass; 'here I am, my Britons; don't leave a man to find the number of his mess again—Hurrah!' and he rushed into the thickest of the fight, followed by the cutter's crew. The Frenchmen defended themselves bravely, showing the most determined resistance, when another boat boarded on the bow, and Sir S—— himself headed the party. The two captains met, and science was called into action by both; but, at the second lunge, Sir S——'s sword passed through the Frenchman's body, and he fell. Before the captain could disengage his weapon a tall fellow raised himself on the dead bodies, and made a desperate thrust at him with a pike; but Tom parried it with admirable skill, and the next minute the man laid by the side of his commander; the remainder were driven below, and the prize secured. The victory was complete; the captured vessels were towed to the station, and prize-crews put on board; after which, with a fair breeze, they steered out for the offing. Tom and his captain landed; and the party collected the waggons together, and overhauled the booty. Fry-de-devil and his band joined them; and, after every man had helped himself to what he pleased, the horses were shot and the waggons burned. The Guerrillas returned to their mountains, and Sir S——, with his brave fellows, pulled off to the ship.

## HORSE-MAN-SHIP.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.'

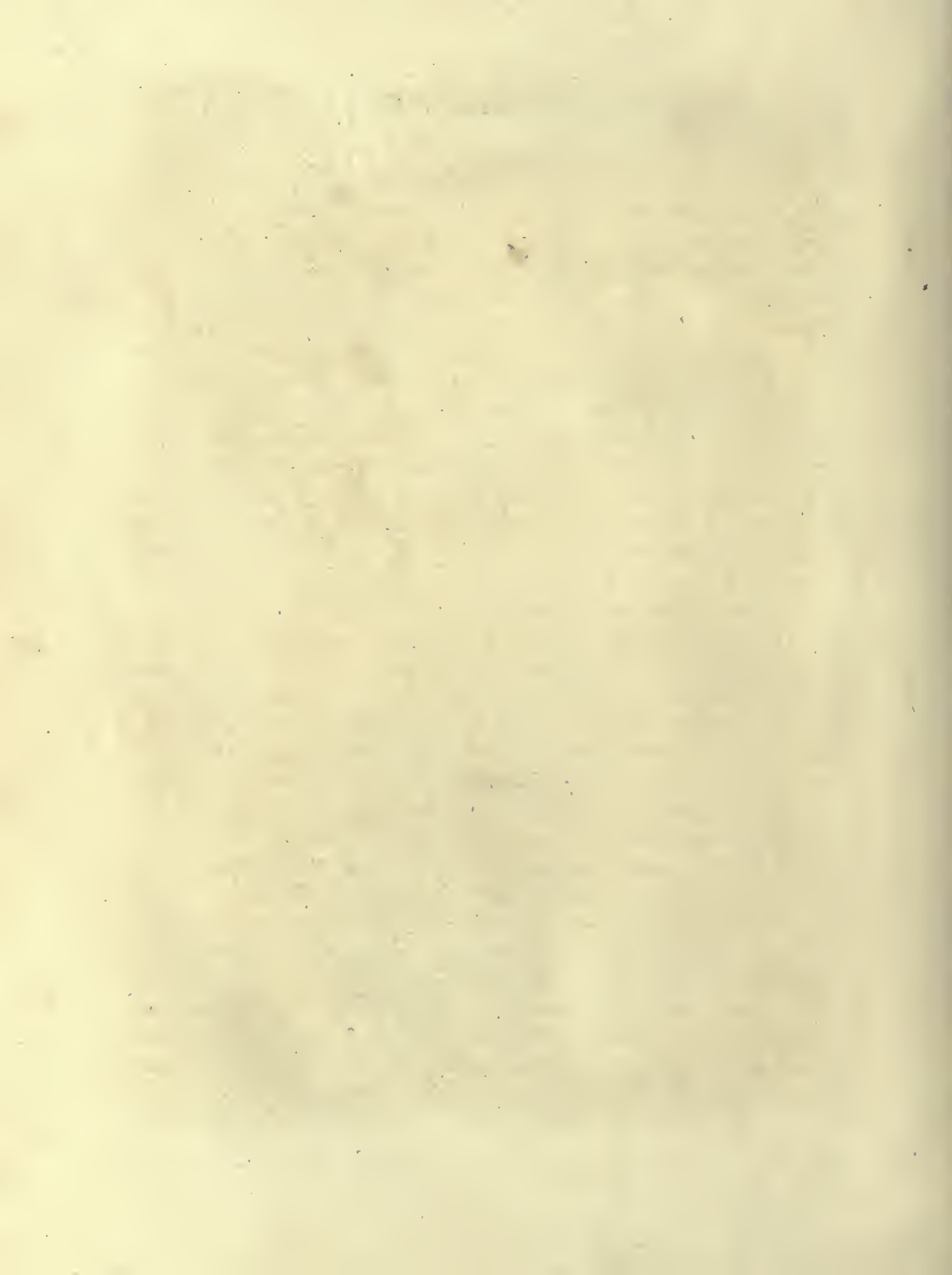
- - - **WHY** as for the matter o' that, (said old Jem Breeching, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and preparing to recharge,)—as for the matter o' that, I've had all sorts of acquaintances, from Bet Blowsey, the bum-boat woman, down to the Duke of Wellington; ay, and I've been among 'Royals' too. Why, there was the Duke of C——, him as took command in the Downs at the first of the peace, when all the hemp-he-roars and kings came to pay our honour'd majesty a visit under that 'ere thing-um-eye they 've got at Woolwich now, for a rot-under. There was a sight! We wouldn't look at your common lords and ladies then. I remember old Blue-cheer landing, and Play-'toff and the Prince of Easy-Humbug, for I belonged to the yacht that took old Loo-he-de-sweet to France; and so we saw 'em all for nothing. But, somehow or other, there warn't one to beat our own good old George; and then there was that lovely flower of British growth, our own dear Princess Charlotte, so like her royal grandfather. There, messmates, I won't say another word about it; I sees you're all affected. Some an you remembers the Countess of Elgin hired cutter, commanded by Mich C—ford, when Bobby H—— was master. Well, d'ye see, Mich was ashore at Deal, with his jib bowsed chock a block, and, turning the corner in Middle Street with fresh way, he come stem on, right into the duke's hull. 'Halloo! halloo! (exclaimed his royal highness,) what ship do you belong to?'—'No ship at all (*hiccup*), my lord—your majesty, I mean.' 'Do you know this officer?' inquired the duke, turning to Captain A——.' 'Know me! (said Mich, making another tack towards him,) ay, to be



S. C. Macdonald fecit

London, Ed. & Pub. by J. S. Robins & Co. 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999

A Witness - -



sure he does.'—'Tis the commander of the cutter,' said Captain A——. 'You're drunk, sir,' continued the duke. 'Beg your pardon (*hiccup*), your royal highness—I am as sober (*hiccup*) as a prince.'—'I say your're abominably drunk, sir.'—'Well, well, an't please your royal highness, I may be (*hiccup*) about half seas over.'—'Then, sir, my orders are that you keep half seas over for the next week to come; so go on board, get under weigh, and cruise at the back of the Goodwin till recalled.'—'Ay, ay, an't please your royal (*hiccup*) highness, I'll be off the Good-un directly;' and away he started. Poor Mich was a jovial fellow, but Death grappled him at last. He was a great favourite with all the captains, and obtained his commission partly through merit, and partly on account of a humorous poem address'd to the lords of the admiralty. I recollect once falling in with his vessel off the Texel. 'How are you, Mr. C——?' says our commander, hailing him. 'More troubled with the wind than the weather, sir, (replied C——,) for my *spirits* are terribly low. Can you spare me a few nervous drops?'—'Ay, ay; let's have something to put 'em in.'—'Thank ye sir, thank ye; I'll send my Joey (a three-gallon bottle to which he gave that name)—I'll send my Joey.' The boat was lower'd down, and Joey came aboard. The captain, without noticing its size, ordered the steward to fill it. 'What are you about there below, steward? (said the commander;) what makes you so long?'—'I harn't half filled the bottle yet, sir.'—'Not half filled it!—why how much does it hold?'—'Three or four gallons, sir.'—'Confound the fellow! Countess a-hoy! halloo!—I say, C—ford, if ever you send your Joey aboard of me again, and I don't break his neck, there's no snakes in Vir-ginny. Why he's nearly swallow'd all my grog!'

'Ah, (says old Ben Marlin,) them there were glorious times! But, howsoever, we are never satisfied. When we used to drink Malmsy Madeira out of a bucket, the toast was always "Better luck still." Touch the bell, Dick Wills.'—'Ay, ay,' says Dick, rattling the poker and tongs together. 'Landlord, (said Ben, as he enter'd,) it's a sad heart as never rejoices; and so, d'ye see, having received a present of rhino from an old friend, why bring us in a bucket of flip for all hands.' This was extremely welcome, and very gratefully acknowledged. The flip was brought. 'And now (says Ben) I'll tell you a rum story, that happened about twenty years ago, this very day. Why ay, that was one of the rummest rigs that ever I seed; zounds, it put all Portsmouth in a mutiny!—

‘Hoot, hoot! (said old Hameish,) dinna mak twa bobs at a cherry, mon, but gie’s the account, and let’s hae it wi’ muckle glee; only bearing in memorial that ’tis ane o’ the rules of this Saucyation that nae ane is to indulge i’ the flights o’ fancy, vulgo a lie, without its being barefaced, in contradistinction to the naked truth.’—‘Be aisey, Hameish, (says Teddy,) and don’t make a botheration. How can he lie while he sits? And as for lying at full length, och, don’t mention it—he’ll never do that again. Isn’t he getting as straight as a ram’s horn? Arrah, Ben, my darling, get on, and don’t stop; do the thing dacently—begin in the middle, and make both ends meet.’—“Why, d’ye see, (says Ben,) it was that ’ere time when most of the Channel fleet were at Spithead, and liberty-men were ashore every day. Well, the old Barfleur was going to be paid off; and what does we do, but determined to have a grand sheave-o before all hands separated. So we sends dispatches to Fareham to have a good dinner ready for us New Year’s Day, with oceans of grog and mountains of bacca; and so we muster’d that ’ere morning to the number of sixty or seventy, some on horses, some on donkeys; and as for chaises and gigs, there was a pretty set out. Well, we weighed with a foul wind from Capstan Square, and, after making a great many tacks, hove-to before the admiral’s, and saluted him with three hearty cheers. Harry Cole was mounted on a Jerusalem poney, that backed astern right through the window of a pastry-cook’s shop. There was a dish of flummery, pies, and tarts, rolled in all directions; it soon made a-bundance among the small fry—barbers and sweeps, bricklayers and tailors, my eyes! there was precious work! Well, old Harry dismounted, and, taking his hanimal on his shoulders, walks deliberately out, and sets him down in the street, ordering ’em to send in their bill, and he’d make good the damages. At last we clear’d the town, and formed the order of sailing in two divisions. Black Jackson, the captain of the main-top, commanded one, and Jem Crampton the other, and the wind coming favourable, the signal was made to crack on all sail. It was a fine sight to see the small craft scud out of our way, and the road was lined with speckt-tatoes to gaze at the fleet. Well, d’ye see, Tom Butt—you remembers Tom Butt, a comical crojack-eyed fellow, as dry as a biscuit when he was well soak’d? Tom Butt had got a dull sailer, that wouldn’t answer her helm, and so he and Jack Moberly, whose craft was every bit as bad, were left astern. Tom, thinking she was out of trim and too much by the head,

gets out of the saddle, and shifts ballast farther aft; that was worse, for his vessel lufft right up in the wind, came athwart Jack's bows, and capsized him in an instant; but that warn't the best of it: however, we had a glorious day, and next morning toss'd up our anchors for Portsmouth. Well, poor Jack Moberly was taken before the mayor by the rogue of a landlord that hired him the horse, and all hands attended as witnesses; indeed it made such a kick-up, that hundreds were in attendance outside the court. Jack, his face plastered and patched in all directions, was put to the bar, the landlord on his right, and Tom Butt on his left. 'Well, what is your complaint?' said Sir — C—ter. 'Why, please your worship, I hired this here fellow a horse—' 'Fellow! (says Jack,) who do you call fellow? I've got a collar to my shirt as well as you.' 'Don't interrupt him, my friend,' said the mayor. 'There, (replied Jack, slueing round to the landlord,) doesn't his honour call me friend?—and shiver my old tarry trowsers if I won't be a friend to your worship as long as you live!' 'Well, well, let the man go on.' 'So I hired him a horse.' 'That's a cracker (says Tom Butt), seeing as how it was no more like a horse than your honour, but a broken-back'd rattled-trap ould "mare"; and, belike your worship—' 'I must insist on one speaking at a time (said the mayor); and first let me hear the man's complaint.' 'Why, please your worship, they hired my mare; as capital a roader as ever was backed, thof I say it myself; she cost me—' 'But that has nothing to do with the concern,' exclaimed the magistrate. 'No, your worship: Well, yesterday they brings her back again, both knees broke, and her face cut to pieces, and so I threw her on his hands, to make good the loss, but they refuse to satisfy me.' 'What do you estimate the worth of the beast?' 'Thirty pound, your worship, and little enough too.' 'Well, my friend, and what have you to say to that?' 'Why, if you pleases (says Tom Butt), I'll overhaul the whole matter, for my messmate is rather taut bound about the upper works.' 'Let me hear it then as clear as possible.' 'Why, d'ye see, we met to have a bit of a jollification, as all hands were going to be drafted into different ships. Well, your worship, the fleet weigh'd from the town, and the commander-in-chief made the signal to make all possible sail, and so they crack'd on, that I and Jack here were left hull-down astern. Well, your honour, being willing to drag up with the rear squadron, we carried a taut press, but a sudden squall threw us slap aback, and Jack's vessel, being crazy and leaky

withal, turned the turtle with him, and, sure enough, stove in the animal's bows, and carried away part of Jack's cutwater, and sundry other damages. Well, 'twas a blessed thing that the squall did happen, for the fleet were obliged to shorten sail; and so some an 'em was ordered to take him in tow. As soon as the rain abated and the wind lull'd, they carried on, and we got to Fareham in good time. Jack Tempest made sail to the doctor's for six yards of plaster, and so we parcell'd and woulded the shiver'd parts in both the beast and my messmate, giving 'em a good lick of tar; and then we brought him to a court-martial for losing his ship, but after a close flistigation of the case, he was honourably quided, for it was fully—' At this moment there was a terrible rookery and noise outside the court.—' See what's the matter there,' said the mayor. The hubbub continued, and the officer returned with a report that it was some sailors had brought another witness. 'Let 'em come in,' says the magistrate. The doors were opened, and in came Joe James, leading the old mare. My eyes! there was a bobbery. The animal was strips of plaster from stem to starn, and looked in a state of starvation. I dare say the crows always followed her. Howsomever, Joe begins—"Look here, your worship, my messmate is in limbo for breaking this here creature's knees; now I say she ought to be clapp'd in limbo for breaking my messmate's face, for that ere genus there said she had been over the road hundreds of times: now Jack had never steered that course before; which ought to know best, your worship? But to prove the roguery of the thing, look, your worship, one bridle-port is fast jamm'd and bolted in her head, and the other hasn't been opened since. Then she had an ugly knack of stopping, and swinging one leg all manner of ways, like a dog-vane in a calm. We offered to make reparation, but he wouldn't agree to it, and swore he'd bring a *civil action* against Jack for the *recovery* of the beast. Whether this is a civil action to clap Jack in limbo I leave your worship to judge; and as for the recovery of the creature, didn't we try all we could to recover her? Didn't we fish her game-leg and do the needful? and hadn't she strong beer to drink, while all the rest had water? and didn't we bring her home in a coal-waggon, riding all the way? and if that warn't enough to recover her, why she'll never be better.' Old Joe's appeal, and the sight of the mare, did the business; we were ordered to pay five pounds and the doctor's bill, and then all hands adjourned to the Sally-port, where we drank success to the ould *mayor* of Portsmouth and the ould *mare* of Common-hard.



## CAPTAIN ROUGH'TREE.

' For manliness, merit, true friendship, and love,  
All in that gallant seaman unite,  
Who, while doing his duty, below or above,  
Is as ready to pardon as willing to fight.'

EY, ey! tyrants are generally cowards, and I've seen a good deal of it in my time. Unlimited power is a dangerous pre-rogue-ative in the hands of a young officer, or an old one either, if wanting humanity. Many a captain has become tyrannical through education under a tartar; but there were some whose natures would not suffer them to do an act of kindness, or forbear from one of cruelty, and these were the men—(no, not the men; for they possessed scarcely a manly attribute, so call 'em what you please)—that brought a discredit upon the service. Subordination is all very proper; 'tis what a good sailor loves, and, with a worthy commander, it proves his best protection. But for a poor fellow to be seized up to the gangway, and to get three or four dozen, from the mere caprice of his superior, because he has the power to inflict it, is barbarous and brutal in the extreme; and yet this was often done.

I remember once, when I was in the —, the captain came out after dinner to see 'em reef topsails; it was his general custom, and seldom an afternoon passed without flogging: by the same token, we could always calculate the extra glasses he had taken, from the number of dozen inflicted. Well, d'ye see, this afternoon my poor messmate, Jem Gantline, as captain of the main-top in the starboard watch, was hauling out the weather-earring, and, as the breeze was fresh, he was rather longer about it than pleased the captain, who instantly ordered him down, and swore he'd give him and the man next to him three dozen apiece. Jem knew that his commander had one quality, and that was, never deceiving them; for if he promised to punish, he was always sure to

perform it. My poor messmate was a high-spirited lad, one of the best seamen in the ship, and always did his duty. Not an officer, beside the captain, had ever given him an ill word; and perhaps that was one reason the latter constantly abused him. Jem had borne it with patience, though all hands could perceive it was breaking his heart. 'Come down here directly,' bellowed the captain, 'and I'll teach you to look smart: come down this instant.' The other man went; but Jem, who had hitherto escaped the cat, stood on the main-cap, leaning against the top-mast, with one hand to his forehead, seemingly undetermined how to act.

Again the captain roared for him to come down on deck: he descended into the top, and, looking over the top-rail, exclaimed, 'Captain ——, I have served his majesty, boy and man, upwards of fifteen years, and never yet had a lash upon my back. I did my best, sir; and would sooner die than be punished.' 'Sling that scoundrel directly, and send him out of the top,' cried the captain again, almost bursting with rage. But not a soul dared touch him. Even if they had felt an inclination, he was too strong built and powerful to be played with. All the top-men were threatened with vengeance, and the serjeant of marines, with two privates, were ordered aloft to force him at the point of the bayonet. Jem smiled with contempt, as he saw the soldiers creeping up the rattlins, though despair and anguish were struggling in his soul. Once more he hailed, 'Captain ——, spare me but the punishment; and I'll be on deck directly.' This was refused, when poor Jem snatched up the top-maul, threw the laniard round his neck, jumped upon the main-yard, and ran out to the lee yard-arm. Here he paused for a moment, while all hands gazed upon him with breathless anxiety. Not a word was uttered. He looked fore and aft at his shipmates, as if wavering in his purpose; but when his eye rested on the captain, he shook his clenched hand with desperate madness, and plunged into the wave. Every effort was made to save him; but Jem was gone for ever!

Thank God, such officers were not very numerous. I sailed in one ship for three years without ever seeing a cat used; and yet a smarter little vessel never sailed. Captain Roughtree was as brave a fellow as ever wore a head; but he'd 'a heart that could feel for another.' I was with him when he was only a lieutenant, in the American war; and then we were as often employed

on shore as aboard. One evening, after the troops had made an attack upon a town near the coast, a party from the ships was landed to bring off the wounded, and render assistance where it was required. From some unknown cause, the town had taken fire; and, as the rebels disputed every inch of ground, the scene was dreadful beyond description. The road was strewed with dead; while the wounded and dying, lying in all directions, entreated us to put them out of their misery at once. In one place might be seen the young mother, with her infant at her bosom, running she knew not whither, while her eyes were still turned back to gaze on the blazing ruins. In another part was a father seeking his offspring, and venting the anguish of his spirit 'because they were not.' Parents and children, old age and childhood, all blended in the general wreck. War is cruel work, especially against your own flesh and blood, as a body may say; for killing a Frenchman or a Spaniard is quite a different thing, seeing as how they speak a foreign language, as it were; but to hear a fellow-creature cry for quarter in your own mother's tongue—who the deuce could bayonet him then? Well, as we made our approach to the town, Mr. Roughtree would stop to speak a word of comfort to the afflicted, and try to do them some little act of kindness. At last, we saw a poor woman, sitting by the side of a dying man, who lay bleeding and senseless before her: she was almost naked, with an infant at the breast, and seemed to be wholly unconscious of her situation. 'Ben,' said the lieutenant, 'see if you can do any thing for the poor mourner.' I obeyed; but she heeded me not, nor even raised her head. Mr. Roughtree advanced, and, gently lifting her arm, it disturbed the child, and its plaintive cries aroused the mother from her lethargic stupor. She soothed its wailings—looked at the dying man—gazed with a wild and vacant stare at us, and—then fixed her eyes upon the dying man again. 'Poor soul!' said the officer, 'thou hast drank the cup of sorrow to the very dregs.'—'The very dregs!' repeated the woman.—'In such a night as this thou wilt perish,' continued the officer.—'Perish!' replied the woman again. 'Never, by G—, while I have a hand and a heart! Hold on here, Ben.' So saying, he stripped off his thick great coat, and covered the poor creature with it; and then, observing the infant was equally destitute, he pulled off his under coat and waistcoat, and, after wrapping the latter round the babe, he put his under coat on again.

‘There, Ben,’ said he, ‘the cold can never freeze my heart.’ When an officer sets an example, either good or bad, plenty will be found to follow it; and so every lad offered something to screen them from the cold. ‘She must go with us,’ said the officer; ‘it will not do to leave her here; and yet ’tis hard to separate her from her husband.’ That name seemed to operate like a charm. She started on her feet, and then—Oh God! I think I see it now!—she bared her bosom, round which her dark hair hung loosely; and, by the red glare of the flames, as they streamed from the burning piles, she showed a bleeding wound—then, putting the child (whose little face was smeared with the vital stream from its parent’s breast) into the lieutenant’s arms, ‘’Tis all they’ve left me,’ said she; ‘’twas his, ’twas mine; take it, take it; for——’ She fell upon the body of her husband, and, in a few minutes afterwards, both expired. Never did I feel a heartier disposition to cry in my life—indeed, I couldn’t help it. You would have done the same, if you had been there. But, as for Mr. Roughtree, his eyes were swimming in tears: he said it was the smoke and the cold affected him; but I knew better. Well, d’ye see, we brought the child aboard, and all hands did every thing they could to save it; but there’s no cradle equal to a mother’s arms—no nourishment to be compared to a mother’s breast; the bud seldom thrives when ’tis untimely torn from the parent stem; so it pined and pined, in spite of us, and at last followed its parents to the haven of eternal rest.

Captain Roughtree is still living, a fine model of a first-rate, engaged in every generous action of benevolence and humanity. He was a strict officer too—did his duty himself, and required all hands to perform theirs. But when in action,—ay, then was the time to see him—why, he’d go through the tick-tacks as regular as an eight-day clock, but without striking—no, no, he’d hammer till all was blue, but never strike;—and mark the effect upon his crew.

Once when we were cruising up the Mediterranean, in a 16-gun brig, just at day-break we saw a Spanish xebec frigate about two miles to windward, that immediately bore down upon our little vessel, designing (as they afterward said) to blow us out of the water. Well, d’ye see, we were at our quarters in a few minutes, and all clear for action. But, as the water was smooth, and a fine breeze, the Spaniard was close to us; and, giving us a few shot from his bow guns, ‘My lads,’ says the captain, ‘do your duty, and we’ll

have her in Giberalter by to-night. Be cool and steady; point your guns well; and plant every shot in his ribs.—Cock your locks, and wait for the word.’ At this moment we heard the Spaniard’s hail; and up went our ensign and pendant. ‘Stand by, my boys: we’ll singe his whiskers, I warrant. Mind your helm, lad, and keep her clean full.’ ‘Haul down your colours,’ cried a voice from the frigate’s fore-castle: ‘strike directly, or I shall sink you.’ ‘Strike, eh!’ says the captain: ‘ay, so I will; and precious hard too.—Unship ports, and run out your bull-dogs.’ ‘The Don is rounding-to, sir,’ said the master: ‘we shall have his broadside directly.’ ‘Point blank, my men,’ cried the captain, as every seaman cast his eye along the sight. ‘Fire!’ My eyes! how it rattled! The guns were double-shotted with round and canister; and not one was thrown away; indeed, the lubber had given us a most admirable position, so that we completely swept his decks, and raked him fore and aft. ‘Well behaved, my hearts,’ cried the boatswain. ‘Bear a hand, and give ’em t’other dose. They’re the finest pills in the world for a Spanish constitution. See you have griped him already—fire away.’ By this time the frigate had rounded-to; and then we felt her whole broadside rattle about us: but it was so ill directed, that it only damaged our rigging, without hurting a man. Howsoever, we soon had warm work; for the first lieutenant was wounded and carried below; and shortly afterward a splinter capsized the captain. This was a blow indeed; and all hands stood like statues at their quarters. The second lieutenant and a quarter-master raised him in their arms: but life seemed to have fled; his eyes were closed; his head drooped upon his shoulders; and a general groan of anguish burst from the crew. Two men were ordered to convey our beloved commander below; and, during his removal, not a shot was fired on our side, though the Spaniard warn’t idle, for he seemed to gain fresh spirit by our inactivity. Indeed, he had now ranged close up to us; and, as the loss of our captain had affected every soul in the brig, the helmsman suffered her to come up in the wind, so that she lost steerage-way right under the Spaniard’s bows. ‘Stations! stations! my men,’ cried the second lieutenant, who now took command; and then, pointing to the inanimate body as it was being carried down the hatchway, it operated like a spark in a cartridge. The guns were again run out; and, with his jib-boom laying betwixt our masts, we poured the whole

broadside into him. In a few minutes the vessels came in contact; and we swung round upon his larboard bow. 'Boarders!' cried the lieutenant, 'boarders, follow me!' and, springing into the frigate's fore-channels, they rushed upon her fore-castle. Every one that could grasp a cutlass, or get hold of a bayonet, (nay, even the crow-bars were shouldered,) followed their gallant young leader, and desperately pushed on for the quarter-deck, leaving a party in possession forward. For a long time the battle continued very doubtful. Daring bravery was on our side; but we had such numbers to oppose us, that, as soon as we had dowsed one man, another sprang up to supply his place. Our little force began to diminish very fast: still our hearts were unsubdued. The young officer behaved most gallantly: but he warn't our kind friend Captain Roughtree; and the thoughts of the old gemman having foundered made us rather heartless. The conflict grew very dreadful—and, indeed, began to appear hopeless—when we heard a loud British huzza from the fore-castle, and saw through the smoke that fresh hands were hastening to our succour. The shout was instantly repeated from the quarter-deck; and, in a minute, we were joined by nearly the whole crew of the brig, led by our noble captain himself! At first we gazed at him, and thought it was a vision; but when we saw him flourish his cutlass, as he dashed into the thickest of the fight, and heard his voice while cheering on the men—from that moment it was all over with the Spaniard.—The captain had been only stunned, and, while the surgeon was searching for the wound, he suddenly recovered, sprung upon his feet, and ran upon deck, to the great terror of the doctor. As soon as he discovered the game we were playing, he made a fresh move upon the board, and at once came to check-mate. The Spanish colours were hauled down—the British hoisted over them—and, before sunset, they were waving in Giberalter Mole.

## MICHAEL O'BUCKLEY.

' I be one of those sailors who think 'tis no lie,  
That for every Wherefore of life there's a Why ;  
That, be fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,  
Our births, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all.'

WHY as for the matter o' that, what tar is there who doubts it? Every man must have his station, whether he is rigged in the gingerbread gear of lord high admiral, and has his thousands per hang-em, or only obliged to make a shift with a single purser's shirt. What does it signify, as long as he does his duty to his country, and stretches out a fin to relieve a friend in distress? We carn't all be kings and commodores, and so what's the use of grumbling? 'cause, as Jack says,

' If you're signior, and I'm signior—  
Then who's to pull the boat ashore?'

Who, indeed? Now, d'ye see, I have been in the little boat all my life, going to lee-ward like smoke; for fortune, like a pig with it's starn greased, always slipped through my fingers, and adversity took me slap aback, stand upon what tack I would. But don't think I mean to snivel or whine about it—Lord love you, no; where's the good on't? I might bawl a long while before any body would jam my mouth with a twopenny loaf, and pipe my eye for a month without getting a bit of 'bacca for my pipe. No, no; old Ben arn't the boy to up-helm at every squall, when, by keeping his luff, he can weather it, as our parson used to tell us—(I dearly loved to hear him overhaul a power of lingo about the Hit-tights, and the Cannon-ites, and the story of Johnny swallowing the whale);—he used to say, says he, ' My men, let Truth take the helm, Prudence trim your sails, and, with the compass of Honesty, enlightened by the lamp of Religion, hard indeed must be that gale,

and horribly dark that night, in which Providence ceases to protect you. Your hulls may be wrecked, and your timbers shattered; but the immortal passenger within must and shall be safely landed in the haven of eternal rest.' To be sure, some people float along the stream of time without encountering a single peril. They find it all plain sailing, and never have occasion to take in a reef, while others are constantly struggling against the squalls of distress, scarcely able to keep to windward off a lee shore. This often puzzles me, seeing, d'ye mind me, that the same gracious Providence watches for all. But, mayhap, it's right enough, for I arn't much skilled in the matter; and as for preaching about it, why that's out of my latitude altogether.

Some are born great, others achieve greatness; and I remember one poor fellow of an Irishman who wanted to be great in a hurry. I belonged to the guard-ship at that time lying at Plymouth, and the impressed men and volunteers used to be sent aboard for the regulating captains to dispose of. Well, one day the new hands were all mustered aft, and the boatswain's mate stood ready with his clasp-knife to dock off the tails of the long-togged coats, and convert 'em into jackets. Among the rest was Mr. Michael O'Buckley, a tall well-made raw emeralder, who had never seen a ship before in his life, but had been tempted to enter the service through the promises of a man belonging to the gang.

'Well, my lad,' says one of the captains to a respectably dressed young man in deep mourning, and whose face exhibited strong marks of sorrow, occasionally reddened by hectic glows of indignation—'well, my lad, and where did you come from?' 'From the grave of a parent,' replied the man in a sunken hollow tone. 'What profession are you?' inquired the officer. 'A seaman,' rejoined the man again. 'Ha, ha!' cried another captain, as well known for his inhumanity as his aversion to the smell of powder and the whistling of shot—'ha, ha! I see how it is: so you've been cruising ashore, and got pressed, eh, and now want, with that methodistical countenance, to make us believe you're a saint? But it won't do, young man, it won't do. There, you may walk forward: I'll see that you are taken care of, depend upon it.' 'Stop, stop a minute, my lord,' said the third regulating officer, a venerable old gentleman, whose very look displayed the benevolence of his heart. 'Come here, my man—how came you in this awkward situation?' The taunts and harshness



of the second captain had shed a deadly paleness upon the poor fellow's features; but when the voice of the third sounded on his ears, he felt it thrill to his heart, and the tears started to his eyes. 'Ha! how came you in limbo, eh! my friend? Captain —— must hear all about it, and a plausible tale we shall have, no doubt. For my part, I don't see any necessity for being bored with long stories, only to excite compassion; and I hope you will not be long, Captain ——, before you have done with him. Only see the number of wretches we have to examine.' 'As for exciting compassion, my lord,' rejoined the hoary veteran, with a look of contempt, 'I am afraid every attempt upon you would be ineffectual.'—'What!' cried his lordship, starting up in a passion, and strutting like a turkey-cock—'what, sir, do you apply that to me? Zounds, sir ——' 'Come, come, lord ——,' said the third captain, with the utmost composure, 'sit down, sit down; I'm not to be frightened at my time of life by the explosion of a pinch of gunpowder. Fuzzle and smoke have no effect upon me. Attend to your duty now; we can talk of this afterward.

'There, don't be alarmed, my man,' turning to the seaman—'no one shall injure you here while I have power to prevent it. You say you came from the grave of a parent: explain what you mean.' He bowed, and with tremulous agitation began:—'My history, sir, is brief; but 'tis full of anguish.' 'Prithee, my good fellow, don't get sentimental,' said his lordship affectedly, and taking a pinch of snuff: 'let's have the history by all means, as it will please Captain ——; but pray leave out the anguish.' 'Would to Heaven I could, sir!' replied the man in a voice which made his lordship start; 'then, however high my gratitude might be raised by kindness, my spirit wouldn't be wounded by cruelty and oppression particularly.' Here he stopped, for his lordship jumped up, and, raising a speaking-trumpet that lay by, aimed a blow at the seaman's head. During the above conversation it was curious to watch the looks of Michael O'Buckley, who seemed intent upon all that passed, yet apparently without being able to comprehend what it was about. Every now and then he would mutter to himself, 'Och hone, och hone!' but when he saw the speaking-trumpet upraised, and the blow about falling, he sprang forward, caught his lordship round the middle, and, lifting him over his head, roared out, 'Och, by the powers, if you spake a word, I'll brake every bone in your

skin, jewel. Blood and oouns, ye coward, d'ye call that fair play to strike a man in the face behind his back ?'

The confusion and astonishment which prevailed on this sudden operation of Mike's it is impossible to describe; while his lordship, pale and trembling, elevated eight feet from the deck, dreaded a total annihilation. 'Do spake a word, jewel, and it's down I have you. Arrah bad luck to your mother's son!' The marines, who were exercising on the poop, now came down, and advanced toward the Irishman. 'Arrah stand back: och have at your heart, darling! If you advance, I'll spit him on your skewers.' 'Come, come, my man,' said the third captain, 'do you know what you are about?' 'Fait, and I do, ould gentleman,' replied Mike, 'by token'—here he stopped short, with a look expressive of abhorrence and disgust, and setting his lordship down on the deck, he gave him a kick behind, exclaiming, 'Get out o'dat, ye devil's-skin, do!' Away slunk the crest-fallen hero, and Mike was in an instant surrounded and secured. As soon as his lordship saw that the enemy was boarded, he lunged out his sword, and swore a deadly oath that he'd sacrifice him on the spot. 'Och, botheration, let me get at him,' cried Mike, throwing aside, like children, the marines who held him; 'tunder and turf, let me come at him!' The tall athletic figure of the Irishman, free from bondage, decided the matter at once. Away flew his lordship down the companion-hatch, making but one step all the way, and running into the first cabin he came near. The door was instantly locked; but, observing his boat alongside, he jumped out at the port, and shoved off for his own ship.

Order being again restored, Mike quietly submitted himself, and stood among the rest, between two marines with drawn bayonets. 'Now, young man,' said the venerable old captain, (who no doubt enjoyed the frolic,) 'let me hear what you have to say.' 'I scarcely know, sir, what to say: no doubt my fate is sealed. My father, sir, was a master in the navy, and I was the only child of a doting mother:—both are now at rest for ever. My father lost his life on the 1st of June, in the —, seventy-four, under Lord Howe; and my poor mother was reduced to comparative poverty. At a proper age I went to sea in the merchant service, and in a few years was made mate. I now experienced happiness, for my surviving parent, with her pension and my wages, was enabled once more to enjoy not only the necessaries, but a

few of the luxuries of life. Every prospect was cheerful, and I looked forward with the hope of obtaining a command, until one fatal evening, having landed to pay her a visit, I had just reached the door, when a party of men from the——'

At this moment a lieutenant, who had come on board for orders, looked him full in the face, and then, turning to the regulating captains, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, this man is a deserter from the —— frigate; his name is George Davis.' 'Tis, alas! too true,' said George, mournfully, and hanging down his head; when, seeming suddenly to recollect himself, he uttered, with firmness, 'No, sir, I'm no deserter, and I shall leave my cause to the generosity and justice of my country; yes, to that country my father died to defend. When I was torn from my mother's door, without even the gloomy satisfaction of bidding her farewell, 'twas against my inclination, and I was forced on board the frigate, which sailed immediately for the West Indies; nor was it till my arrival there that an opportunity occurred for informing her of my situation. After three years' absence we returned, and the first intelligence I heard was that she who gave me being lay at the point of death. I had fondly pictured to myself the pleasure of meeting her in health, and, with the prize-money I had gained, endeavouring to smooth her passage to the tomb. She was dying, and I hastily entreated leave of absence to bid her a final adieu, and perform the last sad offices of a son. 'Twas denied me—I had been pressed, and might run away. In vain I urged, implored, and protested; 'twas, indeed, in vain. Goaded almost to madness, in a desperate moment I went overboard, and swam ashore. At midnight I entered my mother's solitary dwelling, closed her dying eyes, and followed her to the grave. Returning back from this mournful scene, the gang took hold of me, and—and I am here.'

This affecting little narrative operated very powerfully upon all who heard it, but more particularly on Mike, who kept mumbling to himself, 'Och, by the powers! and d'ye hear that now? Faith, and its enough to crack the heart of a stone, agrah!' while every muscle of his face underwent twenty different changes. 'You may stand on one side,' said the senior regulating captain; 'and now bring the prisoner aft.'

'Pray, sir, where do you come from?' inquired he, as soon as Mike stood before him. 'Is it meself that you mane!' replied Mike. 'Why, then, your

honour, niver a word of a lie will I tell you: its from dare little Ireland I com'd; for a spalpeen tould me, if I entered, I'd be sure to be made a captain directly, or at laste a left-tenant of sea-dragoons. Bad luck to his phiz-hoggy-me! for I suppose there's no captain-ship for me.' 'Are you aware of what you have committed?' 'Och! don't mention it. I'd be proud to do the same any day.' The captain smiled. 'What is your name?' 'Is it me name that you're wanting? fait, den, you'll be troubled to get it: Michael O'Buckley don't tell his name to every body; and sorrow the word you'll get from me, jewel.' 'I don't know what your opinion may be, my man; but I can only tell you that you are in a fair way to be hanged.' 'Hanged!' said Mike, with the utmost unconcern: 'Och, botheration! and I've no call to it, any how; but if your honour's worship says so, why I suppose it's as good as done.' Finding they could make nothing of him, poor Mike was sent down to the aft cock-pit, to be put in irons. As soon as the bilboes were prepared, he was requested to sit down, which was immediately complied with. 'Now,' says the master at arms, 'put your leg into this shackle.' 'Divel a shackle you'll make of it, honey,' replied Mike; 'and if you aint off out o'dat, fait but I'll make you skip like a billy-goat.' However, Pat was overpowered by numbers, and his legs secured. In the heat of his passion, Lord —— would have written for a court-martial; but, knowing there was a something which he did not wish to be publicly exposed, he *contented* himself with witnessing the punishment of poor Mike at the gangway. Four dozen was his portion, which he took without flinching, merely turning round now and then with an ejaculation of 'Och, by the powers!'

George Davis, for the same reason, was not tried; and, by the intercession of the humane old captain, was drafted into his own ship, where he continued, universally esteemed, till the attack upon Copenhagen in 1807, when he died the death of his father, in the service of his country.



Publ. Sept. 12. 1885 by J. Robbins & Co. Singapore. Edinborough. Rev.

G. Smeetschant 1885

Crossing the Line -



## CROSSING THE LINE.

‘The sign of a true-hearted sailor  
Is to give and to take a good joke.’

‘**PON** deck, there!’ roared the look-out from the topsail-yard—(it was about five bells in the morning watch)—‘**Pon** deck, there!’ ‘**Halloo!**’ responded the second lieutenant, advancing along the gangway from the quarter-deck. ‘**Halloo!** I can see the equinutshell, sir, a point and a quarter upon the weather bow; we shall crack it in about an hour.’ ‘The equinoctial, eh? very well, my lad; look sharp out ahead for squalls, and try if you can discover any thing of old Neptune—we’re close upon his latitude. I dare say we shall see something of him presently.’ ‘Ay, ay, sir! **Nep-chin** and I are old croneys; I knows him by the cut of his jib.’ ‘**Boatswain’s mate!**’ cried the officer, ‘sling a grating under the bows, and send up one of the carpenter’s crew with his broad axe to stand by and cut away the line.’ ‘Ay, ay, sir; ay, ay! Here, forecastle-men, rig out a stage for **Jemmy Chopstick!** Jump out, there, clap a tail-block round the spritsail-yard, reeve the topsail halliards through it, and pass the end on board. Come, bear a hand, my lads! here’s old **Jemmy** up and rigged like a sentry-box—we shall run foul of the line, and bring up, all standing, directly.’ While this was passing, the forecastle-men were slinging one of the fore-hatch gratings; and the poor old carpenter’s mate, who (though he had been at sea from a child) had never crossed the equator, stood looking on with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger—first feeling the edge of his tool, and then requesting them to be sure and not to make slip bends. ‘Is your axe sharp, **Jemmy?**’ inquired the boatswain’s mate; ‘for you’ll have taut work of it.’ ‘**Eh!** ye dinnae say so; I have nae great liking to the job, from a naatural anteepathy I always had to sweenging ’twixt heaven and yearth; and, although there be no yearth here, but the main sea ocean, yet that’s waurse, mon, that’s waurse; for, if ye chance to tumble on the first, ye cannae faw ayont, but in the great waters. **Eh, mon,** I foresight that ’tis a fearfu’ under-

taking. You could nae get a body to do it for me, coad ye? I woad no mind the share of a gill o' grog when they pipe to dinner.' 'Gill of grog, Jemmy!' replied the boatswain's mate; 'why I wouldn't undertake it for a gallon of rum; but come, old chopstick, sling your axe, and pass this running bow-line knot round your body, under your arms—we'll try and save you. Why, man, you've no more corporation than an ear-wig; the fishes will take you for a conger if you fall overboard: surely you've got the finicking gout; why your legs and arms are swelled as thick as tobacco-pipes.' 'Ha' done wi' your faashery, do, Tom; we needs must when the deil drives: but are ye sure the rope's fast, mon?' 'Put it round your neck, Jemmy, and try. Come, look smart, my boy, look smart. All ready forward, sir.' 'Very well,' replied the officer, and then, casting his eyes aloft—'Topsail-yard, there!' 'Sir!' 'Do you see the line now?' 'Yes, sir, it is close aboard of us, on the starboard bow.' 'Is it? then no time's to be lost; jump over, there, my man, and stand by to cut away.' Out went Jemmy, full of fear and trembling, the end of the topsail-halliards passed round his body, and the axe slung by a smaller rope. Descending to the grating which just hung suspended above the edge of the water, there he stood, with his instrument erect, shivering and shaking like the jib sheet in the wind's eye, and his face as grim as a last-year's almanack—a fine model for a figure-head of the 'Terrible.' 'Quarter-master, hand my glass forward,' cried the lieutenant. He took it, and, looking through it to windward for a minute or two, exclaimed, 'Send all the green-horns below directly; here's a Triton coming alongside—he'll not be best pleased to see any of them upon deck.' 'Away, there below, you green-horns!' bellowed the boatswain's mate, driving them down the fore hatchway. 'By the Lord Harry, he'll twist some of your necks into grannies' knots if he catches you! Jump down, there, you Murphy, and don't chock up the gangway; bad luck to you, I wouldn't give two two's for your ears.' 'Och! the botheration may care for your sea-gods! give me a barrel of potsheen, and faith I'd face all the *dry tons* in the world.' At this moment an indistinct roaring like thunder was heard at a distance, and then all was lushed in profound stillness. Again it came apparently rolling towards the ship, yet nothing could be clearly distinguished, nor did the sounds convey any idea as to what it was, or from whence it came. At last the words 'Ho, the ship ahoy!' were made out; but broken and unconnected, as if too far off to be answered. Again it sunk into a rumbling noise, more confused than before. 'We're foul



of the equinoctial!' cried the lieutenant; 'cut awayth ere, forward! cut away for your life! Well behaved, my boy! cut away, or we shall be hove all aback, and have the ship overboard.' Away chopped Jemmy with all his might and main, making a dreadful uproar, and splashing the water about him on all sides, like a shoal of porpoises at play. 'Hurrah, Jemmy!' cried the boatswain's mate; 'nobly done, my boy! we shall soon be past all safety—lather away, my Briton!' 'Eh, mon! dinnae ye see that I'm warking with aw my soul? but there's naithing comes under the axe to cut.' 'Never mind, Jemmy, you'll feel it presently.' Away cut Jemmy again; but somehow or other the stage-ropes gave way, and overboard went the unfortunate bousewater, striking out, and blowing like a bull-whale in his flurry. Up they run him about half way to the spritsail-yard, and there he swung round like a dying dolphin, screaming 'Murder! murder! murder!' Down he went again, to quiet him; and, after a few struggles and plunges, up they whipt him once more chock-a-block. Jemmy caught hold of the foot-rope, and got astride the yard, and there he sat pouring forth his doleful lamentations, and dripping like a wet swab. 'Ho, the ship ahoy!' was now heard more distinct. 'Halloo!' responded the officer of the watch. 'From whence came you?' inquired the voice. 'From Freeman's Quay.'—'Where are you bound to?' 'A man-of-war's cruise.' 'Heave-to, till I come on board.' 'Ay, ay! After-guard, aft to the braces; let go the main-top-bowline; square away the main yard.' 'Here they come again, Jemmy,' said the boatswain's mate; 'for I'd lay my life it was some of these Tritons that played you the trick; but there, shipmate, mayhap you'd like to see 'em.' 'Not for the world—not for the world!' replied Jemmy, crawling in upon the bowsprit, and hurrying down below. 'Nae, Tom, I'd sooner face auld Cloutie.' In a few minutes afterward, Triton, mounted on a fine sea-horse, richly caparisoned with sea-weed, came over the bows, and rode aft on the quarter-deck to the officer of the watch, who stood ready to receive him with his hat off, and the emblem of his authority, a brass speaking-trumpet, in his right hand. As soon as mutual salutations were over, Triton inquired 'What ship is this?' 'The Bedford.' 'Who commands her?' 'Captain W——.' 'Neptune, from time immemorial the sovereign of these dominions, has commanded me to declare his intention of visiting the ship at two bells in the forenoon watch, for the purpose of examining those who for the first time cross the threshold of his palace,

that they may undergo the usual ceremonies practised upon the occasion ; and, that no man may think to secrete himself, I here present you with a list of names, declaring that one and all must appear before their great and general father, to do him suit and service.' The lieutenant bowed ; and, having received the paper, Triton once more returned to his watery element, the watch on deck giving him a single cheer as he dropped from the head-rails over the bows. Preparations were immediately made for the reception of his aquatic godship. A spare topsail was extended athwart ship, to screen the fore-castle from observation ; the jolly-boat was hoisted on board at the lee gangway, and filled with water ; and all hands, who had crossed the line before, were busily employed in getting ready to salute their common parent. Two bells arrived ; and scarcely had the sound ceased to vibrate, when the usual hail—' Ho, the ship ahoy !' resounded alongside. The captain took his station on the quarter-deck, surrounded by the officers ; the band were ranged along the break of the poop ; the men crowded along the gangway, and filled the booms ; while the first lieutenant answered the hail, and invited Neptune to come on board. Then was heard a noise like thunder, intermingled with the dashing of waters, and the sounding of sea-shells. In about ten minutes more the screen was briced up, the cavalcade were put in motion, and the band struck up. First came the chief constable, with two assistants, to clear the way ; then followed, in a car drawn by eight sea-horses, Neptune and Amphitrite, sitting side by side, with their son at their feet. Neptune, a fine venerable-looking figure, with his swab beard flowing down his bare breast, grasped his glittering trident, while a bright crown surmounted his hoary brow. Amphitrite, a neat and good-looking goddess, handsomely arrayed, but who sadly wanted shaving, smiled upon all around her with the most affable condescension. The coachman, a sturdy old blade, smacked his whip, and drove on. Behind the car came those terrific beings, the barber and his mates, six in number, each carrying an immense razor, about four feet long, with teeth like a saw ; two others bore straps, and buckets with the lather. Then came the clerk and judge-advocate, with the list of novices, preceded by the high-sheriff ; and, lastly, his satanic majesty closed the procession : the whole was surrounded by Tritons and sea-nymphs ; while Neptune's bottle-holder, with a well-replenished flask, kept close to his master's elbow, and occasionally supplied him with nectar. Arrived upon the quarter-deck, Neptune alighted from his car, and explained the nature of his visit ; then, gallantly taking Amphitrite by the hand, he pre-

sented her to the captain ; but the goddess, struck with the gay dress of the officer, and feeling a degree of awe in his presence, actually threw out her leg behind, and, putting her hand to her cap, made a low and reverential bow. This ceremony concluded, the whole party proceeded to a tub, which was placed abaft the main mast, and prepared for operations. In the mean time the green-horns were driven below. Proper accommodations had been made for the sitting of the court. The loftiest place was assigned to the sovereigns of the ocean, and at their back stood the bottleholder. Immediately below them Davy Jones took his station, with the judge-advocate on his right, and the high-sheriff on his left, according to precedent. Before them stood the clerk with the list, while the barber and his mates rubbed up their instruments. ‘Call Jemmy Chopsticks,’ cried the clerk. In a few minutes Jemmy made his appearance blindfolded between two constables, and was placed at the bar. ‘What countryman are you?’ Jemmy was silent. The question was repeated. — ‘Tell them you’re an Italian,’ whispered the constable. ‘Awm an Etalion,’ said Jemmy. ‘What part of Italy do you come from?’ ‘I dinnae just noow recollect.’ ‘An Italian, eh?’ replied old Davy. ‘Gemmen of this here court, the lubber before you arn’t half so much of an Italian as I am, seeing as how I know him well : why, gemmen, his very tongue betrays him ; but the truth on’t is, that this very old woodspoilner was born in Glasgow, where his mother kept a whiskey shop, and his father was transported for stealing a pair of breecks ;—nay, gemmen, this man himself was compelled to quit his native place, after being twice set in the stocks for knocking down little children, and running away with their bread and butter.’ ‘Ma conscience!’ bawled Jemmy, ‘ye lee! you blatheered-face monkey, ye lee! But what’s to be expected from a carl like yoursel’, who is the very feyther of leears?’ ‘Hush!’ whispered the constable, ‘you musn’t speak irreverently in court.’ ‘Nae matter, I’ll tell truth, and shame the deil, at ony rate. My auld mither was an honest sousy bodie, a descendant of the Camerons ; and my pure feyther carried a pack round the coontry as a marchant ; but what became of them I dinnae ken, for, like a graceless loon, I ran away.’ ‘Ay, ay, we know all that ; and you set up for a carpenter, because somebody hove a chisel at you. A rank impostor, gemmen—put him to the torture.’ In vain Jemmy implored, abused, or complained ; he was placed on the loose thwart in the boat, nearly up to his middle in water, and an immense wet swab hung round his neck for a towel. ‘What is your

name?' said the barber. 'Jam——' But, ere he had time to finish the word, the shaving-brush, well charged with lather, was thrust into his mouth, and nearly suffocated him. His face then underwent the same operation, and the razor was used to scrape it off. When the barber had finished, the bandage round the eyes was loosed, the seat knocked away, and poor Jemmy floundered at full length, half dead with fright. He made a shift, however, to scramble out of the boat, and, shaking his fist at Davy Jones, uttered, in the most desperate rage—'You're a leear—you're the feyther of lees, you false loon!' But the buckets of water came flowing upon him so rapidly, that Jemmy was glad to make his retreat, muttering all the way, 'It's a lee, it's a lee!' Many others were successively called up, but nothing particular was elicited from their examination, worthy of being repeated, till the clerk shouted in a terrible voice—'Send Peter Legings, the marine, up.' 'So, Peter, you're a Liverpool man?' said the sooty monarch. 'Yes, your reverence,' replied Peter. 'And what brought you here? come, speak the truth.' 'I was born a gentleman, but unfortunately got pressed from a privateer upon the coast of Africa; and then, desirous of acquiring glory in the service of my country, I entered for a marine.' 'Do you hear him, gemmen? Now I'll just give you a bit of Peter's history. This innocent-looking gentleman, this picture of Mars, was born in a garret at Wapping. His father was an old Jew clothesman, and his mother was a cindersifter; so, d'ye see, they brought up young Hopeful to the honourable profession of a dustman.' 'Indeed your holiness is mistaken.' 'Come, sir, no quibblings here; remember you're under the strong arm of the law, as my friends the lawyers have it. Don't you owe a long score for small beer and bacca at the chandler's shop upon Point Beach? Wasn't you once a Methodist parson, and preached on a tub? There, gemmen, he can't deny it.' 'I own,' replied Peter, 'that I've a small account for rum at the Rodney's Head at Sally-port; and that I once had hopes of preferment in the church.' 'In the steeple, you mean, for a weathercock; but have you forgotten the time you kept a huckster's shop, and sold pickled sprats for anchovies, and chopped yarns for the best pound pigtail? A worthy subject, gemmen; one to my heart's delight! Why, gemmen, as I'm a sinner, he run away, and left three children chargeable to the parish, all which I got blamed for. Hand him over to the barber.' Thus the sport continued for several hours, till all the new-comes had undergone the operation, and the day was closed in jollity and grog.

## TRINITY MONDAY.

‘ Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
Or any such glittering toys ?  
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,  
Will go through the world, my brave boys !’

WHY, ay, it’s a sad heart as never rejoices ; and then, d’ye see, just at this time o’ the year, when every body carries a smiling face, and all Nature laughs outright with joy, who the deuce would go for to look as if he’d swallowed a quart of vinegar, and afterward swallowed the measure, to keep it down ?—Not I, by the hookey. And suppose a poor fellow does get a little moon-eyed in drinking healths, and toasting the heroes of the wave, where’s the harm on it, eh ? Sailors never love a dry toast, for it’s apt to stick in their throats by the way ; and with such names as Howe, Duncan, and Nelson—why, it would be a profanation to take ’em upon our tongues, without setting ’em afloat in grog ! They were gallant proof-spirits, d’ye mind—cordial fellows, every one. As for ould Jarvis—but, there, he’s gone ; a rum jockey in his way, too ; always a driving at something. I can remember—but, avast, avast ; here I am going to spin you a yarn that’s got nothing at all to do with it. Howsomer, that’s just like me, when once my jawing-tacks are aboard ; and, to tell you the truth, I arn’t rightly got the stuff out of my head yet : my brain feels as if it was crammed with proclamations, or dancing a four-handed reel. ‘ Here we go, backwards and forwards ; here we go ronnd, round, roundy,’ and all the rest of it.

‘ Ah, old Jack !’ says I, just as I turned round the corner, and hauled-up upon his weather-quarter,—‘ Ah, my old buck ! what, are you here, too ?’—But here am I, a running a-head of my reckoning again ; for I should have told you I’ve been to Grin-age fair. But, bad luck to them ! they wouldn’t let ’em have any nonsense. ‘ There was no ‘ Show ’em up,’ ‘ Make room for that ’ere lady with the bread and cheese,’ &c. Nor was the man there who puts his mouth into the lion’s head—no, no, I mean his head into the lion’s mouth—a mighty foolish

experiment, I take it; for, mayhap, the lion might make a *lien* on his sconce, X and he'd look pretty considerably ridiculous (as brother Jonathan says) to come out without his pate, to tell the people where he'd left it. Lord love you! why that monster would make no more of his crankum than an alderman would of a forced-meat ball—unless the hairs tickled his throat, or the nose sticking out would not let it roll down easy. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there: so this week I've been t'other side of the bridge to Trinity-Monday fair, at Deptford; and there it was I saw Jack Martingale, and Moll, and all the little Martingales, up to their eyes in gingerbread. And there was Joe Snatch-block along with his rib, and ever so many more. And there was the Trinity Masters—the elder brethren, all a walking two and two. There was Lord Liverpool, and they told me he was a minister; but he didn't look a bit like a parson. His lordship is at the head of the Trinity shop-board.—But who do you think I seed along with him, eh? Bless his honest countenance! many a gale we've weathered together, and many a shot has passed us by upon the same deck. Guess who it was—you carn't—carn't you? Why, then, it was Sir Edward Pellew—him as they calls Lord Axmouth now, and he looks just as well as when his flag was flying on board the Culloden, seventy-four, in the East Ingees, and that's twenty years since. Ah! I think I see him now, standing between the two sons of Tippoo Saib, on the quarter-deck; for we had them as hostages after the taking of Seringapatam, and fine youths they were; the youngest full of life and spirit, the eldest with that look which told a tale of fallen grandeur. Well, there was Captain Woolmore, too, and they made him a dippity *chairman*—how he'll be able to carry a sedan, I don't know.

But—for the fair—ay, that was the place. Warm work, I tell you—a terrible hot press. 'Ah, Jack!' says I—for Jack's a hearty fellow, and loves good cheer—'Jack,' says I, 'what, are you here?' 'And why not?' says he; 'one fool (as the prophet has it) makes many; and so Moll wanted to show the youngsters all the fine gewgaws and gimcracks.'—'But I thought, Jack, the last time I saw you out at Jamaica, that you were about to be dished up into a sea-pie for the land-crabs.'—'Ay, ay,' says Jack, 'but I weathered that bout; for, finding I was fast dropping down to Gravesend, outward bound, I sent a pound of 'bacca to the chaplain, and so he made matters all square, and brought me up in Long Reach with a good scope of cable.'—

‘Father,’ cried one of the boys, pointing at Richardson’s great booth—‘Father, is that a right arnest king up there?’—‘Yes, my son,’ replied the veteran, ‘we all shall be kings in our turn, and that’s the king of trumps.’—‘Nonsense, child,’ retorted his mamma; ‘the fellow looks a great deal more like a knave.’—‘Well, youngsters,’ says I, ‘who’s for any coppers?’—‘I am, I am,’ shouted all hands. ‘And what will you buy?’—‘I shall have Nelson’s-balls,’ cried the eldest. ‘Lord love the child!’ says Jack, ‘he’s the very spit of his father; a ‘cute boy, arn’t he, Moll? Why, you’re as mute as a dying dolphin.’—‘Don’t dol-fin me,’ says Moll; ‘I’m none of your dolls: if it hadn’t been for the marrying the likes of you, I might have been a queen, and dressed like them there ladies on the stage, for aught I know.’—‘Well, well, I meant no harm,’ says Jack; ‘but you wo-men have such a comical way with you; howsomever, never mind. Good-by, Ben;’ and off they set.

‘Is it your ainsel?’ exclaimed the remnant of a tar, rigged out as a pensioner, and stretching forth his fin, ‘is it your ainsel, Ben? Hoo’s a’ wi’ ye, my braw chield? Ye maun e’en gang to the Jolly Sailor, for there’s a’ the First-of-June boys, and, may bé, ye’ll ken the maist o’ them. They’re getting a wee bit o’ a subscription thegither, to commemorate the day on Wednesday next. There’s Mr. Clark, the regulating boatswain, at the head of it. Ye’ll recollect Clark, I’m thinking. He was in the Leviathan, along wi’ lord Hugh Seymour; and we shall hae a crack o’ ‘auld lang syne,’ and the year Ninety-four.—Ey, mon, how time passes! Ye’ll na’ forget our fechtin’ at the same gun. But, come along, Ben, come along;’ and away we made sail. I’ll tell you what it is— if so be you ever like to see good company as knows how to behave themselves, then go to the Jolly Sailors, and take a glass o’ grog with the First-of-June Boys. Oh, they’re the very quintessence of jollity and mirth! When I entered the room, all hands held out their flippers, and nearly drenched me with grog. There was a welcome for you, fit for a prince! and they’d have done the same by his majesty if he’d only behave himself. Well, there they all were; and as soon as the smoke cleared off a little, I could just distinguish old Clark’s face, looming above the curling clouds, like Beachy-head in a fog. He was president, and had a wooden leg for a hammer—no bad substitute, as times go, seeing that there’s more wooden heads than timber understandings. One hand grasped his pipe—I don’t mean his ‘call,’ but his ‘bacca-pipe, and he poured forth his volleys

in good style. Old Clark went into the college as a private man, and though, as the poet says,

‘ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,’

yet genius and activity must display itself, and a clever fellow he is. Well, he’s now regulating boatswain, and does a great deal of good. Next to him sat Barney Bryan, rolling his eye (he’s got but one) in a fine frenzy, and waving the stump of his left arm to preserve what the Italians call *armonia*. Barney was one of the Brunswick’s, and lent a hand to nail the captain’s cocked hat upon the figure-head, after the duke’s had been knocked off by a shot ; for, d’ye see, they couldn’t bear the idea that his head should be uncovered in the day of battle. I’ll tell you that story some day. But I arn’t got time to tell you about any more of ’em now, for my head’s rather muddled, as they call it ; and, mayhap, you may think my story’s a mudley all together. Howsomer, you are heartily welcome to it ; and I can only say, if so be you like to come and take a drop with us (you may bring half a dozen friends), we shall be heartily glad to see you. Then you will see us entirely concealed by smoke, pouring our broadsides on the foe for eight *glasses* together. Then you will be sensible that,

‘ Though brave tars are Fortune’s sport,  
They still are Fortune’s care.’



Capt. of the Sweepers







J. Gratchmont del.

Pub. Oct. 1825 by J. Roberts & Co. Sydney, New South Wales.

Sund. Hill

## SCUD HILL.

' Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys;  
At the mercy of Fortune we go;  
We're in for it now—'tis a folly, boys,  
To be down-hearted, yo ho !'

DOWN-HEARTED, eh? Why, ay, what's the use of fretting and grieving? it makes a man neither fairer nor fatter; for, if a poor fellow once gives himself up to Molly-cholics, she'll play the deuce with him before she's done. Let's laugh while we can, take our grog kindly, and throw dull Care overboard, as a bait for the sharks. Yet, when I see a poor old messmate hull down to leeward, working hank for hank against the squalls of adversity, with scarce a yard of canvass in his bolt-ropes to weather the breeze; his stays stranded, and braces unrove; without a shot in the locker, and a southerly wind in the bread-bag;—it goes to my heart, d'ye see, especially when old Ben arn't wherewithal to take him in tow. It makes me wish sometimes that I was a king or an alderman, or some'ut like it. I'd soon have snug moorings for all hands. But I ax your pardon, Mr. What's-your-name, for troubling you so much about sailors; only I think you're a goodish kind of a gemman, and the subject was strongly impressed upon my mind by a circumstance which occurred this morning in Poll-Moll, where the king lives.

D'ye see, I had been to wait upon an old commander; but he warn't in town; and so I came strolling back with an empty pocket, and rather a heavy heart, when, just as I was turning the corner by that engraver's with the comical name, opposite the royal mansion, who should I run foul of but old Jack Transom, flourishing his wooden pin (he lost his leg in Duckworth's action in the West Indies), and carrying on a taut press? His jacket and trowsers were patched from clew to ear-ring, but remarkably clean; and the remains of a tarpauline hat covered his perry-cranem. Well, just at this moment, one of your bishops came along. I knew what he was by his little apron hanging down before, like Adam's fig-leaves. So Jack put his hand to

his truck, with a graceful sea-bow. The bishop paused, looked at him for a moment, and then *gave* him a glance of come-passion, as much as to say, 'My blessing rest upon you, but I've got no coppers,'—as, indeed, how should their reverences have any thing to do with copper and brass? though they tell me there's a power of 'em first learn to spin their long yarns and money-factor their sermons at Brazen-Nose, wheresoever it may be; and I really think some on 'em catches the infection, for, as to their noses being horn-amented with grog-blossoms, is out of the question. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there. I dare say his worship might be a kind, generous, soul enough; yet I thought he might as well have given poor Jack a six-pence or so, particularly when he come to consider that the brave fellow had lost his precious limb, while ploughing the *ocean* to keep him in his *see*; and so Jack thought. 'Ha, ha!' says he, 'these stall-fed gemmen seldom open their hands, unless it is to receiye; but no matter; my ould jacket will get me a birth aloft, as soon as the bishop's white chiseled wig, and lawn sleeves. Howsomever, I arn't quite a-ground; for a gemman gave me some bread and cold meat, and I've got two-pence beside; so what's the use of complaining, eh, Ben?'

He opened his wallet, and took out a piece of a loaf, and a good portion of meat, when a poor miserable object of a female, with two half-famished children, came dragging their wasted bodies along the pavement. The children looked wistfully at the feast Jack held in his hand; and the old tar gazed as earnestly upon them. 'It's hard lines, too,' says he, looking first at the wretched trio, and then at his meal, 'hard lines, indeed! I arn't broke my fast to-day—yet these poor children seem to be starving. But what's that to me?' (raising the food to his mouth—and then stopping again;) 'No, no; I can't, I can't; 'twould choke me. There, take it, take it, my babes; poor Jack must get a dinner somewhere else to-day. Beside, I shan't starve while I've got tup-pence.' So he gave them the victuals, and hobbled off upon his wooden pin, without once looking astern.

I don't know how it was; but I thought that Jack was the best bishop of the two. Poor fellow! he's an out-pensioner of Greenwich, and picks up what he can in an honest way, to provide for the wants of some half-score of grandchildren that are left orphans. 'To be sure,' says he, 'I might go into the house, and take care of myself: but then, what's to become of the youngsters,

eh? seeing that they are my own flesh and blood, as a body may say.' I can remember him as smart a fellow as ever stepped upon a vessel's deck; could crack his joke or his biscuit upon the same head, and point his wit and his gun together, without fear of either missing fire.

We were at Toulon, along with Lord Hood, and served in the same battery upon Scud Hill—engaged all day firing at the enemy's ramparts, and employed all night, like donkeys, carrying sand-bags. Well, one day, his lordship, attended by the brave Nelson, and several other captains, came riding up to the works on horseback; and so they praised our exertions, and, 'My lads,' said lord Hood, 'I am very proud of you,—very proud indeed; and, to reward your conduct, I have given orders, that, as soon as the breach is made, the seamen alone are to storm, with two hours for themselves after entering the place. But, if you should fail, the troops are drawn up in the bush, all ready for immediate attack. I need not tell you to be generous conquerors: British seamen were never known to injure or insult a fallen foe.' 'Do your duty,' said Nelson, 'and, if possible, I myself will be among you.' 'Hurrah!' burst from every heart; and at it we went, hammer and tongs. But the shot seemed to make no impression till the afternoon, when a whole range of the wall came tumbling down, and made a fair opening of twelve or fourteen yards. Down dropped rammers and sponges; up went cutlasses and pistols; and away we set off, the devil take the sternmost. Well, d'ye see, we mounted the breach just as we'd board an enemy's ship; and, though they peppered us nicely with grape and canister, yet we soon made 'em dowse their colours; and a blue jacket was hoisted at the flag-staff.

As soon as possession was taken, all hands began to pick up the wee things about the decks; and, for the next two hours, grog flowed in abundance. It was a comical sight to see; for most of the lads had exchanged their old jackets and hats for embroidered coats, double-breasted wigs, and three-cornered scrapers, making a striking contrast with their tarry trowsers and shoeless feet. Others were rigged out in flounced petticoats and laced caps, underneath which their black muzzles, smeared with blood and gunpowder, produced a fine effect. All at once Lord Nelson appeared in the midst of us, and three cheers resounded in all directions. 'I hope your honour,' says Peter M'Cormick, offering the hero a silver goblet of wine, 'I hope your honour will drink with us. It's real sham-pain, your honour, and sparkles like a

maid's eye on her wedding-night. God bless your honour (as Nelson took the cup), only drink "better times to us." Silence, there, fore and aft, ye ragamuffins! Belay your jawing-tacks for a minute, d'ye hear? and fill your buckets:—all ready, your honour.' 'Well then,' said Nelson, raising the goblet above his head, and smiling, 'here's better times to us.' 'Better times to us—better times to us—better times to us,' was now repeated by every voice who could command a water-tight vessel, from a golden bowl to an old shoe, filled with the richest wines. 'And now my lads,' says he, 'your time is expired. Officers! gather the men together. The troops are at the breach, waiting for your departure, to enter the garrison. Retire, my men, with that order and regularity characteristic of a sailor. Remember the eyes of the enemy are upon us; and do not discredit the British navy.' So saying, he left us, to conduct operations somewhere else.

Well, we all mustered in the great square (it looked like carnival time, crowded with masqueraders), and began to withdraw. The first division descended the breach, when the lubberly sodgers brought 'em up all standing, and began to search them for booty. 'Pray, sir,' said our commanding officer to the colonel, 'have you orders for what you do?' 'That question is unnecessary, sir,' replied the other haughtily, 'and merits no answer. However, to satisfy you, I *have* orders, sir, from the general.' 'Then, sir, I suppose those orders must be obeyed on your part. But I really cannot answer for my men. They have won what they have got, which, I believe, merely amounts to the fine clothes on their backs, and a few bottles of wine or spirits: still I imagine they will not easily resign them, and I should recommend——' 'I'm sorry, sir, your recommendation cannot be attended to. My orders are imperative.' Now this was very hard, for there warn't a red-coat at the attack; and to be robbed by 'em after storming the town hove us all flat aback. Up starts Peter M'Cormick: 'Lads,' says he, 'you may do as you please; but no one shall have my goblet without fighting for it. Didn't Nelson drink out of it? and d'ye suppose I'm going to give it up to a sodger? Never! Make sail, my boys; here's our shipmates close astarn.' The men moved on; but the troops brought their bayonets to the charge to oppose them, though evidently with great unwillingness. By this time our whole party descended (many of them, expecting a brush, had thrown away what was cumbersome), and all determined not to submit to the degradation of being searched. Peter now whis-

pered to Tom Butt, the captain of the fore-castle, and Tom moved to another place, where he was busy among the men.

‘Sir,’ said our commanding officer, with great emphasis, ‘I think your conduct highly improper. At such a time, and at such a place, to oppose Briton to Briton, in the sight of their foes, is unofficerlike and unmanly. They have the admiral’s sanction for what they have done, and I insist upon your letting them pass.’ ‘Go on board, and learn manners,’ replied the sodger; ‘let a single man advance a step, and I shall instantly charge.’ ‘Then their blood be upon your head: we shall meet again, sir.’—A shout, a wild shout, now issued from the direction where Tom Butt had taken his station. The seamen had broken through in a close body, and were slowly marching away. ‘Make ready!’ cried the colonel: the sodgers cocked their locks. ‘Present!’ and the butts were brought to the shoulder. . . ‘Say but the word,’ roared Peter, grasping the officer’s arm, and holding a pistol to his breast—‘say but the word, and I’ll make a grave man of you!’

How it would have ended there’s no saying; but fortunately Nelson, who no doubt suspected something of the kind, came tearing in among us with breathless haste. ‘For shame, men, for shame!’ said he; ‘what is all this?’ But when he heard the cause of the riot, he turned to the sodger-officer. ‘I am surprised, sir, that you should consider these brave fellows as fit objects for a round of ball-cartridge. Reserve them, sir, for the enemy, who have again entered the town, through your negligence in detaining the whole force at the breach. Follow me, my men, and show them once more what it is to conquer.’ In five minutes, every tar had again entered the breach; and many of the troops, unrestrained by the officers, advanced with them. The whole party, mingled together, (for all animosity had ceased,) were hastily formed in the square, and, led by Nelson himself, rushed upon the foe. The attack bore down all before it; and the enemy were compelled to retreat with great loss. The colonel, as if to display his contempt of danger (for he was a man of undoubted courage), was seen in the thickest of the fight, till he got wounded and fell.—A French officer raised his sabre to give the finishing stroke—when Peter sprung forward, and shot the Frenchman with the same pistol that only half an hour before had threatened death to the colonel himself! After all was quiet, the wine was again set abroach; and those, who had but a short time previous been at daggers-drawn, now drank cheerfully together in harmony and peace.

## ARDENT SPIRITS.

‘ For grog is our larboard, our starboard,  
Our mainmast, our mizen, our log;  
At sea, or on shore, or where harbour’d,  
The mariner’s compass is grog ’

I ARN’T much skilled in your parley-mentary consarns; but I sometimes looks at the newspapers, and reads a little about the debates, and what and t’other says. However, I can’t make much sense of it, except when I get hold of any thing about sailors and the seas—not bishops’ seas, for they’re run out of my reckoning, a sort of fresh-water ocean, as smooth as a mill-pond—more willows than billows, more staves than waves. You know I once mentioned a word or two respecting the stoppage of half the allowance of grog; but little did I think to see two British admirals commending it, and a third (my worthy old friend and captain, Sir Joseph Y—) passing it by without opposition. Blow me if I warn’t ready to cry! Of the other two, nothing else could be expected, seeing that both are avowed enemies to ARDENT SPIRITS. Yet, what else but ardent spirits (ay, and brave spirits they are too) have raised this country to its present glory? There are some men who delight in oppressing the poor tar; but they arn’t friends to their country; and I should like to overhaul a bit of my mind to ’em upon the subject, though I can’t write any thing but plain common-sense,—and mayhap these gemmen wouldn’t understand me, after all. Howsomever, as I entertain a high opinion of your goodwill for us rough-knots, and have a plan in my head, you shall see it before long.

But, to return to the ardent spirits—Sir Joseph asked ’em how it worked! Who the deuce ever heard of grog working any body, unless it was six-water grog? But I’ll be bound, in another war, the stoppage of grog will work some of the members hot and warm, and bring ’em to a motion for full allowance again. They want to make poor Jack a *methodust* parson, and yet



do away with good living. Fasting is all very well, though the less of that the better—a man's religion don't lay in his belly, as I take it. But show me the methodust parson, ay, or the church parson either, that doesn't love spirituous liquors. Their reverences take their drops as kindly as sailors, and then they say it's all done by way of me-dickey-meant, for fear their characters should be devil-oped. I don't know much of that gemmen, Mr. Hume; but I hope he will stand up as our friend, especially in impressment. I could tell him a story or two would raise every hair of his head on end, as stiff as broomsticks—that is, if he doesn't wear a wig—though I arn't sure it wouldn't affect that in the same way. He spoke nobly about promotion last sessions; for, lately, more officers have got commissions by showing a good *leg* among the ladies, than ever carried *arms* against the foe. Ardent spirits, indeed! why, even old Jarvis would sooner hang a man than stop his grog.—But I'll tell you an antidote about one of these ardent spirits; and then judge for yourself.

D'ye see, when I belonged to the Spartan frigate, cruising off Basque Roads and thereabouts, the boats used to be sent in shore to row guard at night; for sometimes the *chasse marées*, laden with brandy, would creep along the coast after dark, and put into any hole or creek for shelter during the day. As soon as we got a good sniff at the stuff (and many of us were so scent-imental that we could smell it a league off), dash we boarded 'em, and then—my eyes! talk about ardent spirits, indeed.—Howsomever, to continue my story,—one night it was a thick fog, and the barge to which I belonged was ordered away to row guard. We made sure of a prize or two, on account of the hazy weather being favourable for the convoys, and all hands got their noses in readiness for a look-out. Well, off we started, as jovial a set of souls as ever were mustered in a boat; and, after pulling in to a capital station, we lay upon our oars, and drifted with the tide.

Just about two bells in the middle watch, we heard the wash of the waves upon the beach, when the lieutenant, starting up, ordered the strokesman to get a cast of the lead. Ned Bowline was a comical fellow, one who would battle in sport, or sport in battle; he was never so happy as when engaged with the enemy;—indeed it was shrewdly suspected that, before he came into the world, his mother had indulged a remarkable *pinching*, as the French call it, for brandy and gunpowder. Be that as it may, Ned used to swear that they

were sweeter to his taste than all the flagrant perfumes in the world. Ned sounded directly. 'What water have you got?' inquired the officer. 'I am almost ashamed to tell you, sir,' replied Ned: 'there's very little more than would mix a good bucket of grog, for here's the strop of the lead in sight.' 'The boat's aground!' exclaimed the lieutenant. 'Hard and fast, sir,' rejoined Ned. 'Out oars then, my boys, and shove her off.'

Just at this moment we heard the challenge of a French sentinel on his post; and, looking in the direction the voice came from, we could just discover a dark object in the gloom about a quarter of a mile off. This glimpse, however, was only momentary, for the fog thickened, and it was again lost. Every man stood with his oar ready to launch; but the lieutenant commanded silence, lest the noise should alarm the sentry, and let him know we were on the coast. Again the Frenchman's voice was heard. 'Tuzzy woo,' said Ned in a half-whisper; 'if I was alongside of you, I'd answer for clapping your muzzle lashing on.' 'Silence!' cried the officer softly. 'Ey, ey, sir,' returned Ned; 'but to think of a lubberly sodger stuck up there, like a spindle in the mast-head, prying into honest men's affairs, and telling every body what we're up to. I wish your honour would let me have a pop at him! zounds, I'd make him think he'd swallowed a globe of the world.'

'On what part of the shore are we?' whispered the lieutenant to the coxswain. 'I don't know, sir: there's a long flat runs off seemingly, for the boat is nearly high and dry.' 'If your honour would just let me flistigate the business,' said Ned, 'I'd be back in half an hour. I sailed once upon a voyage of discovery round the world, and larned a little of surveying. I'd go and reckon-hotter, and bring your honour all the bearings, and distances.' 'Remember,' replied the officer, 'you are upon an enemy's coast, and can get no information ashore: besides, if they were to see you, 'twould raise the troops at the fort.' 'I'd take care of that, sir, if your honour would but let me go. Only let me have my pistols, my cutlash, and this here lead-line.' 'The lead-line! what do you want with the lead-line?' 'Why, your honour, I carn't do any thing well without. If I've got a bit of rope about me, it always brings good luck, and puts one in mind of the ship.' 'Well, sir, you may land, but do not lose sight of the boat. Go a little way up the sands, and see what you can make of it.' 'Ey, ey, sir.' 'But

keep clear of the fort.' 'Ey, ey, sir.' Good-by, messmates; I'll work a traverse for you, never fear'—and off he set.

We now tried to get the boat afloat; but as it was nearly low water, and the flat run a long way out, the officers determined to wait the result of Ned's investigation; and, so all hands were ordered to buckle on their cutlasses, and keep their muskets and pistols in readiness, while the sergeant of marines, and his five men, were drawn up in a line of battle abreast. One half-hour passed away—and no Ned appeared. The lieutenant began to get impatient, and the boat's crew wanted to go cruising in search of their shipmate; but the officer restrained them. However, he ordered two of the party to advance, and try if they could see any thing of him.

The two men had scarcely taken their departure, when we saw a strange monstrous object approaching; and all three returned. It had neither shape nor make, and resembled nothing human. At last, we distinguished Ned's voice, and presently he arrived down at the boat. 'I've got him, sir,' said Ned; 'I've got him.' 'Got him!' rejoined the officer; 'got who?' 'Why, I've got him, sir—got the sodger, sir—the sentry, and there he is (shooting him off his shoulders into the bows of the barge); there he is, your honour, all alive and kicking. Rusty tronkill, you lubber, do, and lay still—but, your honour, no time' to be lost,—there they are, all hard and fast, in the arms of Murphy-us. Come along, my boys, I'll pilot you in.' 'Avast, avast,' said the officer; 'what do you mean?' 'Oh, sir,' continued Ned, 'we arn't got a moment to spare for talking. Heave a-head, my hearties; the sodgers are all asleep in the fort, and we may take it in five minutes—but give me my line, you lubber, do; for I shall have no luck without it.' So Ned unbound the poor terrified Frenchman, who was instantly placed under a sentry.

The lieutenant gleaned sufficient from Ned's account to raise a hope that the battery might be attacked with success; the party advanced, with Ned for a leader; and, after making two or three tacks, got snugly under the walls. 'Now, your honour, follow me,' said Ned; 'for, d'ye mind, (showing several broken bricks,) I made a complete Jacob's ladder here; mount-a-reeve-o, one at a time, my Britons, and make no noise.' In a few minutes the whole party were assembled on the ramparts, and proceeded cautiously to the guard-house. The door stood partly open, and we had a full view of the interior. Close by

the fire sat a little diminutive sergeant, almost stifled under an enormous hairy cap, which he kept bowing most respectfully to a huge grenadier on the opposite side, who returned the compliment with interest. Stretched in various directions, upon a few miserable blankets, lay the remainder of the guard; some doubled up neck and heels together, like a cat in the cable tier; others extended at full length, and all sounding their bugles like the Tipperary militia.

Our first object was to secure the arms; but, before we could completely accomplish our purpose, the little sergeant sprung from his seat, when Ned caught hold of him, and, slinging him over his shoulders, began to secure his hands with the lead-line. The guards turned out, but became instantly sensible that all resistance was vain: they therefore quietly submitted; and, after spiking the guns, and throwing them over the ramparts, all the small arms and ammunition were collected, and the whole party stood back again for the boat.

‘Stop a minute, sir,’ said Ned; ‘I’ve forgot something now: I promised the gemman to bring it, and shoudn’t like to break my word.’ ‘What is it?’ asked the lieutenant. ‘for time is getting precious with us.’ ‘Only the sentry’s night-cap, sir.’ ‘Nonsense! come along, sir.’ ‘I won’t be gone two minutes.’ ‘Not half a minute—so make sail a-head.’ Ned, however, contrived to lag astern with one of his messmates; and shortly afterward both disappeared.

On arriving at the beach, we found the tide had flowed, and the boat was once more afloat: so every one took his station, and the Frenchmen (eighteen in number) were secured in the bottom; but when we came to shove off, Ned and the bowman were missing. However, they didn’t detain us long; for in a few minutes they appeared, carrying on their shoulders a long chest, something in the shape of a coffin, which, on their stowing away in the bows of the barge, we discovered to be the sentry-box. ‘I beg your honour’s pardon, sir,’ said Ned, ‘for disobeying orders; but, your honour, I promised this here gemman to bring him his night-cap; and what would he have thought of an Englishman, your honour, if I hadn’t kept my word?—Come, jump in, moon-seer, and stow away snug.’ All hands were ready, and, as the wind was fair, the masts were stepped, the sails set, and away we dashed.

‘How came you to secure the sentry?’ inquired the lieutenant. ‘Why, your honour, I was working to windward, taking my observations, and overhauling my reckoning, when slap I came bump on to the walls of a building. Yo hoy,

thinks I, what hurricane house is this here? So, feeling hungry, and hoping to get something to eat, for I took but a short supper aboard, your honour, I searched all round for the door; but botheration to a door could I find. Well, thinks I to myself, this is comical too; but though, mayhap, you haven't got a door below, yet it's likely there may be a hatchway upon deck; and so here goes to board you. Well, your honour, by dint of hard labour I contrived to make a gangway; but as soon as my head got over the top, slap my face came right against the muzzle of a gun! Oh ho! says I to myself again; you're there, are you? and then I knew it was the battery. So up I goes; and, finding all quiet, I peeped into the guard-house, and then was coming back to let you know; but, seeing that rattle-trap box standing all alone by itself, I thought I'd just see what it was doing there, when, lo and behold! out popped a sodger. But I warn't going to be caught by the claw of a lobster that way; so I claps my pistol to his breast, and says to him, says I, "Sink me, you're a dead man! so walk down there, d'ye hear, and hold your gab." But, fearing he might start, I put the lead-line round his neck; and as soon as I got him upon terror-firmer, I lashed his hands and legs, and brought him down to the'—

'A sail, sir!' cried the bowman. 'Two sail, sir, close aboard of us.' 'Give 'em a musket,' said the lieutenant. The shot was fired; and, in ten minutes more, we had captured two vessels laden with wine and brandy. Daylight now broke, and we saw the frigate about a mile outside of us.

Putting two hands into each vessel, and taking out their crews, we soon got alongside the ship, and the officers went up the gangway.—'Hand us a pair of slings over,' cried Ned, 'and overhaul the yard-tackle down.' It was complied with, and the watch on deck clapped on to the fall. 'Hoist away,' cried Ned again, and away walked the men. 'What's that you're hoisting in?' said the officer of the watch. 'Only a sodger, sir,' answered the boatswain's mate, as the sentry-box appeared swinging aloft by the tackle, with the poor sentry sitting upright in it like an Esquimaux in his canoe, and frightened almost out of his wits. 'High enough—high enough—walk away with the stay;' and the poor fellow was safely landed upon deck.

Well, what was the upshot of it?—Why Ned got a gallon of rum from the captain, and all hands had a *double allowance of grog!*—ARDENT SPIRITS INDEED!

## THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

‘ Thus be we sailors all the go,  
On Fortune’s sea we rub;  
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,  
And drinks the generous bub.’

HERE I come again ! Lord, Ben, arn’t the boy to run away from his friends, you may be sure, for he never did from his enemies ; and, as for shrinking from his duty—but, there, what’s the use of boasting ? Here I am again, like a true son of the ocean, ready for peace or war, as the matter may be. Why, I’ve been rated A. B.\* from the time I was sixteen years of age, along with the veteran Cook, when we sailed round the top of the outside of the world.

But what of that ? as our chaplain used to say : ‘ Lift not up your *horn* on high, for promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west.’ Where it does come from I could never learn, seeing, d’ye mind, that it’s a sort of a tread-mill consarn to a great many, who are always a singing ‘ Here we go up, up, up,’ without getting a step the higher. No, no ; it’s only the gemmen that have got handles to their names as long as a Welsh pedigree that get commissions now-a-days, ‘ My lord,’ or ‘ Sir Gimcrack ;’ and all our old officers are obliged to lay

‘ Skulking under gingerbread hatches ashore,’

because our titled youth of *noble* daring have ventured, *since the peace*, to quit their mothers’ ridicules, and get provided for, to the exclusion of those who fought their countrys’ battles, and bled in her defence.—To be sure I arn’t much wit, but I think I’ve got my senses ; and, d’ye see, it seems to me to be a gross injustice to those brave men who can count their honourable scars. What

\* Seaman of the first class. Able-bodied.

can be a greater mark of indignity or insult to our truly gallant commanders, whose names, coupled with their heroic actions, reflected the highest credit on our navy, than to see the self-same ships which they once carried into action now commanded by mere boys, whose principal merit consists in their having been born with silver spoons in their mouths? I have always had a wooden spoon; and good enough too, as long as you can get some-ut to eat with it—for there's the rub, after all.

I have been led to make these remarks by falling in with an old lieutenant, t'other day, in the Strand (a worthy and brave officer he is, too), who went to school with the grandmother, and was at the christening of the mother, of one of our post-captains. He received his commission when the latter lady was five years of age; and there he has stuck ever since. My eyes! what a power of lingo he overhauled! and, says he, 'Ben,' says he, 'so I see you've turned author, and writes for the Journal of—what d'ye call it? Now, I could never indite much, because, d'ye see, I'm a little knock-kneed, as it were; but if so be you'll just spin the editor a yarn or two about it—I hear he's an honourable man, and so we are all, all honourable men, for the matter o'that; but that's neither here nor there—only tell him how we're bamboozled (I think he said bamboozled, but, mayhap, that's a dickshineary word of my own), how we're bamboozled and jugular'd out of our rights; and, d'ye hear? mind and tell him, likewise, we shall soon have a naval edition of the tenth huzzars, who will sometimes bully the admiralty, and be bullied in return.'

He said a great deal more; but I arn't got time to recollect it all now—you shall have it on some future occasion, for I hear that Mr. Hume is going to have t'other touch at 'em.—Ah! I remembers old Peter Rainier was a good old soul. He loved to see merit rewarded, whether in officer or foremast-man. I sailed with him when he had his flag in the Trident, and he used to be wheeled about in a chair, because he was so fat; nay, he never went to bed, but always slept in an easy chair, propped up with cushions—yet he carried on the duty like a Briton. Didn't *old* GEORGE love his navy? but *young* George (though I fancy he's no chicken now, or pull-it either) don't seem to care so much about it. Ah! if our amiable Princess Charlotte was alive!—she was the lass for a sailor.

I remember before she got spliced to Prince Loophole, I think they call him, I belonged to the Leviathan's barge, and so, d'ye see, we fell in with the royal

yacht cruising off Weymouth. 'Away, there, bargemen!' cried the boatswain's mate; and we manned the boat, all rigged in our best gear, to carry the captain alongside, that he might pay his respects to the great folks. Well, aboard he goes, and we hung on by a tow-line, for it was blowing very fresh at the time, and a bit of a sea running, when a gemman in a cauliflower wig, with a dish-clout countenance, looked over the gangway. 'Indeed, indeed, your royal highness,' said he, turning round, 'there is considerable danger to be apprehended.' 'That's a bishop,' whispered the coxswain, as his reverence drew back. But the next minute a lovely smiling face appeared, that set all our hearts a working like Dutch doggers in a gale of wind. Every truck was dowsed—every eye was bent on her as she looked at the boat and then at the sea. 'Danger!' said she, for we heard every word—'Danger never deterred Queen Elizabeth from visiting her ships; and surely, with such brave men as these to row me, I shall be in perfect safety.' God bless her! it made us glow to down our fingers' ends, for then we knew it was the princess. 'Captain Nixon,' she continued, 'will you have the goodness to receive me in your barge, and let me be carried to the Leviathan, for I am both desirous and determined to inspect her?'

So down she came, followed by one of the bishops and some ladies, and away we shoved off. My eyes! how we bent to our oars, and made the boat fly through the water like a dolphin. Our first lieutenant cotched a sight of what was going on; and so, by the time we swept up alongside, the yards were manned and the chair overhauled down. How gratified she looked when the lads ran out upon the yards, and seemed as if they were hanging on by their eyelids! but when she saw the chair, and the young gentlemen 'tending the side, 'Captain Nixon,' says she—bless her sweet voice!—'Captain Nixon, I mean to be a sailor to-day; I should be ashamed to be hoisted up in that chair. No, no, sir; favour me by following close behind, for I shall go up the side as seamen do, and then you may send down the chair for the bishop and the ladies.' The ould gemman turned up his eyes; indeed, he deserved reproof, for all the time we were pulling between the two ships, at every swell that lifted the boat, he shrunk in his head till his wig rested upon his sho ulders, and put me in mind for all the world of a tom-cat in a bowl. The ladies looked at one another, while all hands swore that the princess was the queen of trumps. As for the



coxswain, I thought he'd have gone distracted; and it was as much as we could do to keep him from going and kissing her.

Well, up the side she went, as nimble as a top-man, and all the officers stood ready to receive her on the quarter-deck and gangway. But what was her astonishment when she gazed fore and aft at the stupendous fabric which supported her, and saw the men come rattling down from aloft, as if it had been hailing sailors! 'This is, indeed, a grand sight,' said she; 'and I feel prouder at this moment than ever I did in the whole course of my life. You must permit me, Captain Nixon, to visit every part of the ship: but first let me have the satisfaction of an introduction to your officers.' This was immediately complied with; and she received them with that sweet affability so peculiarly her own. Well, d'ye see, all hands were ordered down to their mess-berths; and, as the princess passed round the decks, her face glistened with pleasure, and a drop trembled in her eye. I don't mean 'a drop in the eye,'—but a pearly drop of rich unutterable gratification, as she viewed the proud structures—and viewed them as old England's wooden walls!

She had a kind word and a smile for every body. 'Well, my friend,' said she to Jack Buntline, who was fumbling about at the breech of his gun, and taking a side glance at the ladies, 'well, my friend, and would you use it in my defence?' 'Yes, ma'am—please your majesty, I mean—that I would, and do any thing for your honour by night or by day. God bless your sweet face!' The princess laughed. 'And so you would go any where to serve me and your country?' inquired she. 'Go! ah, to be sure I would! I'd go to the ——: but I ax pardon of your majesty's reverence.' 'With such brave fellows as these,' said she, turning to the captain, 'England can never be subdued.' Indeed, I never beheld a scene that gave me more satisfaction than the present.' She passed on to examine the store-rooms, and even the magazine was overhauled. 'I'd marry her directly,' says Jack, 'if she'd have me: why, I never felt such a tremblification in my life. I'd rather be peppered with the whole broadside of an enemy's three-decker, than stand the fire of those beautiful bow-chasers. There's a run!' continued Jack, looking after her,—'there's quarter and fashion pieces! See how she carries her canvass! Dash my old tarry trowsers but she's the sweetest ladyship I ever seed! Zounds! I'd be

married directly. Howsomever, may she be well manned and freighted. God bless her! /h. 0

After viewing every part of the ship, the party returned to the quarter-deck, and the countenance of the princess seemed to glow with exultation. She had never been on board a line-of-battle ship before, and the heavy broadside battery, the exact order and regularity which every where appeared, particularly the working of the sails, and the duty of the seamen, all understood and performed at a single wind of the boatswain's call, excited her highest admiration ; and, when the band struck up 'Rule Britannia,' she looked around her with conscious dignity, as if fully sensible of her own exalted station, and perfectly convinced that ENGLAND'S BEST BULWARKS ARE HER WOODEN WALLS.

THE END.







ix. 12

12

